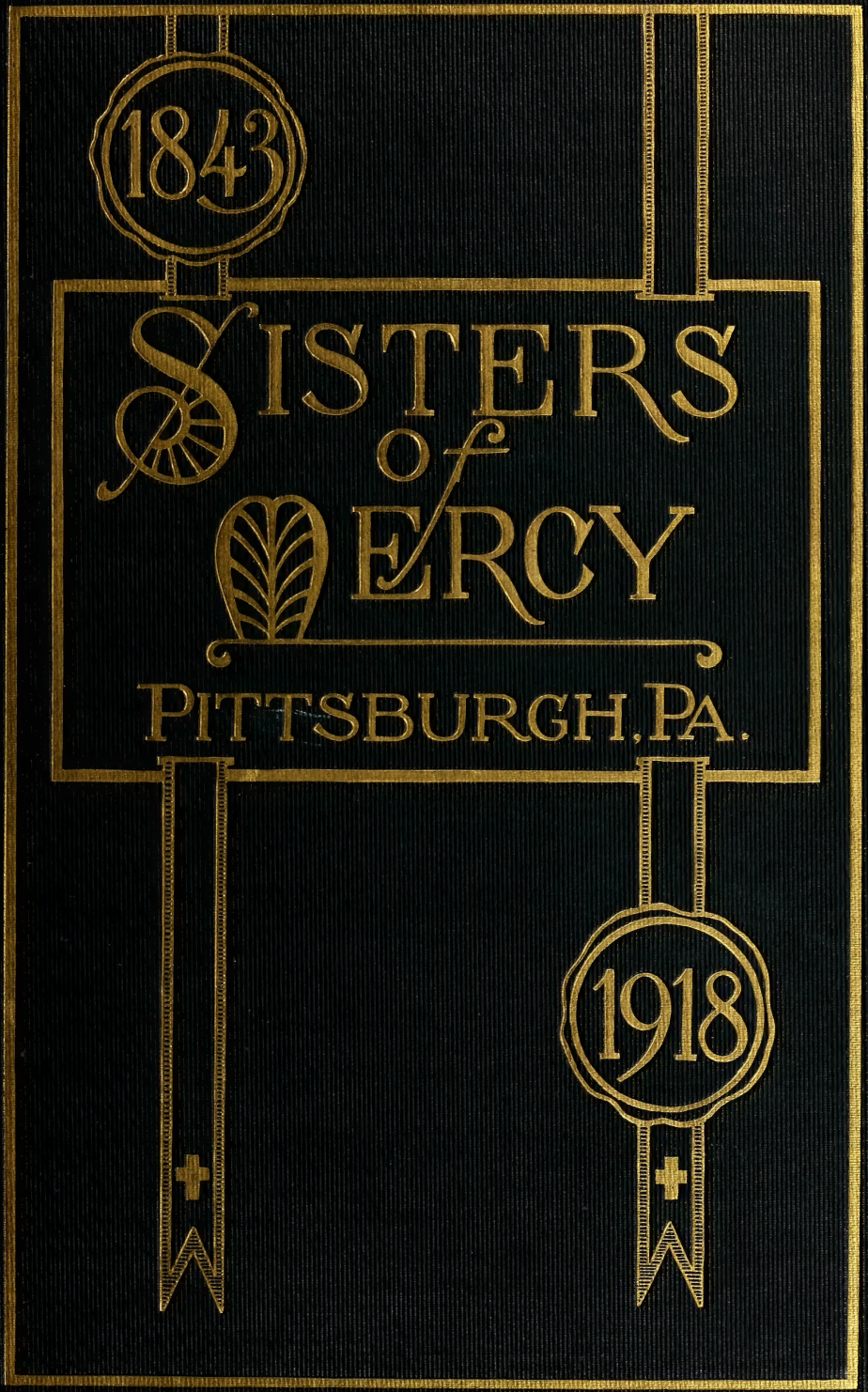
1843
SISTERS
of
MERCY
PITTSBURGH, PA.
1918

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HAIL O MARY MOTHER OF MERCY

Luigi Banzo incise

*This engraving is copied from a very miraculous painting in the church of St. Balenziana in Rome. Sixtus V. granted on the 11 July 1587 an indulgence of 25 days to all who should say before it: Hail O. Mary. Mother of Mercy. H. H.*

*Leo XIII blest & sent a copy of the same to the Mother house of the Sisters of Mercy in Dublin, as the proper emblem of their entire order; and on the 7 July 1890 graciously grandet 100 days indulgence, to be gained once a day by all who should recite the above ejaculation & three Hail Marys before it, or before any copy of it.*

# MEMOIRS

## OF

# THE PITTSBURGH SISTERS OF MERCY

Compiled from Various Sources
1843-1917

NEW YORK
THE DEVIN-ADAIR COMPANY

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Affectionately Dedicated to the Memory

of

OUR REVERED FOUNDRESS

MOTHER CATHERINE McAULEY

and

"THE VALIANT SEVEN"

Who left the land of their birth, and braved the perils of the deep to engage in the arduous work of transplanting

THE ORDER OF MERCY

To American soil—for the Glory of God and the Salvation of Souls

Mother Catherine McAuley
Foundress and First Superior of the Religious Sisters of Mercy
Born Sept. 29, 1787. Died Nov. 11, 1841

# DECRETUM

S. Congregationis Generalis de Propaganda, Fide habitae die 20. Julii anno 1840.

Cum pientissimarum mulierum Societas quæ Sororum Misericordiæ dicitur, Dublini fuerit instituta R. P. D. Daniele Murray, Archiepiscopo probante erecta, et religiosissimae presertim feminae Catharinae MacAuley studio fundata; cum que Episcopi quamplures Societas istius confirmationem ab Apostolica Sede postulaverint, S. Congregatio Generalis de Propaganda Fide habita die 20 Julii anno 1840, referente Emo et Rmo D. Paulo S. R. E. Cardinali Polidoris, perpendeus quanta sit utilitas profecta jam, et in posterum jure expectanda ex ejusdem Societatis institutione, quæ pauperibus praesertim juvandis, infirma valetudine laborantibus omni ratione erigendis, mulieribus in honestatis discrimine versantibus, charitatis, ac religionis officio tuendis sedulo dedita est; censuit ac decrevit supplicandum S. Smo Domino Nostro ut Regulas, qua superius relatae sunt, praescribendo simul ut vota a Sororibus Societati addictis, quo ad aliter a S. Sede statuatur, Simplicia esse debeant, confirmare dignaretur.

Hanc autem S. Congregationis sententiam S. Smo. Domino Nostro Gregorio P. P. XVI. relatam ab R. P. D. Ignatio Cadolmi Archiepiscopo Edesseno S. Congregationis Secretario, eadem, Sanctitas Sua in audientia die 6 Junii, anno 1841, in omnibus probavit, ac Regulas et Constitutiones de quibus agitur ratione, qua supra significatum est, benigne confirmavit.

Datum Romae ex aedibus Sacrae, Congregationis de Propaganda Fide die 5 mensis Julii anno 1841.

J. Ph. Card. Fransonius, Praefectus.

I. Archiepiscopus Edessenus Secretarius.

# DECREE

A Decree of the Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith in General Council Assembled on the 20th of July, 1840.

Whereas, through the zeal of a very religious lady, Catherine McAuley, a Society of pious women called Sisters of Mercy has been established at Dublin, with the approbation of the Most Rev. Dr. Daniel Murray, Archbishop of the See, and whereas, very many Bishops have asked the Holy See to confirm the Society; the Sacred Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith assembled in Council on July 20th, 1840, at the request of His Eminence, Paul, Cardinal Polidorius, S. R. E., taking into consideration the services already rendered, and the advantages to be justly expected from a Society, which has for its aim and object, the works of Charity and Religion, viz.: assisting the Poor, caring for the Sick and protecting Women of good character,—resolved and decreed to beseech our Holy Father, that he might deem it fit to CONFIRM the Rules and Constitutions of the Society as above submitted. At the same time it advised, that the Vows made by the Sisters of this Society, be simple vows until otherwise determined by the Holy See.

This opinion of the Sacred Congregation, submitted to Our Holy Father, Gregory XVI. by the Right Rev. Ignatius Cadolinus, Archbishop of Edessenus and Secretary of the Sacred Congregation, was approved of by His Holiness in an audience of the sixth of June, 1841, and His Holiness moreover, kindly approved of and CONFIRMED in everything the Rules and Constitutions as submitted.

Given at Rome, in the Office of the Sacred Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith, on the 5th of July, 1841.

J. Ph. Card. Fransoni, Praefectus,
I. Archiepiscopus Edessenus Secretarius.

# INTRODUCTION

These Memoirs of the Sisters of Mercy of the Diocese of Pittsburgh, are not intended as an historical account of the Order, or a full Biography of the Members herein mentioned. They are rather intended as a record of the religious lives of some noble and heroic women whose good works, especially in pioneer days of difficulty, have placed on a firm foundation the Order of Mercy in Pittsburgh, and have been the means of saving countless souls, besides spreading the religion of Christ in Western Pennsylvania, and throughout the country.

They will serve to edify the young, and gratify the old. They will bring the early days of Catholicity in Pittsburgh and the noble first Bishop, Right Reverend Michael O'Connor, back to the view of the citizens of these latter days, and instill admiration and consolation into the hearts of all.

These Records are practically written for the Pittsburgh Community, and will deal with the biography of those noble "dwellers in the city of the Dead," who rest in the Cemetery of St. Xavier's, forty miles from Pittsburgh. Counting these little mounds, there are one hundred and ninety-nine surrounding the tall crucifix in the center. Wending one's way from cross to cross, and reading only the names and date of death, one cannot but marvel at the slight record of as noble characters,—as valiant heroines,—as saintly religious,—as ever graced the pages of history. But this is as it should be! Only in the golden Books of the beautiful city of God, are these lives fully unrolled to the vision of the Elect, and the praise of the glorious Master for whom they lived and died.

But we on earth need to be urged onward in our weary path; we need to be stimulated, and what is more animating, what is more inspiring, than the noble example of those who were like ourselves,—who wore the same habit,—followed the same rule, and with whom we may have broken bread while our eyes were held as to their sanctity. It is only,—like the

Savior at Emmaus, when they vanish from our sight, that we find we have been touching holiness!

May these poor records renew in our hearts, the love of our Order, devotion to the Works of Mercy, a longing for the hidden life that must be lived with the outer life, and a desire to emulate the virtues that have crowned our Community in Heaven, with the glory of eternal life.

# MEMOIRS OF THE PITTSBURGH SISTERS OF MERCY

## CHAPTER I

*THE ORDER OF MERCY* has been known in Pittsburgh from 1843, its earliest days as a diocese. The large black bonnets, gauze veils and long black cloaks of the nuns, were familiar objects to the people, as they moved along the streets, up and down the alleys, carrying brown baskets filled with comforts for the sick and poor,—clothing, food, medicine even, for years ago there was no hospital, no dispensary, and few doctors.

In those days the population of Pittsburgh was a very floating one; literally so indeed, for no railroad coming within 150 miles of the city, stage-riding and steam-navigation were, of course, the means used by the traveling public; and the Allegheny and Monongahela Rivers, on which the city is built, and which unite to form the Ohio itself a tributary of the Mississippi, immense facilities for "water travel" were afforded—and moving up and down was far more general with the trading population than it is at present. Catholics then who came "up the river" as the phrase was—from some of the towns on its banks, would as a general thing manage to go to Confession before returning home, or "going down the river." Often (either before or after Confession) they would call at the Convent for instructions, having been told the Sisters would be only too glad to oblige by giving them religious instruction and advice.

There were some Irish families in Pittsburgh then, and for these good people the sight of the Sisters of Mercy, fresh from beautiful Erin, was like a vision of their home beyond the sea, where the first Sisters of Mercy were established in Dublin in 1831.

The history of this foundation reads like a romance. A sweet, serious girl, Catherine McAuley, who, with her sister

and brother, was left orphaned at an early age, had the good fortune to be adopted by a wealthy, childless couple, who were distantly connected with her mother—Mr. and Mrs. Callahan, of Coolock House—a beautiful home near Dublin. They were both Protestants,—were noble and generous in character, and grew to idolize their adopted daughter, whose gentle refinement and many graces of mind and body completely won their hearts.

Catherine was serious by nature, mature beyond her years, and gave promise of being a woman of splendid mental and executive ability; she was deeply religious and had a particular love for the poor, whom she saw about her at that epoch, in most sorrowful circumstances. More than once her sympathy was aroused for unprotected young working girls, and she longed to shield them from danger, realizing that once they lost their honor they were outcasts. She became, from a lax Catholic, a fervent one; she succeeded in bringing to the Catholic faith her adopted father and mother, and on their death, when she found herself heiress to immense wealth, (as it was counted in those days) she had no desire for enjoyment or worldly gratification; she thought only of the poor! She built a house for the protection of poor young girls, and when it was finished, to her surprise, it turned out to be a convent! She gathered some friends about her to aid her in teaching and harboring her young charges and in merry sport they called each other "Sister,"—When matters had gone thus far, her Protestant friends made an outcry, and the Catholic authorities of Dublin were aroused. After many storms and much advice and many prayers, the will of God was manifested, and Archbishop Murray, of Dublin, a man of wisdom, and a man of God, decided that a new religious Order was here in the bud, and directed Miss McAuley and two of her companions to go to an approved Community, the Presentation Sisters, of George's Hill, Dublin, to receive a proper training for religious life.

They did so, leaving the House in charge of other ladies of their number. In a year they had so manifestly proved to be guided by God's wisdom and grace, that they made vows of "Poverty, Chastity, Obedience, and the service of the poor sick and ignorant," and returned to their home in Bag-

gott Street (where it still remains), to form a novitiate to train the inmates as they had been trained, and to form a new Order, which Miss McAuley, now Mother Catherine, called the "Order of Mercy." This was December 12th, 1831.

Rules were drawn up, much prayer followed, with earnest consultation with the holiest prelates and spiritual advisers in Ireland. The good work prospered; crowds came to the new House, and the Works of Mercy, spiritual and corporal, were the daily occupation of the inmates. But the approbation of Rome had not yet set its seal on this wonderful new work, which seemed raised up by Almighty God for the needs of the times. The Archbishop of Dublin, Doctor Murray, who was father and protector of the Order from the very beginning, drew up the rules and the object of the Institute, and sent them to Rome, where His Holiness Pope Gregory XVI. reigned.

In the Propaganda, at that time, there was an Irish student, Michael O'Connor, a young man of unusual ability and promise. To him was committed the task of translating from English into Italian, the Rules of the new Order, that they might easily be passed upon by the authority of the Church. He performed his task with zeal and the deepest interest, and was struck with the singular adaptation of the spirit and the letter to the wants of a country like America, where priests were few and means of instruction inadequate. Their spirituality impressed him, blending as it did, the active and contemplative life, without detriment to either. The very first chapter expresses the idea of the Foundress on this matter. She says, "besides attending to their own perfection, which is the principal end of all religious orders"—. She places attending to their own perfection first, the "principal end," therefore no ambition as to scholarship, higher knowledge, or anything whatever, comes before "attending to their own perfection!" This should be borne in mind these days of exacting study and overwhelming work. We are not religious for the purpose of being the best school teachers, the best musicians, the best artists, or the best nurses, but for our own perfection in the spiritual life; "Seek first the kingdom of God," said our Master and Lord, as He walked in Galilee; "and all else shall be added to you."

It is needless to say the Rules were approved by Pope Gregory XVI., 1835, and some years later were confirmed by him in 1841. This gave intense joy to the Foundress and placed the Order on a firm foundation. The Vow of Perseverance until death gave the candidates strength, as it meant a holocaust of their lives which nothing could recall.

The Reverend Mother McAuley lived only ten years, and very often in that short time her thoughts turned to America, as to a missionary country where her Sisters would grow and expand, and fill the needs of a new field of labor. At home, in Ireland, postulants were flocking to the Order, noble, educated women, who were carefully selected from the crowds who applied, and were trained as carefully, in the religious life. New foundations were sent to various places, but although petitions were sent for a foundation in America (Nova Scotia) and Mother McAuley heartily offered herself and her children—it was not in the designs of God that she should be among those first pioneers in Newfoundland. She led them to the borders of the promised land, so to speak, as Moses did the Israelites, but she herself entered not.

It will be interesting to our Sisters of Mercy who read these memoirs to know that the first Sisters of Mercy who breasted the waves of the Atlantic to do God's work in the New World were Sister Ursula Frayne, Sister Frances Creedon, and Sister Rose Lynch. Their vessel was the *Sir Walter Scott,* and they reached the "Narrows" on June, 1842, just 30 days after they sailed. It was the feast of the Sacred Heart, seven months after the death of the Foundress, who would have certainly selected that day for the inauguration of her Order in the far off Continent of North America.

Bishop Fleming went out four miles in a pilot boat to meet them, and brought them to the city of St. John's, and placed them for the time being in the newly established Presentation Convent, where at once they began the visitation of the sick and the instruction of the ignorant.

There were many terrible trials to the foundation of this new House, but of them we may not speak. Our work is with the Pittsburgh diocese, and just here in 1843, the year after the Sisters of Mercy sailed for Newfoundland, the record of their appearance is dated.

The Convent of St. Leo in Carlow was one of the earliest Convents established by the Mother Foundress. She had been repeatedly petitioned for the Sisters, so in April, 1837, six Sisters of Mercy, including Mother McAuley, four of whom were to remain, set out from Dublin to Carlow, where they arrived on a cold wet evening, the feast of St. Leo the Great. The weather did not prevent the Bishop, clergy, and laity from coming out of the town to meet the Sisters and give them a hearty welcome. To please old Doctor Fitzgerald—President of the College, a great friend of Mother McAuley, they were conducted first to the great College Hall, which was brilliantly illuminated, where the students welcomed them with deafening cheers. The Sisters were overwhelmed and gladly departed as soon as possible, to visit the Presentation Nuns near by. They returned to their own Convent about nine o'clock, accompanied by the Bishop, Dr. Nolan. Late as it was, a temporary Chapel was fitted up, and next morning the Bishop said Mass, blessed the house, and dedicated it to St. Leo the Great.

Sister M. Francis Warde was appointed Superior of the Community, and the Carlow Foundation took root rapidly. Among those who entered, were three nieces of Cardinal Wiseman, three nieces of Cardinal Cullen, with another more distant relative. These postulants gave prestige to the Community, and as all were models of religious virtue, under the direction of Mother Francis, the Community of Carlow became very dear to the Foundress, who often visited there to the delight of her children.

It will be interesting to the postulants of this twentieth century to read how the postulants of Mother McAuley's time were dressed. They would surely indulge in a hearty laugh if they saw the costume of the bright young candidates at the Mother house, and at St. Leo's in Carlow, whence came the foundation to Pittsburgh.

These dear candidates were taught poverty from their very entrance. Looking forward to the time when they should wear a "habit," their dress was made of wide rather coarse black material, plaited from the throat to the waist, where it was belted in, falling in ample folds to the ground; bodice and skirt having the same amount of material. By making a few

alterations, adding flowing sleeves, etc., this dress could easily be changed into a second "habit."

A black untrimmed cape cut rather long back and front, of the same stuff, was added, with neat linen bands on wrists and neck. The head-dress was almost grotesque. A black net cap lined with black calico was worn over a high comb, and this cap was stiffened and heightened by a crown made of thick paper which lifted up the heavy, long, black lace veil, and made the wearer look immensely tall. Short postulants looked almost six feet tall, and tall ones were little less than seven. We can imagine their appearance! Looking at the modest and attractive costume of the present day postulants, we can try to fancy the merriment such a dress as that described would cause now! But at that time docility, and simplicity, and entire submission were part of their training, and earnestness and love made all things easy and natural.

There was no out-door dress, but on account of the religious persecution in Ireland, so lately over, "the Foundress of the Sisters of Mercy was obliged to dress her daughters for the street like the elderly peasantry. This disguise has been dropped in many places, and as prejudice against the religious habit has completely died away, especially in America, the Sisters nearly everywhere go abroad on their errands of Mercy with only the addition of gloves and a face veil, to their house dress." To add to their disguise, the Foundress in the beginning had all those outsiders with whom the Sisters came in contact, call them "Mrs." or "Madam." Only in this country was the custom gradually dropped. The people hearing the nuns called "Mrs. Strange," "Mrs. Warde," etc., were completely mystified, and could not understand how all these young creatures could be "widows." They never connected a husband with them unless a deceased one! Long after the Sisters took up their abode in Pittsburgh, letters came from the old country addressed to "Mrs. Strange," "Mrs. Warde," "Mrs. Reid," etc. The postman would look at the letters and then at the nun at the door, and shake his head doubtfully, when informed they all dwelt within!

But let us take up the thread of our narrative and return to Carlow. As early as the fall of 1843 there had been rumors afloat that the Sisters of Mercy in Carlow were needed to begin

a foundation in the United States. Doctor Cullen, head of the Irish College in Rome,—afterward Cardinal—had mentioned it to his nephew, Father Maher of Carlow, that Dr. Michael O'Connor, a brilliant young priest sent to the American Mission, had returned to Rome to beg the Holy Father's permission to be a Jesuit. This permission the Pontiff refused with a smile, saying—"A Bishop first—a Jesuit afterwards," and consecrated Doctor Michael O'Connor the first Bishop of Pittsburgh August 15, 1843.

Deeply disappointed, but humbly obedient, the new Bishop at once began to think of providing for the wants of his new diocese over the sea, which had been cut off from the immense diocese of Philadelphia. The Bishop, who was only thirty-three years old, was a man of remarkably handsome appearance. Dignified, intellectual, gifted with extraordinary talents and stirring eloquence, he was eminently a man of prayer and untiring zeal. He impressed his hearers at once. Courteous, polished, a born leader he was eminently fitted for the troublesome days of bigoted warfare on religion which were to be met everywhere in the New World, especially in Pittsburgh.

Remembering the Rule of Catherine McAuley, which he had translated from English into Italian in his earlier years, he determined to find the religious who lived under that Rule, and secure a foundation for his beloved Pittsburgh. Therefore, we see him in the town of Carlow in September, 1843, on his way to the Convent of Mercy.

Accompanied by Father Maher, he visited the Sisters, spoke of the new diocese, the grand and noble mission awaiting those who would follow him to the New World; the glory that would be given to God; and stated his reason for asking even a few of the Sisters of Mercy to join him and set out on this new mission to a far off country where the harvest was waiting for such chosen souls. No one was to be asked. It was to be work entirely voluntary. The Sisters must offer themselves, while he promised to be their Father and Protector. He gave them time to reflect, and said he would return for their answer. It can easily be imagined how excited and stirred the Carlow Sisters were. Let us fancy ourselves in our American home, in our Pittsburgh Convent, invited by a prelate to go at once with him to the shores of Africa,—or to the snow-fields of

Alaska, or the land of India! To leave home, friends, country, Community-ties and embark on a wide ocean for a land only partly known—without a friend to meet us on the other side. How would we look at the invitation? But our foundresses in America were heroines, and of the twenty-three members of the Carlow Community, not one hesitated in offering her heart and her service.

Mother Cecelia Maher, who had succeeded Mother Francis Warde in office, being urged by her clerical Superiors, decided for the foundation and appointed Mother Francis Warde to take charge of the little colony, and straightway named the six Sisters who were to accompany her.

Bishop O'Connor was delighted. The six young Sisters who were selected among the twenty-three volunteers of Carlow Convent with Mother Francis, now began their preparations for the great journey. They were the first Sisters of Mercy who set foot in the United States. From this hour we can call them "our own," and with deep affection and reverence can go back to their establishment in our diocesan city of Pittsburgh, as the first strong rocks of our Order in Pennsylvania, whence it has spread over the whole country.

The names of these first seven Sisters were Mother M. Francis Warde, who was the Superior of the new foundation, a strong and valiant character. Sister M. Josephine Cullen, relative of Cardinal Cullen, a religious of wonderful gentleness and sweetness, suited to all classes; Sister M. Elizabeth Strange, cousin of Cardinal Wiseman—a highly educated woman, full of wit,—a poet and a writer; Sister M. Aloysia Strange, her younger sister, who was as pure a character as her patron saint; Sister M. Philomena Reid, a novice of rare promise; Sister Veronica McDarby, a lay Sister of great usefulness and skill, and whose unflagging amiability and wit made her a favorite everywhere. She was portress at St. Mary's, Webster Avenue, all her religious life. Sister Margaret O'Brien who wished to be a lay Sister, but who showed such remarkable judgment and common sense together with quickness of apprehension and great piety, at the suggestion of Bishop O'Connor, that she received the habit as a choir Sister.

These seven Sisters were wonderfully adapted for the new

1. Pope Gregory XVI.
2. Mother Catherine McAuley
3. Archbishop Murray
4. Rev. Mother F. Warde
5. Sister M. Elizabeth Strange
6. Sister M. Josephine Cullen
7. Sister M. Veronica McDarby

mission. At first a storm was raised by relatives and friends, especially by the widowed mother of Sister Philomena Reid, who passionately declared she would never consent to allow her daughter to leave Ireland. However, after a Novena to St. Philomena by her daughter and the Sisters, Mrs. Reid unexpectedly yielded, and thus almost miraculously the last obstacle was removed. And now immediately preparations were made for the little Pittsburgh Community to begin the great journey towards their home across the sea in the far off west. At this time, 1843, there was only one railroad in Ireland, and such was the inexperience of our early foundresses, that they feared "the perils of steam" and proceeded in carriages to Kingstown, near Dublin, where they embarked in a packet to Liverpool.

Bishop O'Connor was their guide, their father and protector. Nothing could exceed his attentions. The Sisters placed entire confidence in his guidance, and gave themselves up completely to his direction. Of course, such a numerous and distinguished looking party, with such a majestic and striking leader, attracted attention, and the sensation they caused became unpleasant.

Doctor O'Connor found to his disappointment that the splendid sailing vessel, the *Queen of the West,* the last passenger vessel which was to leave Liverpool that year, would not be ready for some days, so there was nothing to do but wait with patience. Indeed as to the Sisters, there was no exercise for that virtue, as they enjoyed exceedingly a few days on the English Mission, with the visitation, instruction and catechising, in all which they gladly assisted, the English Sisters on their part being pleased to have a little assistance in their labors, there being only five or six choir Sisters and one or two lay Sisters in their infant Community. Dr. Ewing, the Pastor, was kind and attentive. Here then the Sisters remained till Nov. 10, for when passengers and stores were ready, the wind was not, and a day or two more passed "doing nothing" as Dr. O'Connor would say, who felt tired of the delay, and anxious to see the Sisters settled in their Pittsburgh home by Christmas. Great was his joy, therefore, when on the morning of the Tenth, he came to the convent to announce in person the good news that the wind had changed,

and that all should prepare to embark by 10 o'clock, as the *Queen of the West* would sail that day. He then said Mass; it was about 8 o'clock. The Sisters were soon ready for their departure, farewells once more taken, and with Dr. O'Connor and Dr. Wilson, a Priest who had been ordained in Rome for the Pittsburgh mission, they left the Liverpool Convent in carriages, their baggage having been many days before "stowed away" in the hold of the good ship. An immense crowd awaited the departure of the *Queen,* then one of the largest vessels crossing the ocean; and when the Bishop's party appeared, quite a sensation was made, as well amongst the passengers, cabin and steerage, as amongst the assembled crowd.

The party, besides the Sisters, comprised the Bishop, Dr. Wilson, and six students—fifteen in all. Bishop O'Connor's majestic appearance easily distinguished him as the leader of the Missionary band and the father of the young Levites (among whom was Mr. Thos. McCullagh and Mr. Tobias Mullen) who surrounded him, while Mother M. F. Warde, at once dignified and maternal, was soon pointed out as the Mother Superior of the dark cloaked Sisterhood, embarking for the New World.

All were at last on board, and the *Queen of the West* weighed anchor about noon, the Missionaries with mingled feelings of hope and fear, joy and sorrow. Hope and joy, however, were dominant—but stronger than either, intense gratitude to God, for making them the instruments for the extension of His Holy Church on the great Western Continent, a favor of which they felt themselves far from worthy.

The ladies' state-rooms were given to the Sisters, so they found themselves happily secluded from the secular passengers. At the desire of the Bishop, expressed before they left Ireland, they exchanged during the passage, their indoor costume for one more suited to ship-board. That adopted was a good deal like the dress worn by the postulants, except the cap, which was of white net, bordered with tulle and slightly trimmed with white gauze ribbon. Their hair had been allowed to grow for a few weeks, and like the postulants, was now folded back under the cap. The Mother Superior's cap was of black lace, but her dress otherwise was like the Sisters. On deck, they wore the dark olive-green cloth cloaks

1. Arch-abbot Wimmer, O.S.B.
2. Rt. Rev. Tobias Mullen, D.D.
3. Rt. Rev. Bishop Quarters, D.D.
4. Rt. Rev. James O'Connor, D.D.
5. Rt. Rev. M. Domenec, D.D.

and the black merino bonnets worn in winter by the Sisters in Ireland.

After a few days when sea-sickness had abated, they went regularly to meals three times a day. Though exchanging the usual courtesies with the other passengers, they did not become more than slightly acquainted with any, lay or ecclesiastical, the Bishop and Dr. Wilson excepted.

Every day they went through their usual spiritual exercises, but as remaining in the cabin frequently made them sick, they generally performed them on deck.

Every day found them in the Steerage—where the accommodations for the poor passengers were indeed wretched—a great contrast to the excellent arrangements of the present day. The Captain was a very humane man and much liked by all on board.

The first Sunday on board, the Bishop assembled all his party in the Ladies' Cabin, inviting the only Catholic of the gentleman passengers to attend—and the Bishop recited prayers for the occasion, Dr. W. doing the same service for the Steerage. A Minister of some denomination gave services, and preached in the general saloon to those who chose to attend. Some declared they "could not understand by what right one man should stand up and preach to his fellows." Much discussion on the subject followed which ended in an implied admission that none of them were fully authorized, but that the Bishop had more right than any of them. Accordingly, on the following Sunday, the Captain, at the general desire, requested the Bishop "to give service," which he did in the "General Cabin."

An occupation on board which was a great source of interest and gave amusement to the passengers was the forming of a kind of club, which they styled "The Atlantic Social and Literary Society of the Good Ship, *Queen of the West.*" The gentlemen on board held a preliminary meeting to decide on the name and arrange for the management of the Club. The Bishop was elected Chairman and the Ladies on board "Honorary Members." This last decision was announced to the Sisters by an official letter from the Secretary, a Scotch gentleman named Laurie, and handed to the Mother Superior

by the Captain. As their presence at the meetings was requested, the matter was referred to the Bishop who said he would leave it to their own decision, and then put it to the vote. All the Sisters were opposed to going, thinking that Religious would be out of place on such occasions. Then the Bishop gave his own view of the case, saying that under the circumstances, it would be only courtesy to accept the invitation, and that no subject would be introduced that might be disagreeable to them, religion and politics being excluded by the "By-Laws." He then a second time took their votes, which were unanimously in favor of attending the meetings. He then directed a polite answer to that effect to be sent, the Mother Superior desiring one of the Sisters to write it in verse, which was done, by Sister M. Elizabeth Strange. Before sending it, however, the Mother Superior showed the copy to the Bishop. He was quite pleased with the idea, but wished the names of the Sisters to be introduced, and the fact of their being Sisters of Mercy. This was done and the rhyme ran as follows:

1. The Ladies on board the ship, *Queen of the West,*
   Would beg they may thus be allowed to attest
   Their feelings most grateful on being permitted
   Of the A. S. L. A. to be members admitted.

2. Mrs. Warde, the Miss Cullen, the two Misses Strange,
   With Miss Reid, all from Erin will gladly arrange
   At each meeting that's held while on board to appear;
   To be pleased and instructed by all that they hear.

3. For as Sisters of Mercy, an interest they feel,
   In all that relates to Society's weal,
   And much they admire the genius refined
   Directing its bent to improving the mind.

4. 'Tis therefore most warmly, their wishes befriend
   The efforts which lead to so noble an end,
   Producing besides such a pleasing variety,
   As that of this "Literary, Social Society."

5. And may these exertions so praiseworthy be,
   As instructive on land as delightful on sea;
   And of time and the elements long stand the test
   With the good ship that bears them, the *Queen of the West.*

Another preliminary meeting was held that evening, and the verses read by the Secretary. They had been sent in due

form through a colored waiter, and were received with loud applause—so loud that it somewhat distracted the Sisters who were just then reciting Matins and Lauds. The Mother Superior pleasantly said, they had better say their office to themselves at a more suitable time.

The Sisters attended the next meeting, the Bishop and Dr. Wilson accompanying them. They were received with the most respectful courtesy. One gentleman, a Mr. Fulsom, read a very scientific paper on "The Mariner's Compass." It was most interesting and was intended, as the writer said, for future publication. At one time during the reading, he displayed some consideration towards the feelings of his Catholic auditors, for the subject—"telescope" being introduced, he was about to speak of Galileo, but dropped the whole passage—and not without showing some embarrassment. The Sisters were requested to write something else, and being under obedience, did so. Sister Elizabeth Strange gave remarkable proof of her cleverness and wit on these occasions, to the admiration of every one. All the Sisters were thoroughly educated, in fact, love of literature and extreme refinement of manners were eminently characteristic of our first members. Every incident, however unimportant, excites interest on a sea-voyage and when a little brig hove in sight and was "signaled" by our ship, all on board were quite excited. The brig proved to be the *Hibernia of Liverpool.* She had been out several days homeward bound, and being delayed by contrary winds, had run out of provisions. The Captain of *Queen* having learned all this by means of his speaking trumpet, the result was that a boat from the *Hibernia* was invited to come alongside the *Queen* and a quantity of salted meat was let down. Thanks were loudly signaled by three cheers from the crew of the *Hibernia* and answered by as many from that of the *Queen.* The incident caused great amusement and laughter amongst the gentlemen. The Bishop requested all the Sisters to go on deck to enjoy the scene, which they did in a quiet way, as much as any of the passengers.

Once more the good ship's company we see
Gracing the board of social harmony,
"The feast of reason and the flow of soul,"
While the Atlantic billows 'round us roll.
Then let me beg, awhile you'll not refuse

To hear me through the medium of my muse;
Yet think not that I seek for the renown
Of binding on my brow the laureate crown.
Oh! no for me such honor were not meet
Nor venture I with genius to compete;
But merely act I, as a tinkling bell
To rouse those energies that can excel;
And hap'ly wakened, the request to make
That they will more to heart their duty take;
Nor deem it 'neath their duty to discharge
The duties of their elevated charge—
A charge most weighty too, whose lofty views,
Not merely tend our leisure to amuse,
But keep still more in mind the noble end,
Knowledge and learning thro' the world to send,
Let latitude and longitude be known
Where'er the good ship through the storm is blown,
And let those honored with the high commission,
Show the *Hibernia's* relative position;
And let us all in fair perspective see
What Ireland will become in "fifty-three"
And loud and long her Champion's fame attest
And try if meerschaums or cigars are best.
With many another theme, which may inspire
The patriot's ardor or the poet's lyre;
And hoping that success, your toil may crown
My task I finish and my pen lay down.

These meetings and the entertainments lasted all through the voyage in spite of storms and bad weather. The Captain of the vessel declared he never had had such a remarkable and delightful voyage and all the travelers with him indorsed his opinion.

On December 10th, just four weeks and two days after they started, the vessel sighted land. Some of the passengers went ashore, but the Sisters stayed till the next day, when Bishop O'Connor, who had gone with the rest, returned with Bishop Hughes and Father Quarter, Bishop-elect of Chicago, who cordially welcomed them to the New World. Then they were conducted to the Sacred Heart Convent in Houston St., New York, where Madame Hardy welcomed them and made them rest from the fatigues of their journey. By a happy coincidence their first day in America and the first Mass and Holy Communion were dated on the 12th of December—twice, the foundation day of the Order of Mercy!

There were railroads then between New York and Philadelphia and on Dec. 14th, the party went to this latter city

where Bishop Kenrick visited them and expressed his pleasure at meeting them. Among those who came to the Orphan Asylum attached to St. John's Church where they remained, were many clergy and laity—especially Doctor Moriarty, a famous Augustinian, and Miss Emily Harper, a granddaughter of Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

And now, refreshed and exhilarated by their cordial reception in the New World, the first seven Sisters of Mercy in the United States set out on their tedious journey across the Allegheny Mountains to Pittsburgh, there to begin their momentous work—a work that has spread abroad to the farthest boundaries of the Western Continent.

## CHAPTER II

ON December 21, 1843, the Feast of St. Thomas, the Apostle, the Sisters of Mercy reached Pittsburgh, and were the guests of the Mother Seton Sisters of Charity, the only Community of female religious in Pittsburgh.—This Day is considered the Foundation Day of the Mercy Order in the United States, as December Twelfth is the anniversary of their arrival in the New World, as well as the foundation of the Order in Ireland.

When Bishop O'Connor, with his party, arrived in the new diocese, there were only three Catholic churches in the city: St. Paul's, corner of Fifth and Grant (then called Grant's Hill) ; St. Patrick's, Liberty St.; and St. Mary's, now St. Philomena's. The Bishop at St. Paul's was assisted by Rev. Jos. Deane; St. Patrick's was attended by Rev. E. F. Gartland; St. Mary's attended by the Redemptorist Fathers. The Catholic population at this time numbered about 20,000.

Throughout the limits of the Diocese, the churches were few and far between, and the records of that time state that the Bishop had about thirty-three churches and twelve Priests, one small orphan-asylum, and two religious communities, the Redemptorists and Sisters of Charity. The Sisters of Charity had the Orphan Asylum, a large free-school and a select school.

In the *Pittsburgh Post,* Sept., 1842, was the following advertisement:

St. Paul's Female Academy. Under the Direction of the Sisters of Charity. School will commence on the First Monday in September. The course of instruction embraces Orthography, Reading, Writing, Grammar, Composition, History, Geography, Chronology, Arithmetic, Music on the Piano, Plain and Ornamental Needle Work, Bead Work, &c.

A few Boarders can be conveniently accommodated.

The Terms, which are very moderate, can be known by application to the Sisters.

It is considered that the system of education adopted by the Sisters of Charity is too well known to make any other reference necessary.—*Daily Morn. Post.*

The first ordination in the Diocese was Rev. Thomas McCullagh, a man of wonderful piety and earnest zeal, who became identified with the Sisters of Mercy in a short time by becoming their Chaplain at St. Xavier's. Rev. Andrew Gibbs, our first Chaplain on Penn St., went every week on country missions, returning to the city on Monday or Tuesday.

Bishop O'Connor now began in his first year to organize the departments of his Diocese. He opened a new school building for St. Paul's Congregation in 1844, with the Sisters of Mercy in charge. (Until that time the Sisters of Charity had taught St. Paul's School.) At his call the congregation met and took measures for the erection of an episcopal residence. He also opened the "Chapel of the Nativity" for colored Catholics. A boys' select school was inaugurated, and Rev. Tobias Mullen was made its Principal. The publication of *The Pittsburgh Catholic* was begun, and temperance societies and a circulating library encouraged.

But best of all was the founding of St. Michael's Ecclesiastical Seminary for young priests. The Bishop knew that his first care should be to provide for the spiritual wants of his flock, and he desired that the seminary should be near the Cathedral, where the people could see the young clergy, and thus foster vocations; besides the students should attend all the functions of the Bishop on festival days, and make the ceremonies of the Church more imposing by their presence in the Sanctuary of the Cathedral.

The care of the Seminary was an object very near his heart. The first group of students occupied a small building the corner of Smithfield Street and old Virgin Alley, with Doctor Richard Wilson as principal professor. It was, however, moved to South Side (Birmingham as it was called), and finally to the "Glen," a short distance from the city. This last, St. Michael's, was dearly loved by the priests who were educated there, and some of the noblest ecclesiastics of the diocese

were alumni of the "Glen." This Seminary was closed in December, 1876. At present (1917) clerical students are trained at St. Vincent's Benedictine Abbey, Beatty, Penna.

Glancing over these establishments, all begun in one year, we see the immense energy and zeal displayed by the first Bishop of Pittsburgh. His earnest effort, after the Sisters of Mercy had arrived, was to provide a home for them. He rented a house for them to serve as a temporary Convent. This, our first Convent of Mercy in the United States, was a 4-story brick building, situated on the south side of Penn Avenue, corner of Strawberry Alley. It was large enough for the Community of seven, and as the dowries of the Sisters had been transferred from Carlow to the Pittsburgh Community by the consent of Doctor Healy, Bishop of Carlow, Mother F. Warde began providing furniture and necessaries for the new Convent, which had only had two rooms presentable, the parlor and kitchen, furnished by the ladies of the city. Mother Warde began with the Chapel. It was the 23d of December and the Sisters wished to have the Chapel ready for Christmas day. All fell to work, the best room was selected, altar decorations and linens, with chairs and a few prie-dieus were installed, some lace curtains in the windows and some fine artificial flowers beside the tabernacle, and the Sisters with joy, felt that with the coming of our Lord to dwell in that tabernacle they would be "home."

What matter if their poor beds were laid on boards over trestles, or that their beds were bare of comforts—Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament was there! It was a Convent, poor indeed compared with those in their Irish homes, but their Spouse by His Presence, dried the tears they could not help shedding and brightened their homesick hearts, so that when they met at their simple breakfast, all could cry "Merry Christmas" with joyful voices and innocent mirth.

On Christmas morning, they went to early Mass in St. Paul's Cathedral. At the late Mass, they also assisted as was then the custom in Ireland. The altar was profusely decorated with evergreen—to them quite a new style of Church adornment. The Church was crowded. It was on this occasion that the Bishop introduced himself as such to the congregation, which he did after the Gospel, in an eloquent and feel-

ing address, in which he explained in full the nature and obligations of the episcopal charge, assuring the people that he would fulfill his duties in their and his own regard to the utmost of his power.

All week they were busy, unpacking, arranging, seeing visitors, and helping each other. They were young, active, witty and ready for hard work and immense sacrifices. The Sisters now found themselves at the end of the year 1843, and although one would think they might be dispensed under the circumstances, they made the customary retreat of three days, all joining in the exercises which were conducted by the Bishop himself. His instructions, we are told, were most beautiful and practical. He advised them to look forth bravely on the wide field of labor, stretching out before them, and impressed on them again that their true and lasting success would depend on their union with God, and their efforts to attain the perfection, to which as religious they were bound to aspire. The spirituality of this great man came forth in all he said, and it was evident he was only pouring out the sentiments of his own soul in thus animating others.

The night of December 31st, after they were sound asleep, Sister Philomena was suddenly awaked by the firing of guns ushering in the New Year, and fearing a mob had surrounded the Convent, hastily jumped up and she went to the bed of another of the Sisters for protection, whom she awoke, saying, "Oh, dear Sister, they are going to kill us and burn the house." It seems when in the world she had read of the burning of the Ursuline Convent in Charlestown, and feared a similar fate. The Sister, thus disturbed, was herself alarmed at the firing, but determined to see what it really was. She hastily arose, notwithstanding the entreaties of poor Sister Philomena who clung to her begging her not to leave her. She hurriedly dressed and went cautiously out not knowing what she might see or hear, but all was silent and nothing met her view. Going down to the Chapel all was quiet, undisturbed—refectory and kitchen the same. Hurrying back to the cell where poor Sister Philomena was almost exhausted by fear and suspense, she at once relieved her by the good news that the firing was only in the street, and not directed towards the Convent. Fearing the other Sisters were also suffering from fear, she stole to the

upper story and into the sleeping rooms, where to her great relief she found all fast asleep. Leaving them undisturbed she returned to Sister Philomena, and to bed, both sleeping soundly the rest of the night. Thus ended the year of 1843, to the first Sisters of Mercy in America.

On New Year's day, 1844, the four professed Sisters renewed their Vows in the presence of a number of ladies, who were especially privileged in being invited to the ceremony and the Mass, and who with rapt attention listened to the Bishop explaining the Act of Renewal.

Among these ladies was Miss Eliza Jane Tiernan, daughter of one of the leading wealthy merchants of the city. She brought as a gift, a pair of vases and some handsome flowers for the Altar, and was a breathless spectator of the beautiful ceremony of Renewal. Mother Francis Warde had a stately manner, and was remarkable for her dignified bearing in all ceremonials. Her tall figure, advancing to the little Altar at the Communion time, with sweeping train, and white Church cloak, as she held a parchment with the Act of Renewal in one hand, and a lighted candle in the other, was wondrously impressive, and when she began to read aloud, her distinct musical voice was heard all over the chapel, amid a silence like death. The two novices knelt, one on each side, and took the parchment and candle away, that she might receive Holy Communion from the Bishop, who stood there holding aloft the Sacred Host. The other three Sisters did the same, separately, the earnest young voices bringing tears to the eyes of the listeners.

This mode of renewal of Vows held for many years, until the large number in the Community made it a ceremony that lasted too long, delaying both the Priest who offered Mass, and the Sisters who had duties to perform.

The first work of the Sisters in the year of 1844, besides constant visitation of the sick and giving instructions, was the Cathedral Sunday School, numbering 500 girls; the Bishop's students taught the boys. Zealous lay persons helped in the task, and the numbers constantly increased. The first month of the new year was a busy one. The Sisters were constantly on the visitation of the sick, or occupied giving instructions. Mother Francis had a peculiar facility in this last duty, and

her instructions were so excellent and so beautiful, that large numbers of adults came crowding to hear her, and were strengthened wonderfully in their faith and love of God.

In February, 1844, the hearts of the little Community were filled with joy when they found that Miss Eliza Jane Tiernan desired to join their number. She was the first American postulant, and the history of her vocation is striking. She was a beautiful young woman, accomplished, wealthy, and gifted. She had long desired to be a religious, and spoke of the matter to Dr. O'Connor before he went to Rome and was made Bishop. He counseled her to wait for his return and she did so. When she met the Sisters brought by him from Ireland, she felt God's call strongly and knew that here was the haven she had sought. She entered the humble little Convent as a postulant, February 11, 1844. Socially speaking, as one of her friends said, "She had the highest social grade in Western Pennsylvania—great beauty and a superior education; she brought an ample dowry, which at that early stage was felt to be a special blessing. While the Order never demands a dowry from any one, such temporal assistance as a candidate can offer is always gratefully received. Miss Tiernan, however, as is the case in all religious orders, relinquished the disposal of her means, and at her profession, voluntarily renounced all right to it. She assumed the postulants' simple dress, and began her novitiate guided by Mother Francis Warde. The second postulant was Miss Bessie McCaffey, who with her father Dr. P. McCaffey and her three sisters, Mary, Alice, and Anna, knew the Sisters in Carlow, when they were school-girls, and even had the happiness of meeting Mother McAuley herself. All of them eventually entered the Pittsburgh Community, except Anna, the youngest, who died as she was making her preparations, and by special privilege was buried in the Sisters' Cemetery.

The third postulant was Miss Catherine Wynne. Other postulants followed, Sister Brigid Tobin and Sister Lucy McGivern. The August Retreat of this year was given by Rev. Father Neumann, a Redemptorist; he was afterwards Bishop of Philadelphia. He was also the Confessor of the young community,—his canonization is now in process. From the very beginning, Mass was said by order of the Bishop every week

day at the Convent, but on Sundays the Sisters divided their number, some walking to the Cathedral, others to St. Patrick's. One early Sunday morning Sister Josephine became ill, and had to leave St. Patrick's Church. Her exhaustion was so great that she fainted on the street, and it was with difficulty Sister Elizabeth brought her home. She was obliged to go to bed and was ill for some time. When Bishop O'Connor heard of it he said "This must not occur again," and directed one of his priests to say Mass at the Convent on Sundays as well as on week days. This will give an idea of the paternal interest and affection the Bishop had for his religious flock.

The first religious ceremony took place in the little Penn Street Chapel, on February 22, 1844. The Rt. Rev. Bishop gave the habit and white veil to Miss Margaret O'Brien, the future Superioress of Chicago, and bestowed on her the name Sister Mary Agatha. Fathers Gartland, Gibbs, Dean and Wilson were present. Some clerical students, the Sisters of Charity, and a few secular friends were also present, but this small number quite filled the little Chapel.

On April 11, 1844, the first public ceremony of Religious Profession and Reception took place in St. Paul's Cathedral. Sister Aloysia (Miss Fanny Strange) made her vows, and Miss Eliza Tiernan received the habit and white veil. The profession had been four months deferred, and the reception was four months anticipated to bring them together. Both candidates were of unusual promise in talent and virtue. The Bishop desired this double public ceremony, as he wished his people to have a clear understanding as to what the life of a Sister of Mercy involved, and offered to preach the sermon as well as say the Mass. As Miss Tiernan's family was extensively known in Western Penna., both Catholics and non-Catholics were largely represented. It was known also that Sister Aloysia Strange was a relative of the great Cardinal Wiseman, and with her sister—(Sister M. Elizabeth Strange) had come all the way to America to serve the people of Pittsburgh.

It will be worth while to describe these ceremonies at some length as they were the initiation and conclusion of the impressive and beautiful formalities that constitute the real entrance

into the great Order of Mercy. Mother Warde always had the details of such ceremonies worked out with as much dignity and splendor as possible. With her great faith she believed and made others believe that an espousal with the King of Heaven was an event that even the angels envied, and she spared no expense and no trouble in manifesting her sentiments to all spectators, and made the Reception and Profession a scene never to be forgotten.

On this occasion everything was worthily prepared. St. Paul's Cathedral was splendidly decorated—the altar blazed with lights and flowers. The Mass was to begin at ten o'clock, and promptly at the hour the door of the left sacristy opened and the procession advanced slowly and solemnly. The strains of the organ accompanied every step while the choir sang "O Gloriosa Virgine." First came the cross-bearer—a tall girl, elegantly dressed in purest white, then troops of beautiful little girls dressed as angels, crowned with flowers and carrying garlands of white roses;—then followed four bridesmaids, young girls robed and veiled in white, and finally the postulant, Miss Tiernan, between Mother Warde and Mother Cullen. Miss Tiernan had a robe of heavy corded silk with a long train, her dark hair was held back by a rich lace veil that swept the floor, while lilies of the valley clustered on her head and in her corsage. She wore white kid gloves, and it may be observed that Mother Warde also wore white kid gloves at the ceremonies of Reception. The Sisters followed with lighted candles, and genuflected before the altar two and two. The procession advanced slowly and finally took the places assigned to them, leaving Miss Tiernan alone in the center of the Sanctuary, while the Sisters, including Sister Aloysia Strange, were in the stalls on the epistle side of the altar. Immediately outside of the altar-rails were the students of the Bishop's seminary. The music was brought from Carlow, and was quite new to the audience. When all were in place, the Bishop proceeded to the altar from his throne, and surrounded by his clergy blessed the wax candle and presented it to the postulant, who advanced to the altar steps to receive it; she then retired to the altar-rail, where her prie-dieu and chair had been placed. Low Mass now began, and after the Gospel the Bishop faced the congregation, and preached one of the most eloquent and

impressive sermons of his career. He explained the religious life from its beginning, here portrayed, to the making of the vows which they would also witness. His own heart was so deeply inclined to the religious state, that his words were like burning fire! He simply carried his audience with him, and sobs could be heard from the people all over the church. The effect was indescribable; but the Mass proceeded and the people calmed down. At the Communion, Sister Aloysia Strange, accompanied by Mother Warde and Mother Josephine Cullen, came forward with her vows in her hand printed on a sheet of parchment. The Bishop turned and held up the Sacred Host. She knelt and read her Profession in a sweet, clear voice that could be heard far down the Cathedral. When she finished, amid profound, breathless silence, she took up a pen which was ready, signed her name, and giving the parchment and candle to the nuns beside her, received Holy Communion and went to her place. After Mass the black veil and ring were bestowed on her, and the Te Deum sung as she retired to her place. Without pause, the postulant advanced, accompanied by Mother Warde and Mother Josephine Cullen; the Bishop made the usual interrogations, which all present heard. Sister Eliza answered all distinctly and eagerly, and now she faced the great congregation for the last time in her bridal dress, and during the singing of the "In exitu Israel" disappeared into the sacristy. It was not long before she reappeared in habit, and white veil. Her silk robe and bridal veil were left behind, her long black hair had been cut off and her head was enveloped in the coif and veil of a Sister of Mercy. A suppressed murmur ran through the congregation, subdued by the sacredness of the holy place; but no one failed to see the happiness depicted on her glowing face. She knelt in the center of the sanctuary, and all the ceremonies were performed; the bestowal of the cincture and beads, the church cloak and blessed veil. And then the prostration followed, when both novice and newly professed prone on the floor and covered as with a pall, became dead to the world forever. Soon the triumphant chant of the Psalm "Ecce quam bonum" was heard, and the two young Sisters arose and went to the stalls of the Sisters where they were received with a fervent embrace. This closed the ceremony. The procession of cross-bearer, white

robed children and nuns all filed out of the sanctuary to the left sacristy, while the acolytes, Clergy and Bishop went to the right sacristy, the organ playing a triumphant march.

It is impossible to describe the impression this occasion made on the people of Pittsburgh, and when the relatives and friends of Sister Mary Xavier (as Miss Tiernan was now called) went to visit her at the Convent, Mother Warde had prepared a delightful luncheon, where the young novice and newly professed appeared and served the guests, their radiant faces testifying to their happiness.

In September, 1844, the first academy taught by the Sisters of Mercy in the United States was opened. The temporary Convent possessed few facilities for this purpose, but the Sisters began with a good heart and as may be surmised did an extraordinary amount of work. The classes were taught in a long basement room with large windows at each end. The modern improvements would put the new school room into the "Dark Ages," but the Sisters soon had attentive and clever pupils, more than they could accommodate! They bestowed the most devoted attention on them, and as the teachers were highly educated they could not fail to make an impression. Their pupils were happy and enthusiastic in their praise of the new teachers. The parlor upstairs was made a music room, where Sister Philomena Reid, and Sister Xavier Tiernan gave continuous music lessons.

Meanwhile the labors of the Sisters in and out of the convent began to tell on their health, which began to decline in every one of them. Their constant work and the confinement of their little home, for they had not even a good sized yard in which to take the fresh air, began to show on their pale faces—to the great anxiety of the good Bishop and Mother Warde. Sister Philomena especially began to fail alarmingly. They could not take exercise in the streets for they were still objects of curiosity; they could not stop their work, so they had recourse to prayer. The answer soon came.

In 1844, negotiations were opened between Henry Kuhn of Westmoreland Co. and Bishop Michael O'Connor, for the establishment of a Female Academy, on Mr. Kuhn's farm under the care of a Religious Community. The Sisters of Mercy having recently come to Pittsburgh, the Bishop laid the subject

before the officers of the Community for consideration. Having carefully weighed the matter, they thought it advisable to accept the terms, and thus secure a permanent home, in the new country of their adoption. But some of the Sisters objected, as the rule stipulated that they should not take Boarders. This difficulty the Bishop settled by telling the Sisters that he had obtained permission from the Holy See, for the contemplated academy, as it would prove a training school and a nursery from which in time, valuable members would come to the young Community; it would also be a future home for the aged and infirm Sisters. Very few, he said, of the candidates in a new country could bring a dower, therefore it was necessary to devise some means to provide a home, and render the Community self-supporting, as most of their labors would be devoted to the teaching and care of the poor from whom they could receive very little support. This condition exists to the present day.

Mother Josephine Cullen was placed over the establishment with five Sisters to aid her.

The farm not having been under cultivation for some time, the Sisters were obliged to purchase every article of food for their household and stock; most of these commodities had to be brought by wagon from Pittsburgh. The small school at St. Vincent's was liberally patronized; as many pupils came as the house could accommodate. The Sisters also taught a small day school for the children of the parish in the Sacristy of the Church, thus started hand in hand the Academy and parochial Schools, in the salubrious air of Westmoreland Co. and so they have continued to this day to work for God's little ones in the Pittsburgh diocese.

From St. Vincent's, the Sisters could easily visit their newly acquired property and watch over the improvements being made thereon; it was thought advisable to build as near the Philadelphia turnpike as possible, this being the only thoroughfare, and roads in those early days were matters of no small importance. The house was located not far from the pike, in a barren field, no buildings of any kind being near; there is a spring of abundant and excellent water about one hundred yards from the building. Over this a small shed was erected, and at a short distance, a log stable was built as a protection for two or three cows. A small frame building—about 20 feet southwest from the main—for laundry, baking,

and a bath house. A few feet from this, an ice-house shaded by a fine full-grown cherry tree, was erected. Years after these improvements had been made Father Jerome Kearney had a ten-pin alley built. It ran due west from the Academy —and in it for years the pupils spent many pleasant hours of their free time. The entrance to the Academy had a southern exposure—facing Chestnut Ridge only a few miles distant. Near the stoop were a pump and cistern, the latter overtopped by a large stone flag—which offered a comfortable seat for parties engaged in conversation. Years after, when the last new chapel was erected and the cistern filled up—"Mercedes" wrote:

In the depths of each heart lies a casket of treasures,
Homely relics, perhaps, that the world may despise,
But which yield to us purest and holiest pleasures,
And striking the heart-string, send tears to the eyes.
Though changed be the scenes of our calm sunny childhood,
We cling to the lowly mementoes of yore,
Though it e'en be a cistern, a mossy-lined cistern,
A grass-covered cistern that stands by the door.

That old-fashioned cistern! how strangely 'tis blending
With the grand stately pile that has risen around,
But its wide homely mouth to my spirit is sending
The joy of a music that nowhere I've found;
It tells me of forms full of youth, full of beauty,
Of voices, of footsteps, I'll hear nevermore.
Oh, much does it tell me, that ancient gray cistern,
The grass-covered cistern that stands by the door.

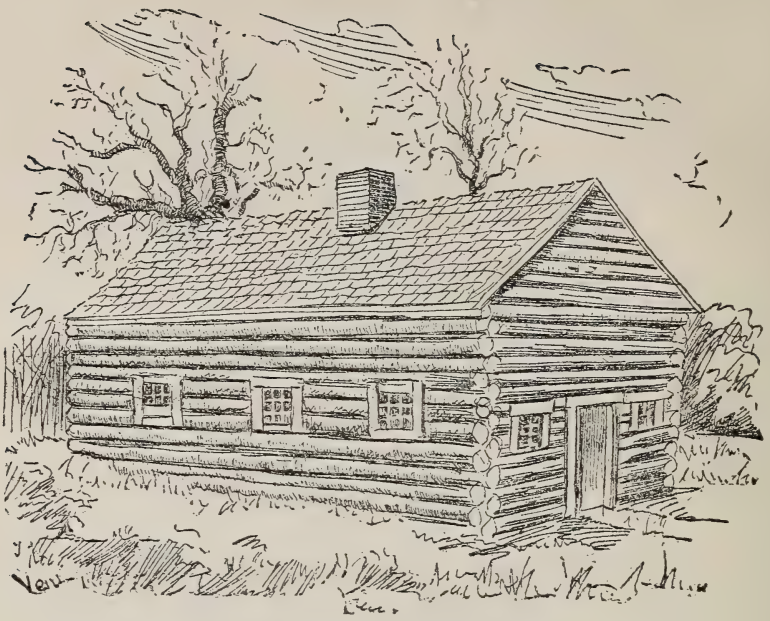
That rough homely cistern! how vivid the mem'ries
Of words that were said in the days that are past!
Methinks I can hear them, those clear silv'ry voices,
That went like the flowers, so soon and so fast.
A requiem sighs in the long grass above them,
And naught but yon Heaven their forms can restore,
The bright youthful faces that shone o'er the cistern,
The grass-covered cistern that stands by the door.

But joy, like a rich living western sunbeam,
Comes over my soul with its light and its balm,
And I turn to the dear ones who gather around me,
And rest, as of old, in the Home, sweet and calm.
Their voices, their faces, how chastened! how peaceful!
Though the bright soul-lit eyes are the same as of yore,—
The same that met mine once, beside the Old Cistern,
The grass-covered cistern that stands by the door.

## CHAPTER III

THE Bishop having accepted Mr. Kuhn's proposition, arrangements were made to deed over the farm 108 A. 45 P. to him on the payment of $1.00 (one dollar), with several obligations assumed by the Bishop, which he in turn would transfer to the Sisters of Mercy, who would take the property and fulfil the obligations which were as follows: Mr. Kuhn's support during life as well as that of a girl he had adopted during childhood. The girl was a woman of feeble mind, named Mary Peters, about forty years of age. A granddaughter was to be educated in the Academy. Twelve Masses were to be offered every year for Mr. Kuhn's intention. All these conditions were faithfully complied with. The old gentleman lived to an advanced age. Several years before his death, his sight became defective; and blindness succeeded, which rendered him during the remainder of his long life a very responsible charge. His intellect remained clear to the last, and some years previous to his death he wished to make some extra return to the Community, for the great care bestowed upon him, and therefore asked that the obligation of the twelve Masses be canceled. The Community consented to cancel nine Masses, and leave the good old gentleman three perpetual Masses for his intention, which will continue an obligation on the Community as long as St. Xavier's exists. Throughout his long life, Mr. Kuhn was a model of edification, which will ever be remembered by those who knew him. The Sisters' capital being small, they could not erect a commodious building for the opening of their Academy; they therefore made a contract for a building to accommodate about forty pupils to be erected on the Kuhn farm about one mile west of St. Vincent's Church.

St. Vincent's property had been purchased by Rev. F. Th. Brouwers, April, 1790, on the advice of Mr. H. Kuhn. The farm contained 313 A. 8 P. and was known in the patent deed



The First St. Xavier's Academy at St. Vincent's

as "Sportsman's Hall." With the aid of a carpenter he soon built for his residence a frame house 17 x 17 feet, one and one-half stories high. A few years after a little log house was put up to enlarge the residence. On the arrival of the Sisters, Father Stillinger vacated this house for the accommodation of the Sisters of Mercy—the first convent in Westmoreland County, and took up his residence in Blairsville.

The Pastor of St. Vincent's, the Rev. Michael Gallagher, who had succeeded Father Stillinger at St. Vincent's, with great kindness offered the Sisters the use of his parochial residence as a temporary school, whilst he retired to Sportsman's Hall. The Pastor's house was immediately arranged for a school, and on the 17th of May, 1845, seven young ladies, daughters of the first families of the diocese, entered the new school and formed the nucleus of the future St. Xavier's Academy: Misses Ellen Shoemaker, Ann Elena Ihmsen, Sue Myers, Anna McCaffry, Alice Mulvaney, Catherine McGirr, Sarah Blakely.

Sisters Eliza Wynne and Bessie McCaffry had received the white veil Feb. 4, 1845, with the names of Catherine and Agnes. Sisters M. Philomena and Xavier Tiernan were professed April 13, 1845, the day after the burial of Sister Xavier's father. The weather was very cold, the snow falling heavily, but friends sent carriages for them. Indeed, Mrs. Tiernan's carriage was always at their disposal. Poor Sister Philomena bore admirably the fatigue of the long ceremony, her fervor sustaining her. Though evidently sinking into consumption, she made herself useful in many ways. At this time Mary Anne McGirr, daughter of Dr. Patrick McGirr of Youngstown, Pa., entered the Convent to which she proved a valuable acquisition. Her younger sister, Catherine, was received as a boarder. It would seem as if our dear Lord sent this amiable postulant to supply the place of the young professed, who was so soon to form the first link of the community in Heaven.

Her musical education was most useful in a teaching community, and her bright, cheerful disposition most desirable in a small circle of Sisters.

Until the Sisters removed to their new convent, Receptions and Professions were held in St. Paul's Cathedral. On

June 29th Catherine McGirr followed her sister to the novitiate.

God now required a heavy sacrifice in the death of Sister Philomena Reid, who was one of the first seven Sisters who came to America, and settled in the new diocese of Pittsburgh.

This beloved Sister was the first tribute claimed by death from the Pittsburgh Community, or rather the first fair flower it pleased the heavenly Bridegroom to transplant from the barren soil of this world to His Celestial Garden, where it will brightly bloom for all eternity. Margaret Reid was born in Kilkenny, Ireland. Her father died when she was quite young, and left her to the care of her widowed mother, by whom she was brought up in sentiments of great piety. Miss Reid was favored by God with a religious vocation, and, faithful to the grace, entered the Convent of Mercy, Carlow, May 1, 1843. She received the holy habit Oct. 11th, same year, to her great joy and to the satisfaction of the Community, of which she gave promise to become an efficient member. When, little more than two months later, the foundation to Pittsburgh had been arranged, she offered herself for the mission, and her name was added to the list of Sisters appointed to carry the banner of "Our Lady of Mercy" to the United States. Sister M. Philomena's resolution was put to a severe test by the opposition of her mother, who when informed of her child's intention protested that she would never consent to her daughter's crossing the Atlantic. Sister was much distressed by this action of her mother, and finding her inexorable to all entreaties, had recourse to prayer; took Saint Philomena into her confidence, made a novena in her honor, at the conclusion of which, Mrs. Reid called at the Convent quite unexpectedly and gave the much coveted permission, thus generously sacrificing her mother love on the altar of religion, and proving herself a woman animated by lively faith. Mother and child never met again in this world, but we may hope, have long since been reunited in Heaven.

After the Community was settled in Pittsburgh Sister M. Philomena took part in all the duties as prescribed by obedience, and gave edification by her exact attention to the observances, and her charitable, obliging disposition. She was professed, April 13, 1845, in the Cathedral (old St. Paul's),

Rt. Rev. M. O'Connor officiating. Change of climate, and the hardships incident to the foundation had meanwhile impaired her health, and very soon after her profession, serious results were feared. Hoping that rest, and change from city to country air would benefit her, Mother Superior sent Sister M. Philomena to St. Vincent's, where she was received with great kindness by S. M. Josephine and the Sisters. For a short time the dear invalid rallied, and was able to give some assistance in the Academy, teaching, writing, and discharging other light duties, but the improvement was not permanent—very soon consumption developed, excluding all hope of recovery. Rev. Joseph O'Meally, who gave the retreat to the little Community at St. Vincent's that year, was much interested in Sister M. Philomena and recommended her to make a novena to her patroness with the hope of obtaining restoration to health, but the dear Sister declined doing so, preferring to leave her fate, for life or death, in the hands of God, to be disposed of according to His good pleasure. This conformity gave her great peace of mind, which manifested itself by the calm fortitude with which she bore her sufferings. All through the long summer days, the loved invalid gradually failed in strength, nearing the final hour, which was to terminate her earthly career. As long as she was able, her greatest happiness was to visit our Divine Lord in the Tabernacle, and hold loving colloquies with Him, Who failed not, in return, to bestow upon her abundant graces. Most lovingly the Sisters nursed her, lavishing upon her all the care that affectionate charity could devise, or circumstances afford. When the time came that she could no longer leave her room, the kind Pastor carried the "Great Consoler" to her frequently, and great was the happiness the "Loving Guest" bestowed upon His faithful, suffering Spouse in these merciful visits. On such occasions Mother M. Josephine was sure to be present to read prayers after Holy Communion and suggest pious aspirations to her patient child. When the Sisters went to hear Mass in the Church, one of the pupils was deputed to remain with Sister M. Philomena. This was deemed a great privilege, a special mark of confidence and reward for good conduct—which honorable duty often devolved upon Miss Alice McCaffry who was delighted to share such holy companionship and doubt-

less, too, owed many blessings to the prayers of the saintly religious. In due time, the last sacraments were administered with the usual solemnities, in the presence of the members of the little community, and were received with lively faith and tender piety by the dying religious.

On the second of October, 1845, the feast of the Holy Angels, Sister M. Philomena, aged 25 years, and in the first year of her holy Profession closed her short but edifying life by a happy death, and we may hope, her soul purified by suffering, was soon permitted to enjoy the vision of God, in the Kingdom promised to the poor in spirit. Her remains were laid out in St. Vincent's Church, the Sisters and pupils taking turns in praying beside the humble bier; two days later, after the Mass of Requiem and burial prayers, the procession, headed by the cross-bearer, followed by the Rev. Clergy, Sisters, pupils and sympathizing friends, wended its way to the adjacent grave-yard, where all that remained of dear Sister Philomena was quietly and reverently laid at rest, amid the tears of the Sisters, and tender-hearted children. All had learned to love Sister Philomena, whom they now left to sleep under the shade of the forest trees, far from the land of her birth—a fitting close to a life of sacrifice.

We can easily imagine with what sad hearts the Sisters turned their steps homeward on that bright autumn morning, having lost one, whose youth, but a few months before, had given promise of many years of fruitful labor in the new field which Providence had confided to their charge. But such thoughts, if any, quickly responded to higher instincts of faith, and the good religious cheerfully resigned all cares for the future to His loving Heart, "Who doeth all things well." This lonely grave was a favorite place of pilgrimage as long as the Sisters remained at St. Vincent's. Many were the fervent prayers offered for the repose of their loved companion, as well as for the other faithful departed who slept in this sacred spot. The children delighted to strew wild flowers, and weave garlands of evergreen to decorate this last resting place of her whom they so fondly venerated.

After several years, the remains of Sister M. Philomena were removed to Saint Xavier's Cemetery, where, surrounded

by the many dear Sisters who have since been called to their reward, they await the dawn of a glorious resurrection.

The greatest want now was a sufficient number of teachers for the schools. To supply these the Community must increase the number of its members. Suitable subjects were not applying to the extent needed, and the Bishop considered that the only means to obtain such, was for the Mother Superior and another Sister to proceed to Ireland, where, doubtless, some well-educated young ladies could be found, willing to share the labors of the newly planted colony of Sisters of Mercy. Mother Warde entered fully into the plan.

Preparations were soon made for the visit to Ireland, and the party was ready to start by the second of July, 1845. The Bishop accompanied the travelers, Mother Warde, and Sister Xavier Tiernan, as far as Cork, and then proceeded to the Continent. Sister M. Josephine Cullen was appointed Mother Assistant, and was to remain in charge at St. Vincent's, her staff being Sisters M. Aloysia, Agnes, Philomena, and Veronica, with two lay postulants. Sister M. Elizabeth was to return to Pittsburgh in charge there—her staff being: Sisters Mary Fennessy, Catherine McGirr and Frances Brown, two lay Sisters and the secular who had been left in charge, to continue there—the schools in both houses to open on the 16th of August. All arrangements were duly carried out.

The Sisters from the city, having gone to St. Vincent's for the August retreat and for a much needed relaxation, felt contented in their country home—the spirit of union and charity, which had animated them all through, being still their great mainstay. Rev. Jos. Deane, one of the good Priests of the Cathedral, used to say "The Sisters of Mercy are like the first Christians, all having but one heart and one soul."

The August retreat that year was conducted by Rev. Jos. O'Meally, a Priest of the Cincinnati diocese, whom Bishop Purcell had lent for a time to Bishop O'Connor. He was assisting Father Gallagher particularly in directing the pious community he had formed, who were still laboring on the farm as well as at the work of their own perfection.

Father O'Meally gave a very practical retreat—one calculated to make his hearers resume their labors with renewed

strength, disengaged in spirit, for he knew that all would feel more or less the separation awaiting them on the 16th of August.

In a letter from Bishop M. O'Connor to his brother, then at the Propaganda, dated The Great Western, Aug. 19, 1845, the writer asks for a Madonna and a St. Francis Xavier; speaking of the latter he said, "Let it be a good one, as large as life. We saw one in New York representing the saint with his eyes raised to Heaven, the cross in his hand. You may remember it in Bishop Hughes' parlor. Something approaching this would answer very well. I want it for the new convent we are building near Youngstown, to be called St. Xavier's." The picture was procured and hangs in the entrance hall at St. Xavier's. It, with the Bishop's portrait, was saved from the burning in 1868.

On the 15th of Aug. this year, Miss Mary McCaffry entered. She remained at St. Vincent's, proving a great acquisition to the Academy.

In Dec., 1845, Mother Francis Warde and Sister M. Xavier Tiernan returned from Ireland accompanied by Sister M. Gertrude Blake (Sup. of Birr), Sister Anastasia McGawley (Mother Assistant in Cork), S. M. Augusta Goold, and two postulants, Miss O'Gorman (Sr. Gonzaga) and Miss Kelly.

With this increase of numbers, community labors were extended. In March, 1846, the Sisters took charge of the orphans. The Sisters of Charity had been withdrawn from the Orphan Asylum in 1845 by their Superior at Emmittsburg for some unexplained cause. Even the Bishop did not know of their intended withdrawal until the order was received by the Sisters. Neither he nor the managers of the Asylum had been made aware of the coming event. The Sister-Servant, Sister Isidore Fisher, had some months before been replaced by another Sister, who, it was believed, effected the withdrawal.

The number of orphans steadily increased. For over twenty years "ways and means" for the support of the orphans occupied the attention of the authorities and charitable friends. God bless them! Annual fairs were held which realized a goodly sum.

In 1867, a commodious building, erected through the efforts of Very Rev. J. Hickey, then Vicar General, was ready for

occupancy, and in December the boys from S. Side Asylum and girls from Coal Lane, 'mid smiles and tears left for their new home on Tannehill Street. By December 28 the Sisters, with the boys and every vestige of life except a forsaken dog, had left the S. Side Home. The trustees had given no definite date as to when they would take possession of the building so the Mother Superior sent four young Sisters—a professed novice, two white novices and a postulant—all living (1916) to remain in care until the trustees came or delegated some one to relieve the Sisters.

Well do the new caretakers remember the event. The Sisters who had gone to Tannehill that day (Holy Innocents) had not expected a deputation from Webster Ave., and had removed all provisions except a few pickles and some home-made taffy—the remains of Xmas festivities. Dear, kind Mother Superior (Mother Stanislaus), anticipating the Sisters' difficulties in an abandoned house and strange surroundings, gave the senior Sister sufficient money with which to purchase necessities, dispensed the novices during the stay in Birmingham (S. S.) from the regular conventual observances, saying, "Now, enjoy yourselves, and do just as you please." The senior, possessing the proper spirit of a true religious "eat what is set before you," thought the poor untrained novices who had received the Holy Habit one month before should do the same. The juniors were painfully aware of the pangs of hunger, also that the Mother Superior had amply provided for such weakness, and when they sat down to breakfast with a few pickles and taffy as the menu, all demurred. When the great bell at St. Paul's monastery rang out at 4 A. M. the juniors were all called to get up to prepare the priest's breakfast, fearing that he might be there at any hour to say Mass.

Not one of the juniors just from school the previous year knew how to cook—as "Domestic Science" in those years was not included in a boarding-school course. I may also add, that the holy Passionist, who said Mass, did not enjoy his breakfast for the half of the gridiron on which his steak was broiled was continually falling in on the hot coals. In a day or two, owing to the remonstrances of the immortified juniors, the table d'hôte was improved. With pleasant faces and light hearts the caretakers returned to Webster Ave., Jan. 2.

The orphans remained on Tannehill St. until the fall of 1901, when again they left familiar scenes for their new home, six miles southwest from Pittsburgh, where the Asylum Managers had purchased a small farm at Idlewood Station, about five miles South-west of Pittsburgh. Although there was an indebtedness of more than seventy thousand dollars on the corporation, the management valiantly decided to purchase this site in the country for a new asylum to pay for which the treasurer had to borrow $9,000 from Willis McCook, Esq., on unusually easy terms, an indefinite loan without interest. The number of inmates has increased from thirty (1846) to over twelve hundred (1916).

The corner stone of the new building at Idlewood was laid Sunday, May 27, 1900. Beginning early in the afternoon, such a continuous stream of humanity poured into the place that fully 5,000 people were present at the ceremony. Owing to the illness of Bishop Phelan who was at Mt. Clemens, Very Rev. E. A. Bush laid the Corner-stone. Eloquent and appropriate addresses were made by Willis F. McCook, Esq., Chairman of the Reception Committee, W. B. Rogers, Esq., and John B. Head, Esq.

At the conclusion of Father Bush's address Mr. McCook introduced John B. Head, Esq.—of the Westmoreland Co. Bar—as follows:

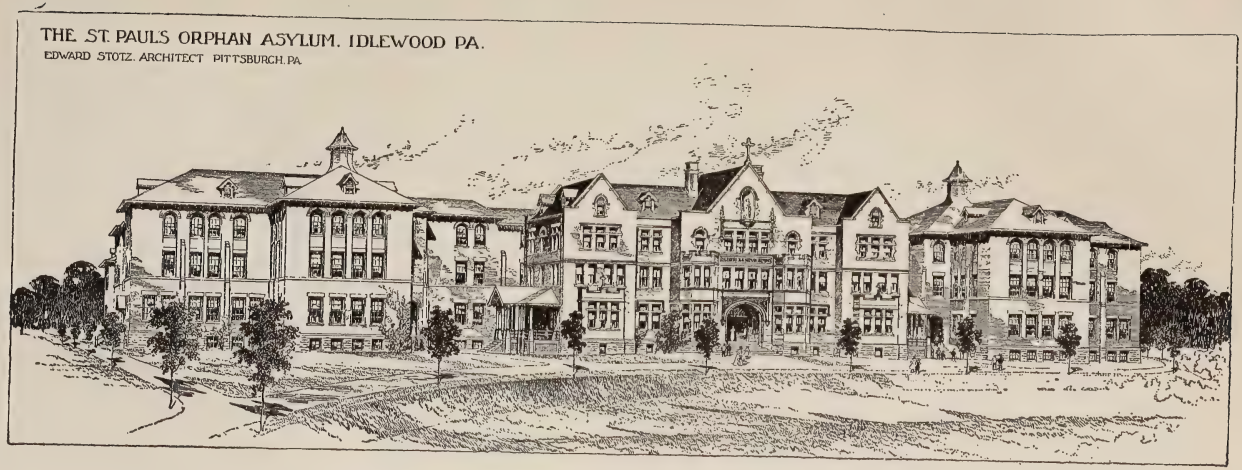
The committee in arranging this program got the Gospel and the law pretty well mixed up. I am pleased as a lawyer that they have selected to speak on this occasion, the leader of the Westmoreland Co. Bar.

I have the honor to introduce John B. Head.

Mr. Head spoke as follows:

Mr. Chairman, Reverend Fathers, ladies and gentlemen:

I can conceive of scarcely anything that would make it worth your while to remain and listen to an address from me, because it seems to me that the right kind of seed has already been planted. In looking over this crowd of people to-day and this situation, there is one idea that occurs to me, and I have no doubt must have occurred to you, and that is, that the determination of those who have in charge the care of the Orphans and their future, to come from the city to




Erected and Finished Except the Wing for Boys in 1901

the country with those little children, must meet with universal approval. I am quite sure that if those children who are to be the future occupants of this home were here themselves, and the proposition would be submitted to them, it would be carried with a shout. Your presence here to-day is reassuring, and the goodwill that shines from your countenance is evidence that you too approve of it. And indeed when we look around it seems as if all nature welcomed them, that the very fluttering of the leaves, the swelling hills and the pleasant valley with the rolling clouds overhead, all join in inviting the children to come from the crowded streets of the city to this peaceful and suitable spot; because I believe it is only in obedience to what I conceive to be the natural tendency, just as there is the inclination of the maturing man when he has passed the period of rugged boyhood to leave the countryside, and go to the city and town, in order to measure his strength and ability against his fellows, and seek for the higher prizes of life. It seems natural that during the period of infancy and helplessness, the sweet, pure countryside is the natural home of the child. The child is above all things else a creature of the imagination. You cannot get three children together, each with its little rag doll, but in a short time each one has "a local habitation and a name" of its own, and is occupied in earnest conversation with its mother; and so it is with nature which lays wide open its book of marvels to the infant mind. The thousand leaves of the countryside will speak to those little children, in all their sweetness and purity, and the impressions thus gained will be to them during their lives, a shield and a buckler to keep them from harm. The most eloquent preacher that ever preached from a pulpit cannot say anything of the power and omnipotence of God, that will be half so impressive on the child mind as the lesson taught at eventide when the shades of night come over the countryside, when the noise and clatter of the city are far away, and the myriad stars and the flashing meteoric worlds are visible in the heavens. The little child is filled with awe and wonder when it is told in the next breath that the great God, who can do such things is yet so tender, and so gentle, and so mindful of the little things, that there is not the smallest flower but receives His care and

protection. Is it not perfectly natural that a child living under such influences will lisp its little petition with more of hope and heart, and with a better understanding of the power and goodness of God?

My friends, when this building will have been completed, when these dead walls will ring with the sound of laughter of the little ones, will it not be a great source of comfort and satisfaction to those who contributed towards its erection?

You will find that what now seems to be giving on your part will in the end be receiving. You will find that for what you have erected out of the charity of your heart and purse you have been rewarded a hundred-fold.

You will find that an institution erected as this one is, with its foundations built deep into the hearts of the people, will endure better than if protected by laws, by statutes or by bequests, because the care of the orphans is a poor man's charge. The wealthy may share it with us, but it is essentially a poor man's charity, and there is no parishioner in this diocese so obscure that he should not perform his share and contribute his mite to the sustenance of this institution.

Let us then carry away with us the idea that those who are managing and controlling this institution are managing it wisely. Let us hold up their hands. Let us say God bless them and their work, and let us go home and resolve that what we can do to aid in taking a thousand little orphans from the crowded streets of the city into this beautiful valley and into this magnificent institution, will be done cheerfully and generously. The child that has never seen the miracle of a spring, the converting of the buds into leaves and flowers, and the creeping up of the grass, has lost something that all the wealth of the Indies cannot buy for him in the future. And as this institution grows up it will be your constant source of pleasure and joy to know and feel that these little ones are being cared for in the best possible manner, and the memory of what we have done to bring about this good result, will remain with us until our dying day.

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Upon the conclusion of Mr. Head's speech, Mr. McCook dismissed the audience in these words:

"On behalf of everybody connected with the Asylum, I

want to thank you for your attendance and interest here today, and I don't know that I can dismiss you in any more appropriate way in behalf of these little ones, than to simply pronounce the prayer of Tiny Tim: 'God bless you, one and all!'"

Beginning on May 1 (1916), and lasting until May 8, there was a campaign to raise funds for an addition to the Orphan Asylum which will afford accommodations for more than one thousand children.

In it the whole diocese was interested and the interest, enthusiasm and generosity of the people in the parishes outside the city of Pittsburgh were perhaps the most notable features of the campaign.

Mr. J. Rogers Flannery was chairman of the Committee that made arrangements for the campaign. So very many were actively and enthusiastically engaged that it would be impossible to name those to whom special credit for the success of the campaign was due.

The most unfortunate week in fifty years was selected for it. Never since the railroad riots was Allegheny County so upset as it was during the first week in May. There were about fifty thousand coal miners on strike. All the Westinghouse Employees were also on strike which ended in riot and bloodshed. In addition there was a rebellion in Ireland which naturally took the thoughts of the local Irish away from the campaign.

Notwithstanding all these obstacles the amount realized was almost $255,000.

## CHAPTER IV

IN 1846, the Sisters of Mercy closed their Academy on Penn St. to enable them to give teachers to the Cathedral Parochial School in Coal Lane, now Webster Ave.

This school has educated thousands of children, and continues to be well attended at the present day (1916). The school is in connection with the new Cathedral, Craig and Dithridge Sts.

The ranks of the little community filled up rapidly. The first home on Penn St. proving too small, the Sisters rented a larger building called Concert Hall, which had been a hotel, on the same street.* On April 1, 1846, the Sisters moved into this house. The praiseworthy project of the good Bishop and Mother Warde was next in order—a hospital. On New Year's Day, 1847, the ball-room of Concert Hall was transformed into a hospital—"general ward" under the protection of the "Mother of Mercy." Several small rooms were utilized as "private rooms" and thus was commenced the first hospital in Western Pennsylvania.

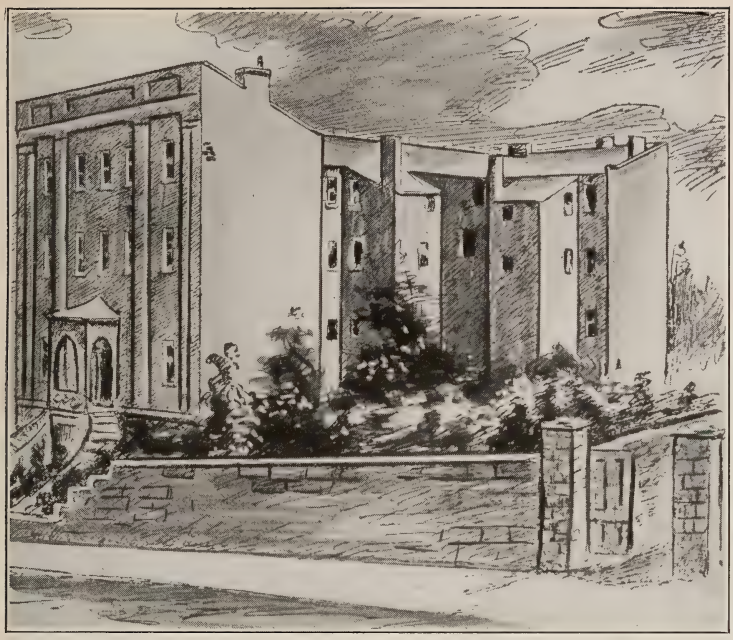
A building was immediately commenced as a permanent hospital. It was completed by the first of May, 1848, and the patients moved into it as soon as convenient, May 11th.

Such was the beginning of the present "Mercy Hospital" on Stevenson St.

### THE HOSPITAL CHAPEL

To the beautiful Hospital Chapel
Come the sick and weary to pray;
Broken and pale, their feeble lives
They offer Him, day by day.
And the calm of the snowy altar,
With its silver lamp in space—
And the soft, sweet stillness soothe them
As they kneel in the holy place.

* Concert Hall—afterwards called "Library Hall"—occupied the site of Joseph Horne's first store on Penn St.



First Mercy Hospital in U. S., opened Jan. 1, 1847

Mercy Hospital, Stevenson Street

Mercy Hospital Chapel

Around, in the stalls adoring,
Are the black-veiled Sisters in prayer,
And from many a soul all burning,
A sacrifice rises there;
And tenderly hands are folded
Imploring the heavenly grace,
And the light of devotion is pictured
On many a veilèd face.

There are men who are sad and suff'ring,
There are women, patient and sweet,
There are blind and lame and halting,
Who have come to the Master's feet;
They wait, like the crowds in the Gospel,
With anxious and tearful eye,
They whisper and hope through the watches long,
For the Saviour, Who passeth by!

Ah! the throng in the Hospital Chapel
Is the crowd in the Galilee road!
They lift up their hands to their pitiful Lord,
On the altar of His abode!
And though health may not come for their crying,
Their faith will mete out its reward,
For they take up their sorrowful burden,
And patiently follow their Lord.

The first Medical Staff consisted of Doctors Daniel McMeal, Sr., Joseph Gazzam, Geo. D. Bruce, and William Addison, who were the prominent physicians then in the city. Their services were given gratuitously, a custom since then continued.

In 1882, the Mercy Hospital became a corporation. The names of the Incorporators, who were also chosen as Directors or Trustees for the first year, are:

James P. Barr,
Benj. F. Jones,
John Birmingham,
Christopher L. Magee,
Wm. H. Smith,
Jno. D. Scully,
Jno. B. Larkin,
Thos. M. Carnegie,
Jas. D. Callery,
Anthony F. Keating,
T. D. Casey.

Thos. Carnegie was elected first President of the Board.

The present Staff—1916, is recognized as being composed of some of the ablest physicians in Pennsylvania. It would scarcely be a true or fair history of "The Mercy," if in its annals were not included the names of those physicians who,

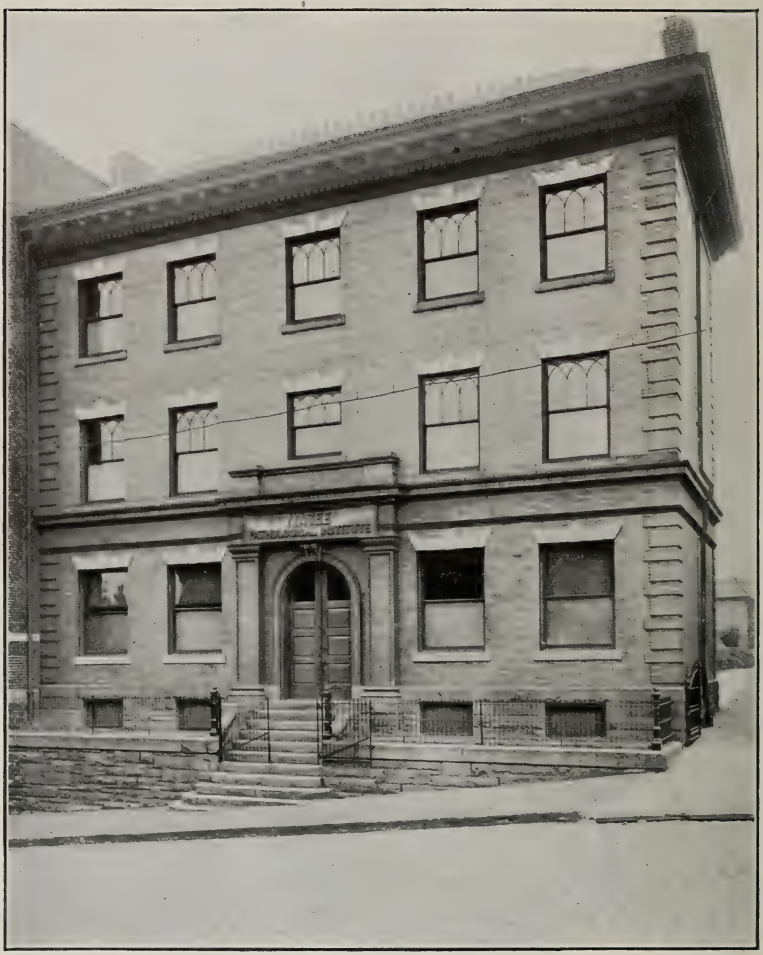
in its early days, gave such generous and untiring attention to its service.

To such men as Doctors Addison, Gazzam, Bruce, McMeal, Pollock, B. B. Brashear, Snyder, John Dixon, Sr. and Jr., now all passed away, it owes much that helped to insure for it the confidence of the public. Dr. Joseph Dixon, the first President of its organized Staff, deserves special mention. Apart from giving his skilled professional services, it was through his friendly and generous efforts, that "The Mercy" became possessed of the furniture and equipment of the North Side Hospital at the dissolution of the latter institution. This proved a real benefaction to "The Mercy," as a newly erected addition was then unfurnished.

By 1882, the hospital was growing too small to accommodate the number of applicants—an addition was commenced in 1882. An adjoining lot—520 x 150 feet—($25,000) was secured by a mortgage given by the Pittsburgh Community of the Sisters of Mercy. The new building itself cost upwards of $75,000—the undertaking rendered possible by the generous contributions of the many friends of the Institution among the citizens, the contributions reaching the sum of $34,000; also, by an appropriation of $30,000 from the staff; and the bequest of the late William Thaw.

Col. James P. Barr is held in grateful remembrance by the Sisters of Mercy, for the substantial and active friendship displayed by him on this occasion. It was chiefly owing to his efforts that means were collected and measures taken for enlarging "The Mercy." Shortly after this addition was finished, an annex was built on the pavilion plan. The additions increased the entire bed capacity to something over three hundred. There next followed at a cost of $10,000 an additional story providing excellent quarters for a nurses' dormitory and Diet Kitchen. These requisite additions were completed during 1899-1900. In 1901, the growth of the Hospital Training School made another dormitory for Nurses necessary. This, with an increased number of private rooms, was provided by a new story over one entire wing. 1902 brought another radical improvement to the Mercy Hospital by the erection of the handsome Pride Street annex. To the munificent generosity of Hon. Chris. Magee is due the department

Mercy Hospital, Locust Street




Magee Pathological Institute

of Mercy Hospital, known as the Magee Pathological Institute. This monument to the memory of one of Pittsburgh's best known and most admired citizens, was opened in 1900. This department—the importance of which can hardly be over-estimated, is conducted as a Pasteur Institute for the treatment of persons bitten by rabid animals, and to put at the command of the Hospital, the latest and most scientific method of pathological and bacteriological research.

At the present writing—August, 1916, the old wing or original hospital on Stevenson St. is yielding to the steam-shovel and other modern appliances of the century, and soon will be replaced by an eight-story brick and steel fire-proof structure, 73 ft. long, and 30 ft. 7 in. wide. The building will contain interior fire-escapes, and one hundred private rooms and wards to accommodate two hundred forty patients, which in addition to the capacity of the present hospital will make a total of over six hundred.

On May 10, 1908, the Hospital celebrated its sixtieth anniversary with due solemnity. The following lines were composed for the occasion by "Mercedes," who died June 5, this year, 1916.

In old Judea, when the Saviour walked
  Along the hills and by the azure sea,
There ever met His pitying Eye, the throng
  That gathered in the roads of Galilee;
The sick, the maimed, the lame, the blind,—who cried!
  "Oh! pitying Christ! Oh, Master! heal Thou me!"

And oft the tear of sorrow dimmed His Eye,
  As gently He would take the sufferer's hand,
And sweetly raise the helpless, prostrate form,
  And cure and heal, (while none could understand!)
His tenderness to men, whom He had made
  Was whispered like a message through the land!

And, dying, left He, to a thankless world
  His legacy of Mercy, to all men!
His tenderness for those who, racked and sore,
  Count lonely days of suffering, o'er again—
Who, weary, wait on beds of fever tossed
  For kindly hands to come and soothe their pain!

And through the ages there has ever been,
  A wave of rich, spontaneous reply!

His message! waking in the Christian heart
Responsive echoes that will never die!
And when a suffering brother sadly waits,
Sweet Mercy, like the Master, "passeth by!"

Yes! "passeth by!" and like the Scripture tale,
She lifts him up, and takes him to her care,
And pours in "oil and wine," and cures and heals,
And sends him forth to life,—renewed and fair!
Sweet Mercy! through the world her wings have swept!
And gladdened suffering creatures everywhere!

And so it comes, that in these blessed walls
The message lingers,—reaps a harvest grand,
The maimed, the sick, the blind, from beds of pain
Uplift with grateful tears, each trembling hand!
And "Mercy Hospital" becomes again,
The highway from the Christ-trod, Holy Land!

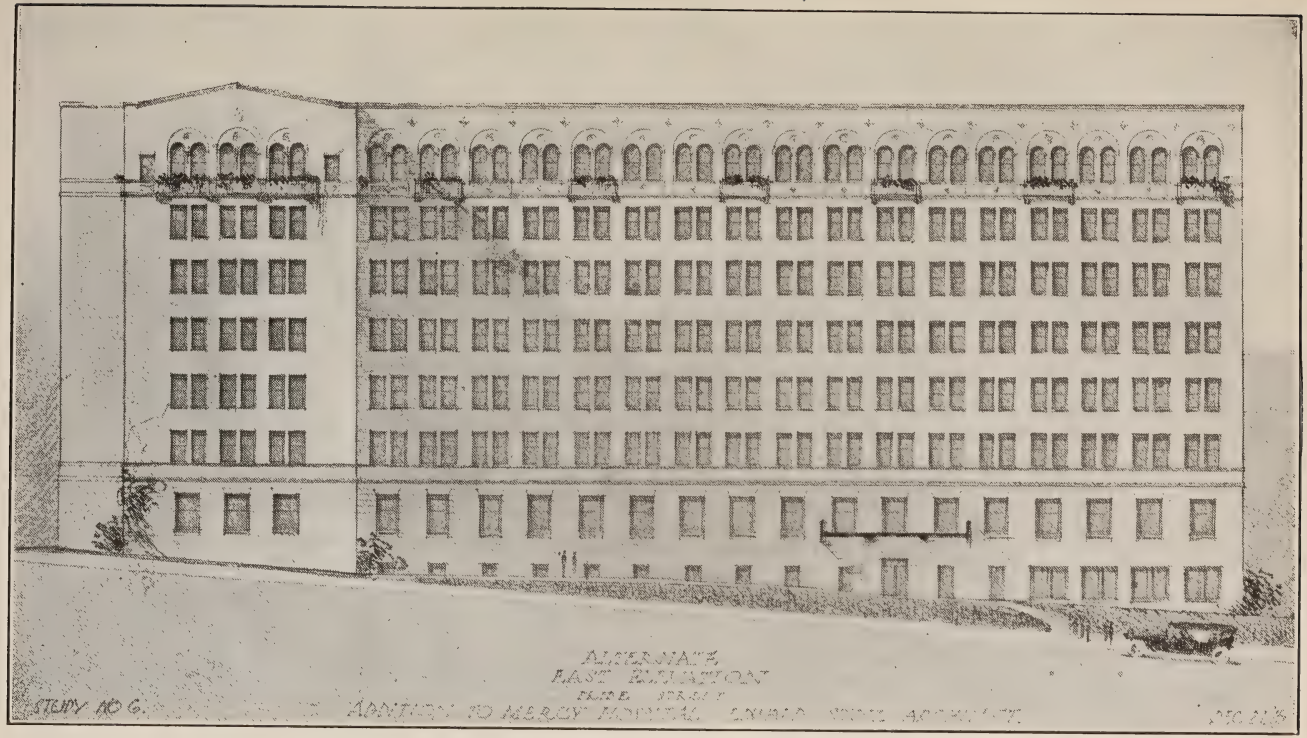
Here men are healed, and wandering souls are saved,
Here fall baptismal waters on their brow!
Here rises holy incense night and day,
Of prayer and sacrifice unknown till now,
And Angels bear the loving spirits home
That dared not love till Mercy taught them how!

'Tis sixty years since first these stones were laid,
Since first this shrine to Mercy's work was given!
From poverty and weakness has it grown!
To vast and stately beauty has it risen!
And through the City's bounds and far beyond,
In splendid worth, lifts up its face to heaven!

Then sounds the golden chimes of sixty years!
The theme must wake the angels' glorious song!
In praise of men of skilful hand and brain,
In praise of dark-veiled Nun, and nurse,—a throng!—
In praise of Mercy Hospital! till thrills
Of splendid music, roll the skies along!

"Ad multos annos"—is the glad refrain!
In beauty and in merit shalt thou stand!
Oh! sacred walls! Oh! blessed work of love!
To send thy healing comfort through the land.
And may the Master, when their work is done,
Give peace to every tired heart and hand!

In the summer of 1846, Bishop Quarter renewed his application for a colony of Sisters for Chicago. It will be remembered that when the Sisters reached New York, Bishop Quarter was one of those who met and welcomed them to the country. At that time he asked Mother Warde to give him at some future time, Sisters for his diocese. Now he came to renew




Mercy Hospital Wing, to be completed in 1918

his petition—and he was not disappointed. Bishop O'Connor approving, and the Community willing to make the sacrifice, Mother Warde appointed six Sisters for the foundation with Mother M. Agatha O'Brien, Superior. Accompanied by Rev. Father Quarter, brother of the Bishop, the Sisters left Pittsburgh, Sept. 19, and arrived in Chicago, Sept. 24, Mercy Day. Mother Warde remained there several months, working unceasingly in the interests of the young Community, and did not leave until all was in fairly good working order.

On a cold winter morning, with the sleet and snow beating down, after Mass and Holy Communion, leaving her spiritual children in tears at her departure, this brave woman left Chicago on her homeward journey, which, with the dispensation of Bishops O'Connor and Quarter, she decided to make alone, in order to save the other Sisters the fatigue and exposure such a journey entailed at that time. After a trip of untold hardship, Mother Warde reached Pittsburgh, to the joy of the Sisters, who were delighted to have their good Mother home again.

The result of this exposure was a severe attack of illness, from which Mother Warde did not recover for some time. This experience called for heroic bravery, and if God had not fortified her to be a pioneer of Christian Education and a foundress of convents in a missionary country, the weak woman's endurance would not have withstood its hardships, nor her womanly courage dared its dangers.

The summer of 1847 held fresh sorrow for the young Community in the death of Sister M. Aloysia Strange. When the Superiors decided to send the foundation to the United States, Sister M. Aloysia, though still a novice, was allowed to join the chosen band of pioneers. Generously she made the sacrifice of her dearest affections, to do her part in forwarding the good work for the glory of God.

Sister M. Aloysia made her profession, April 11, 1844, in the Cathedral, (old St. Paul's) being the first Sister of Mercy, to make her vows in the United States.

During her too short life, Sister M. Aloysia endeared herself to her companions by her many fine qualities of mind and heart—while she edified them by her virtues—As a teacher —for which duty her superior education qualified her—she was

most successful. She satisfied her superiors and won the respect and affection of her pupils. When M. M. Josephine went to St. Vincent's to establish the Academy, Sister M. Aloysia accompanied her, and gave efficient aid in organizing the school. She remained at St. Vincent's until the new building on Mr. Kuhn's farm was completed when she, with all the Sisters and pupils, removed to St. Xavier's. It was the year of the great famine in Ireland and Sister felt so sensitively the sufferings of her country-people, that the Sisters avoided speaking on the subject in her presence, or when they did, very considerately, softened the details of the awful calamity desolating Ireland at that time.

Her health, never robust, suffered much from change of climate, and increased labor. As she never complained, but worked bravely on, teaching, and attending to other charges, as usual, her failing health was not noticed, until her altered appearance revealed the fact, that she was suffering from some serious indisposition. It was supposed that the dampness of the new St. Xavier's aggravated her malady. Without delay, Sister was relieved of all duty, and sent into the city, that she might have the best medical advice—in hopes that she might recover her health. But in vain, she failed rapidly, growing weaker day by day, rejoicing in the prospect of so soon reaching her heavenly home.

On the afternoon of July 6th Sister was taken out for a drive, and on returning to the convent, was overcome by weakness. Restoratives were applied, and every attention tenderly bestowed on the dear patient, but to no avail. She never rallied. At 7 o'clock that evening, after a short agony, she died, as she had lived, sweetly and peacefully, to the great sorrow of her own loved Sister and deep regret of the Community. This was the second death, which left a void not soon to be filled.

After a solemn Mass of Requiem, on July 8th the funeral took place. The Rt. Rev. Bishop, Rev. Clergy, Sisters, Members of the B. V. Sodality, School Children and many sympathizing friends walked in procession from the Convent to the cemetery on Stevenson St. where the interment took place.

When the little plot of ground on the premises of the Mercy Hospital was set apart for the burial place of the Sis-

ters, who died in the city, the remains of Sister M. Aloysia were removed thither and some years later were taken to St. Xavier's Cemetery, where side by side with her loved and venerable Sister, M. M. Elizabeth, she awaits the glad day of resurrection.

Though Sister M. Aloysia's career, as counted by years, was short, yet we may say, that like her angelical patron, St. Aloysius, "she fulfilled a long time, in a short space." From the time of her entrance into religion, she seemed to aim at serving God with her whole mind and strength. The very fact of offering herself for the American mission, while yet a novice, shows that she was very much in earnest, happy thus to give proof of her love for God and zeal in His service by so great a sacrifice. Her memory is yet tenderly cherished by her few surviving companions and pupils of the early days, who deemed themselves favored, in having been objects of her kind care and affectionate solicitude.

In less than three short months five noble women dropped from the ranks to join their Sisters in the Heavenly Community, leaving sorrowing hearts and frail bodies to carry on the work of the Master. Sister M. Anastasia McGawley, Sister Annie Rigney, Sister Catherine Lawlor, Sister Magdalen Reinbolt, and Mother Xavier Tiernan. It is not an easy matter to describe the grief of Mother Warde and Sisters. From our sainted Foundress, they had imbibed the spirit of entire submission to the will of God. "We must love him as well when He takes as when He gives. May we never be free from His Cross."

Miss Caroline McGawley entered the convent in Baggot St. and was received and professed by the Foundress early in the thirties.

When the convent was established in Cork, July 6, 1837, Sister M. Anastasia was appointed for that community. Here she remained more than six years, giving valuable assistance in the arduous task of organizing schools and the other works of the Institute in that city. For a time she filled the office of Mother Assistant.

While in Ireland recruiting subjects, Mother Warde visited the Convent in Cork, of which at that time her Sister Mother M. Josephine Warde, was Superior, hoping to find

some religious and young persons who would be willing to devote their energies to the cause of Mercy in the field afar. Many of the Sisters hearing of the need of help in the young community beyond the seas, were fired with zeal to coöperate in the good work, and gladly volunteered their services, counting the sacrifice of home and native land as naught compared with the honor of God, and the good of souls involved in the undertaking. Owing to the small number in the Cork Community at that time, barely more than sufficient to discharge the duties, the Superiors could grant permission to only two Sisters to carry out their fervent aspirations. These favored persons were Sister M. Anastasia McGawley and a novice Sister M. Augusta Goold.

Sister M. Anastasia arrived in Pittsburg October 28, 1845.

In this new sphere of duty our Sister labored zealously in the school, visitation of the sick, etc., as long as her health permitted, but like so many of the early members her career was short.

After serving the Community for little more than two years, she entered into her rest December 29, 1847.

Sr. M. Anastasia was highly educated, was a good musician, endowed with a fine voice which did good service at the ceremonies of Reception and Profession, and at other times.

The remains of this devoted Sister were laid in St. Xavier's Cemetery where, with her pioneer companions she awaits the day of Resurrection. May she rest in peace.

There is a tradition handed down from remote times, that on one occasion the Superior (Mother Warde) gave Sr. M. Anastasia an obedience to visit some sick person or persons, Sister made some objection to go, pleading her inability to walk such a distance on account of some rheumatic affection. The Superior would take no excuse, but insisted on her going, and after some delay, Sister with her companion, went on the visitation. Some time after Sister M. Anastasia referred the case to Bishop O'Connor, and he said it was her duty to obey, if she died in the attempt.

### SR. M. GONZAGA O'GORMAN

When Mother Warde returned from her visit to Ireland, among those who accompanied her with the intention of

devoting their lives and energies in the promotion of the works of mercy in the new Community of Sisters in Pittsburgh was Miss Jane O'Gorman.

This highly gifted and pious young lady was born in Fermoy, Ireland, of a wealthy and prominent family. She was educated at the Ursuline Convent, Blackrock, and there were hopes that she would enter there. However that may be, when she met Mother Warde, and heard of the great need of subjects in the new foundation, and the good to be accomplished in America, she decided to offer herself to give such assistance to the work as lay in her power. When Mrs. O'Gorman was informed of the intention of her only daughter, she was deeply grieved, and fondly hoped that her dear child would reconsider her decision, but on hearing that Jane was fully persuaded that such was her true vocation, Mrs. O'Gorman withdrew her opposition, only stipulating that her daughter would not be allowed to make her vows until her mother had come over and satisfied herself that "her Jane" was happy and anxious to persevere in the state of her choice.

Miss O'Gorman with the rest of the party arrived in Pittsburgh, Oct. 28, 1845, and on the same day assumed the garb of a postulant. Her Superiors arranged that she should be received, May 6, 1846. The ceremony took place in old St. Paul's, as the Convent Chapel was too small to accommodate any number of persons.

Two years following June 24, 1848, Sr. Mary Gonzaga had the happiness of pronouncing her vows in the same venerable Church—Bishop M. O'Connor officiating. Mrs. O'Gorman, true to her word came from Ireland, accompanied by her son, and both were present at the ceremony of profession, Mrs. O'Gorman having previously been satisfied that her daughter was perfectly happy, having no other wish than to persevere in her vocation. When leaving home, it had been the intention of Mrs. O'Gorman to remain in Pittsburgh, that she might have the pleasure of being near her daughter, but after some time, business matters required her presence in her old home, and it was considered better for her to return to Ireland: her son too was anxious to go back so mother and son left, and dear Sr. M. Gonzaga never saw them again.

The greater part of Sr. M. Gonzaga's religious life was

spent at St. Xavier's Academy, where her exertions in the cause of education bore, as years passed, abundant fruit. Soon after she went to St. Xavier's, she was given charge of the musical department, as she was proficient in that art, and having laid the foundation of the culture of music for which St. Xavier's Academy has ever since been noted.

The life of this dear Sister was all too short if we count the years, or may we not say that like her angelical Patron she "fulfilled a long space in a short time"? For several years before her death her health gradually failed, but she worked on until increasing debility compelled her to relinquish all her duties in the school. Her immediate illness was of short duration. On the day of her death, March 15, 1859, Sr. M. Rosalie Phelan was professed. Many clerical friends were present on the occasion. Among the rest, Rev. James O'Connor, afterwards Bishop of Omaha, Neb., Rev. Father Phelan, our late beloved Bishop, and Rev. Jerome Kearney, a revered friend of the Community. When it was announced that Sr. M. Gonzaga was dying the Priests repaired to the Infirmary, to give her the benefit of their sacerdotal presence. Sister had a very hard agony and severe struggle as it seemed with some invisible power. She spoke several times as if answering some one, saying more than once, "I love God, I always loved Him." After some time, the dear patient became calm and soon expired, fortified by the repeated absolutions and blessings of the Priests who were present. All who assisted at this death-bed were deeply impressed, and felt assured that they had witnessed the departure of a soul highly favored by God.

The funeral took place on St. Patrick's Day, and was attended by many of the Rev. Clergy, and friends of the Sisters and pupils all anxious to manifest their respect to the memory of one whom they esteemed and loved on account of her many virtues and estimable qualities.

Very few persons who have entered our community made more generous sacrifices than Sr. M. Gonzaga. In the spring time of life she left her native country, a happy home and bright prospects in the future, and more precious than all, the widowed mother and only brother, that she might give her undivided heart to God, and spend her life in His service, in

a far off foreign land; and she never looked back from the time she bade adieu to the receding shores of Ireland. To the close of her life, she persevered with unabating fervor. Most exact and punctual to duty, she spared no labor to promote the cause of religion; most obedient and observant of rule, courteous, charitable and kind to all. It always gave her pleasure to assist her less favored Sisters in the studies: Each one could apply to her for assistance in solving some difficult problem, without feeling they were intruding on her time, or taxing her patience. As a teacher, she exerted a happy influence on her pupils, whose hearts she captured by her gentle kind manner and interest in their welfare. Many who eventually became religious deemed that under God they owed their vocation to her example and prayers.

In sickness, no less than in health Sister M. Gonzaga gave edification to all who approached her, always patient and uncomplaining with loving resignation to the Divine Will.

From the life of this beloved Sister we may learn the spirit of sacrifice and devotion to duty. May we all emulate her holy example.

### SISTER M. AUGUSTA GOOLD

Elizabeth Goold was born in Cork and received her education in that city. Being favored by God with a religious vocation and corresponding to the grace she entered the Convent of Mercy in Rutland St. Miss Goold received the white veil with the name "Augusta" some time in the year 1844.

Sister M. Augusta was one of the generous souls who responded to Mother Warde's appeal for help and having obtained the sanction of her Superiors and overcome the objections of her parents and friends arrived in Pittsburgh with Mother Warde and her party, Oct. 1845.

No greater proof of a good vocation was required than the fact of this fervent novice having left all to serve our Lord in His suffering members and helpless little ones in a foreign land. So we need not be surprised to find that before many months had elapsed she was allowed to complete her sacrifice by making her religious Profession. This happy fulfilment of her loving aspirations took place in old St. Paul's Church May 5, 1846, the kind Bishop receiving her vows and

her companion, Sister M. Anastasia assisting in rendering the familiar strains of the ceremony music.

The few years granted to this good Sister were passed in a faithful discharge of duty. She assisted in the school and everywhere left evidence of her zeal. She taught a class in the Orphan Asylum for some time and the interest she manifested in the welfare of these children was long remembered by such among them as were old enough to appreciate her kind efforts in their behalf.

Never robust, it was not long before the health of Sr. M. Augusta declined and eventually succumbed to consumption. The last days of her earthly pilgrimage were spent in the Mercy Hospital tenderly cared for by M. M. Josephine and the other Sisters. There she ended her innocent life on the feast of the Presentation, Nov. 21, 1859.

The deadly type of typhus known as ship-fever appeared early in 1848, and continued to rage through spring and summer. Night and day the Sisters hung over the unfortunate sufferers, and five choir Sisters and three lay Sisters died martyrs to charity. Night after night Mother Xavier Tiernan sat watching with patient attention to gain the dying to God—and wonderful success blessed her heroic devotion and that of her Sisters. Her incessant attendance in a close ward on the poor victims, whom she nursed, cheered and consoled, quite exhausted her rather delicate constitution. She was attacked by a virulent erysipelas, from which she had not strength to rally. Her virtues and personal services were the treasure of the community, which they edified and adorned, and the loss it sustained in losing her cannot be expressed.

From the *Pittsburgh Catholic* Mar. 11, 1848, is copied the following eulogium: "With deep regret it is our painful duty to record the death of Mother Mary Xavier Tiernan. She died at the Mercy Hospital, Penn St., March 9th, at half-past 6 o'clock A. M., aged 30 years.

We cannot exaggerate her loss, not merely to the religious community which she edified so much, but to all who came within the wide sphere of her usefulness.

She was the beloved child of the late Michael Tiernan, Esq., as true a man and Christian as ever lived and died in

Mother M. Xavier Tiernan
First American Postulant

Pittsburgh. From her very childhood, her acquaintances became her friends, on account of those attractive virtues, for which she was always remarkable. As her beautiful mind expanded, and the glow of earthly happiness was reflected by the numerous friends to whom she was so endeared, few ever had so many reasons to become attached to this world.

She was rich, and young and beautiful. With rare talents well cultivated, she possessed a disposition so much under control, that she seemed capable only of receiving and imparting pleasure. In a word, she was at all times as near perfection as it is given to this world to witness.

Those who knew her, praise the prudence and consummate wisdom and determination with which, in the important affairs of life, she was governed. In the midst of every worldly endearment, and at a time when their enjoyment is most appreciated, she resolved to renounce all. All that she had or could give, she devoted to the service of God—her heart especially. After long and deliberate meditation and steadfast prayer she came to this resolve. From the time of her entrance, to the very day of her death, she was a model for the most fervent among the good Sisters. At the time of her death, she was Mistress of Novices in the community. She died after an illness of two weeks. In her last moments, with a perfect consciousness of her danger, she was particularly edifying. To live or die, to suffer pain or be at rest, she resigned all to the Will of God."

Her funeral took place March 10th, and was the largest that had ever been witnessed in the city. It was the first really Catholic one in Pittsburgh. Bishop, Priests, and students walked processionally to the new cemetery, (adjoining Mercy Hospital) where she was laid to rest. Later, all that remained of her earthly tenement was removed to St. Xavier's. M. M. Xavier's portrait in oil, presented by her Sister, Mrs. Morris Jones, to Mother Stanislaus for the novitiate, hangs in the Novitiate at Mount Mercy.

The following lines were composed by Rev. Thos. McCullagh. Though devoid of great literary merit, they are beautiful and appropriate:

"They have but left our weary ways
To live by memory here, in heaven by love and praise."

'Tis sad to feel that thou art gone,
To hear thy voice no more;
And when life's day, the brightest shone,
To think that life is o'er.

Oh, shall no more on Earth be seen
That angel form of thine?
That placid brow, that eye serene,
Of light and love divine?

That brow, in death, is placid still;
But oh! the light is fled;
That eye shall ope no more until
The waking of the dead.

The tale of woe shall ne'er again
That heart of pity melt,
Which seemed itself to feel the pain
It knew that others felt.

The lonely dying stranger now
Shall feel no longer there,
The hand that cooled his fevered brow,
With all a mother's care.

Oh! this is death yet only so
It seems to human eyes,
'Tis but to leave a world of woe,
To reign in Paradise.

'Twas sweet on Earth a saint to be,
And God alone to love,
What is it then, thy God to see,
In endless joys above!

Say, Sister, does the sacrifice
Of home, of friends, of all,
Seem truest wisdom in thine eyes?
Or wouldst thou it recall?

Was not the loss of all that's dear
Too great a price to pay?
With angel's voice methinks I hear
Thy happy spirit say:—

Speak not of sacrifice, for none
Is made by living well,
And death itself is life begun;
Of this, no tongue can tell.

In April, 1848, a permanent standing was given to the new institution by the incorporation of the Sisters under the title of "The Sisters of Mercy of Allegheny County" by the State Legislature.

St. Mary's Convent of Mercy, Webster Avenue
St. Paul's Parochial School for Girls
St. Paul's Orphan Asylum in rear of Convent.
1850

CHARTER.

Sec. 1st: Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same, that Francis Warde, Hester Strange, Frances Brown, Mary Fennessey, Elizabeth Goold, Mary Gillespie, Mary C. McCreedy, Marianne Fisher, Elizabeth Blake, Elizabeth McCaffry, Mary McCaffry, Elizabeth Wynne, Ellen Cullen and their associates, members of the society called, "The Sisters of Mercy," being a society of religious women, living in community and devoted to charitable works, be and they are hereby constituted a body politic and corporate, by the name, style and title of "The Sisters of Mercy," of the county of Allegheny, to have perpetual succession, to use a common seal, and alter and renew the same at pleasure, etc., etc., etc.

Sec. 2d: The essential objects of the said corporation shall be the relief and support of sick, destitute and dependent persons, the maintenance of the orphans, and the care and education of youth, etc., etc.

WILLIAM F. PACKER,
Speaker of the House of Representatives.

W. M. WILLIAMSON,
Speaker of the Senate.

Approved—The eighth day of April, one thousand eight hundred and forty-eight. FRS. R. SHUNK.

Sections 3d and 4th Property.

The loss of so many of her children, and the anguish of this strenuous period, completely shattered Mother Warde's health. Dr. Addison, a prominent physician on the Hospital staff, declared she would die, if not removed immediately from the house of death. Indeed, serious fears were entertained for the rest of the Community. The Bishop took them all to his own house near the Cathedral, he and the Cathedral Clergy receiving hospitality among the members of the Congregation.

They remained there two years, till Dec., 1850, when they removed to their spacious Convent, Webster Avenue, just completed at a cost of $25,000. This was paid by the Community from money brought to it by its members, and was known as the Mother House of the Sisters of Mercy until 1852, when

the Novitiate was transferred to St. Xavier's, where it continued to be for fifteen years. With the passing years, free schools and an academy were added. The building at St. Mary's was enlarged and improved in many respects. Adjoining the convent was built a handsome chaped, and on Tunnel St. a fine home for working women, and a shelter for homeless girls of good character.

It is the first permanent institution of its kind opened in the city of Pittsburgh, although the Sisters had previously opened an industrial school on Washington St., N. S., as early as 1855, with the intention of having a Home for Working Girls connected therewith. Conditions prevented the Sisters from carrying out this original design, and for some years a house to shelter homeless girls was occupied by them on Bluff St. But among other reasons, the building was unsuited, and had to be given up. The great and growing need for a home where it would be easily accessible to girls near the heart of the city prompted the Sisters to buy some lots adjoining their Mother House on Webster Ave. and thereon erect a suitable building. Accordingly in 1886 plans were prepared by Architect Thos. D. Evans, and the contract for the new building was let to Geo. Dougherty. On Oct. 2, 1887, Rosary Sunday, Rt. Rev. R. Phelan laid the corner stone of the new edifice. A handsome collection for the building was taken up by prominent gentlemen present. In the evening of the same day our present Rt. Rev. Bishop, then Revs. Regis Canevin, delivered a lecture in St. Paul's Cathedral the proceeds of which went to swell the building fund of the Home. On the Feast of our Lady of Mercy, Sept. 24, 1888, the Home being now ready for occupancy, Rt. Rev. Richard Phelan blessed the home, and its doors were thrown open for the admission of homeless girls. Since then thousands of young girls have sought and found shelter therein, when sore in need. And these represented all religions, for the Home is non-sectarian, and no worthy applicant has ever been turned away from its doors. In order not to burden the public with the expenses incident to supporting the institution, the Sisters introduced an industry to supply the deficit of current expenses. Another motive for this was to give employment, which would be remunerative to girls willing to work and make their residence in the Home

for a time. Many hundreds of young women have here learned to become self-supporting, in a pure Christian atmosphere where there are no incitements to frivolity or worse: and where their whole moral development has kept pace with their daily life. The industry mentioned is laundry work. To quote from a notice given by a visitor: "The Convent Laundry wagons may be seen everywhere, and the fame of their work, their care, and promptness have brought them the trade of Jew and Gentile, rich and poor, Protestant and Catholic. Their machinery is of the best, and no house in Troy, the theater of laundries, can surpass the Mercy Home for Working Girls, even in patronage."

Since the Mother House of the Sisters was removed from Webster Ave. to Mt. Mercy, the old Convent is utilized as an extension to the Home; and here also, many ladies have chosen to reside as boarders, occupying the apartments vacated by the Sisters. At the time of this writing, the girls of the Home number one hundred and five.

The following is a report of the lecture delivered in the Cathedral October 2nd, 1887, which realized over $1,200 for the Mercy House:

The subject on which I have the honor to address you this evening is one of the most interesting and instructive which could occupy our attention, since it not only brings before us the study of an institution, which has been at work about us, but also opens before us the missionary forces of charity and mercy organized by the Catholic Church in her female religious orders. You know that of all these orders, I am come to speak of the Sisters of Mercy, and your presence attests how much you are interested in them, and in their works of charity. This religious body appeared upon the world theater in 1831.

On the morning of the twelfth day of December that year Catherine McAuley, a woman in the prime of life, knelt with two companions before the altar of a Dublin Convent and registered the vows which made her a Sister of Mercy. She had descended from an old Irish family; endowed with rare gifts of mind and heart; well educated and the possessor of a large fortune. She turned from the world, not because she hated,

but because she loved mankind. She became enamored of the heroism of those glorious saints of God, like Francis of Assissi, Ignatius of Loyola and Jane of Chantel, who had forsaken all things for Him, and with that grand faith which is characteristic of her race, she began to ask herself, "Cannot I imitate in a lowly sphere these holy men and women and do something for God?" She began to sanctify her life by ministering to the suffering of those around her. She turned her house into an Asylum for the afflicted. Not content with this, she opened a free school for the poor; and founded a refuge where the homeless working girls might have a comfortable and secure abode.

Catherine McAuley was rich in beauty, rich in gifts of mind, rich in worldly goods. She resolved to put her love for Christ to the test. He has declared as the proof of perfect love, "If thou wilt be perfect, go sell what thou hast and give to the poor and come and follow me." She resolved to accept this last and highest condition of perfection and to gain heaven by violence. All that she had became the property of the poor, and hers was no paltry alms. Seeing Christ in the needy and the suffering, she offered all that she had to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to instruct the ignorant, to give succor to imperiled virtue. At first Catherine never dreamed of the future, which God had marked out for her. Her humility shrank in dismay from the thought of becoming the foundress of a new order in the Church. Others, led by the same spirit that guided her, came to her side; and while she and her companions were aiming to lead a devout life in the world, the monastic spirit insensibly stole upon them, and so shaped their destinies that Catherine finally resolved to consecrate herself and her associates to God, by the vows of religion. In pursuance of this purpose, with two others she made a year's Novitiate in the Presentation Convent, Dublin; and then with her two followers renounced the world and gave herself a spouse to Christ, body and soul, life, liberty, and love; devoted her whole being to Him in the service of the poor, sick, and ignorant. On bended knees this beautiful, wealthy and highly cultivated woman recorded that vow and arose to win immortal fame as the Mother of the Sisters of Mercy. The three chief objects of Mother McAuley's institute are: the education of the poor,

the visitation of the sick, and the protection of women in distress, who were of good character. Her earthly reign was short. Ten years only of personal service bestowed upon the work and in 1841 the foundress passed away. She had fulfilled the end of her creation. The poet tells us:

"No stream from its source
Flows seaward, how lonely soe'er its course,
But that so some land is gladdened.
No star ever rose
And set without influence somewhere,
Who knows what earth needs from lowest creature?
No life can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby."

So when Catherine McAuley paid the debt of mortals, and was laid in her quiet grave, she bestowed a rich legacy of blessings upon mankind. Her soul went home to its reward, but the builder of such a structure as the Order of Mercy does not die. The sun that lights up the day sets in the western heavens, and it seems as if the light had vanished, but that light still remains. Even so thousands of Catherines sprang from her, and her work is carried on in every clime. The Mother sleeps in her grave in the Isle of Saints, but her black robed children have penetrated regions in America, Australia, and India, of which she never heard the name.

Trusting and confident as she was in the power of God, without a prophetic spirit, she could not have measured the quick growth and wonderful achievement of her institute, as it stands before us to-day, with an army of over four thousand of the flower of Catholic womanhood, armed in the cause of Christian charity. Christian charity has no nobler evidence in this century to attest its divine mission than the works of the Sisters of Mercy. They stand among the latest female religious orders; but their admirable organization, unfaltering fidelity in pursuit of a purpose repugnant to flesh and blood, so opposite to the world's ideals, have enabled them to conquer great difficulties and perform heroic deeds. Let us now examine this organization and study the ties which hold it together. The order consists of ladies bound together by the usual monastic vows of Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience, and a fourth by which they devote themselves to the

service of the poor, sick, and ignorant. Second, lay Sisters, who are professed for the ordinary duties of the household and to attend the sick. The first object of the institute is the spiritual perfection of its members, by the strict observance of their vows, and the second object is the service of their neighbor in the practice of Charity. While God calls some to the married state and they are sanctified in it, he calls others to that state where they can serve Him with an undivided heart, manifesting their love for Him by loving those whom He died to redeem. Charity to a neighbor puts on the highest value a human act may claim; it is the tribute of pure, disinterested personal love of Christ, whom faith teaches us to behold in the persons of the poor and suffering. This is the supernatural motive which has given life and shape to those embattled legions of the church in which we find the consecrated "forms of loveliness," the "golden garments" of an organized, well disciplined charity; which knows how to reach every form of human misery and every form of wretchedness. A little study in this matter will convince the sceptic that religious institutions are as useful to society as they are valuable to religion, and as they are congenial to the spirit of Christianity. If we examined the Rule of the Sisters of Mercy, we shall find that it inculcates charity, purity, obedience, which are the three great wants of society; it tends to combat and destroy cruelty, depravity, and lawlessness, which are the three great evils of the day.

The religious takes first the vow of poverty, "If thou wilt be perfect go sell what thou hast, give it to the poor." "Blessed are the poor in spirit for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." This vow means a voluntary cession of all private rights of property to create a common fund for general use. The love of riches hardens the heart, and makes men close their ears against the cry of the suffering and the poor. Man who did not love was told by Christ to love his fellow man; he, who only looked to be served, was told to serve him; he who possessed was told to give his possessions. Turn over a few pages of the New Testament and we read: "And the multitude of the believers had but one heart and one soul; neither did any one of them say, that of the things that he possessed, anything was his own; but all things were common to them.

As many as had lands and houses sold them, and brought the price of the things they sold, and laid it down before the feet of the Apostles, and distribution was made to every man according as he had need." Upon the principles of that first Christian republic rests the poverty of the Convent. Its object is to attain that perfect equality which levels all distinction of wealth and position, destroys jealousy, disengages the heart from earthly things and produces peace, charity, and industry, the virtues proper to maintain a Christian republic of women united in the service of human miseries. The vow of chastity is designed to withdraw the heart, as the source of good and evil, from sensual pleasures purify the affections, and makes woman regard Jesus Christ as the only Love and Spouse of her soul. Sensuality and moral depravity are cursing society. They are destroying the virtue of womanhood and eating away the strength of manhood. Men even of public trust, as well as men in private life, who should defend the sanctuary of home, guard the family, protect the honor of mother and daughter, wife and sister, are perverting their influence and power to dethrone chastity; making this nineteenth century the Sodom of the ages. The Catholic Church takes the holiest, the best and purest of her children and consecrates her in a Community of hearts like her own, to be the vestal virgin of social purity in its highest beauty.

Does this degrade woman or injure society? O noble elevation! "These young women will go to the uttermost ends of the earth, under the shield of their virtue; they will inspire respect for virtue and religion in unbelieving and depraved hearts; they will see all hideous shapes of sin; they will hear terrible confidences; a thousand tempests may sweep over their hearts and try their souls." Those hearts will remain warm in charity; and firm as granite in chastity, thanks to God; the Sisters of Mercy have undergone the test and the entire body has remained secure.

The Vow of Obedience secures order and implicit compliance with the commands of lawful authority. Lawlessness, anarchy and revolt form another evil of the day. Obedience that corrects disorder and preserves harmony is sovereign in the Convent. This spirit of obedience which God has inculcated destroys pride, which is the great root of iniquity and

while it never demands the surrender of conscience, it gives unity of direction to the energies of the organization, and produces in the individual that humility of spirit which the Savior invites us to learn of Him. "Whosoever will be the greater among you, let him be the least; and he who could be the first among you, let him be your servant, even as the Son of Man came not to be ministered to, but to minister." They who would describe the government of the Cloister as despotism know not what they say. Every candidate, or Novice as as she is called, is obliged to study the rule for three years before profession, and must be intimately acquainted with all the duties and the spirit of the religious life before she makes the vows. When a man swears allegiance to a constitution he has never read, and becomes a citizen of a country, with the laws of which he is but partially acquainted, the world declares him to have acted wisely; when an intelligent woman vows obedience to the counsels of Jesus Christ, why does the same world declare her a slave? The rule is obeyed not from fear but from principle. Man is a slave, when he serves against his will; but when we love we serve, and when we serve from love we are happy; and the idea of obedience joined with poverty and chastity is to create a reign of charity. This charity constitutes the whole human race in the place of the family. Protestant, Catholic, Atheist, a man, a woman, a child, a neighbor, all come within the range of that organized charity, which has been at work in this City for more than forty years. It has had trials, it has survived them; and it has a history upon which we can look with no other feelings than thanksgiving and joy. Were I summoned into the arena of debate, I might be a partial witness, because of my love, affection, and veneration for these gentle, refined, cultivated hard-working women, the daughters of Catherine McAuley, whose labors strengthen, whose virtues adorn the Church. Let their actions speak. They need no eulogy from me. I am the relator of a history, rather than the champion of their cause. The Sisters of Mercy were the first successful and permanent establishment of nuns in this diocese.

In 1843, seven ladies came from Carlow, Ireland, at the invitation of that man, the shadow of whose venerated name is still the emblem of manly virtue and intellectual power in

the American Episcopacy. He stood among the great churchmen of the past generation, the "noblest Roman of them all." If you seek his monument, look around you. I need not name him who, living, exchanged the purple for the austere garb of the Jesuit, and, dying, bequeathed to us all the golden example of the noble, simple, priestly life of Bishop O'Connor. One of the seven pioneers still survives—

> Have laid upon her brow a hand serene;
> There left alone a blessing."

These Nuns, vowed to poverty, despising all things of the world, and leaving the home of their childhood, came as strangers to a strange land to minister in mercy, in faith, and in hope to the poor and the needy of this rising City. God blessed their labors and raised up spiritual children to them on every side. The tree that they planted grew strong and lofty with roots deep set, and spread forth many branches. From the Mother House here went out many little bands to carry on the work in other places. The Convents at Chicago, Providence, Washington, Baltimore, Titusville, Wilkes-Barre, were founded by the Pittsburgh Sisters. In the institution of this Diocese there are 250 Sisters employed (1886), 15 Parochial Schools are under their care with a daily attendance of 6,000 pupils. "With them the whole surroundings, the atmosphere in which the child moves is religious. The eye is chastened by the contemplation of pious objects; the ear is trained to the melody of sacred song; the lips are taught to pronounce holy names, the knees to bend and the hands to fold in prayer; the whole person to compose itself to Christian modesty; the imagination is stored with pious and chaste knowledge, and the child is taught to walk in the path of virtue and salvation." The orphan sent forth its wail of misery, and who heard it? The world made no contribution for its support and education. The Sisters took the place of father and mother, and in the Asylum within the last thirty years have sheltered and instructed 4,000 homeless and forsaken children and labored to save their souls from the destruction of sin. It is your glory and theirs that they founded the first public Hospital in the City.

No institution of the kind was established in Pittsburgh

until the seven argonauts of 1843 landed in search of the golden fleece, which Christ gives to those who find and relieve His poor for love of Him. The Mercy Hospital was founded in 1847. From the day of its first opening forty years ago its wards have been freely open to the people of every race and clime and creed. During the scourge known as ship fever, and later when the cholera raged, and in the great smallpox epidemic, hundreds of poor sufferers, who had neither friends, money, nor shelter, found there a home among the Sisters. They recoiled from no contagion. In Mercy Hospital among the 20,000 patients cared for, they have witnessed every form of misery, which the hand of God, or the malice of man, or their own errors brought upon the unfortunate. For such service, we should not delay our thanks and praise. During those years of silent, tireless devotedness, unrecognized by temporal reward, praise, or glory, save the sweet incense that follows duty well performed, was exemplified in the service of human miseries, Love; Love of Jesus Christ, suffering; in assuaging the rage of fever, cooling the parched tongue, sustaining the sinking head, whispering consolation and hope to the tortured soul. Only those who have seen the forsaken poor die far from home and family and friends can know the power of charity, which sacrifices all for love of Christ in the gratuitous service of the sick and dying. No matter how hideous the disease; no matter how revolting the infirmity, no matter how certain the contagion and death, they dare not waver or turn from their post of duty; for life and eternity are bound up in the sick and the poor; in ministering to them, they minister to Christ. "Amen, I say unto you, as long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to me." Let no one think I am forgetful of or wish to conceal the charity and heroism of other female religious of the Diocese, who labor in schools, in Orphan Asylums, in Hospitals, in Refuges for the fallen and the out-cast, in homes for the aged poor. No, I only regret that time will not permit me to give them more than a passing notice. Beyond the Catholic Church, there are also noble workers in the cause of Christ, whose service among their own and the Catholic poor challenge our admiration, and deserve our gratitude, and none admire them more or appreciate their kindness and benevolence better, than their

leaders in the broad field of Christian charity, the Sisters of Mercy.

Some of you can remember the dark days of sorrow which came upon us when the heavy clouds of Civil War rolled over the land and shut out every ray of light. The flag that had waved over the best and freest government this world has ever known was violated and the integrity of this republic assailed. The declaration was planted that the union must be saved. Forth from their homes marched the pride of this City's manhood to hazard life in their Country's cause. Hundreds of brave Catholics visited the Convent to ask the prayers of the Sisters, and carry with them the Scapulars, the beads, or a medal of the Blessed Virgin; so that if the God of battles demanded the sacrifice of life, they might, even in that last and supreme act of patriotism, show the world how they had been taught to live with honor and to die with faith. Many of the Scapulars and medals with the brave hearts that wore them are turned to dust, some in Virginia's hills and some in Georgia's sands. The Sisters said, "God speed you, your country needs your service," but they added what others who said "God speed" did not add, "Your country needs our service too. You are the soldiers of justice, we are the soldiers of Mercy." Then the Sisters went forth from their peaceful Convent homes to serve their God and country, in the Stanton Military Hospital at Washington and in the Western Pennsylvania Hospital here. The Military Physicians regarded them as valuable assistants, and oftentimes the Nuns had the entire charge of the patients, administering medicines and arranging bandages with deft and skillful hands. With chaste and tender hands they served the sick and wounded and among the soldiers they carved for themselves this glorious record: "They passed by doing good." Of the Sister of Mercy, Longfellow has written:

Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow
Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Savior.
And with light in her looks, she entered the chambers of sickness,
Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow, and in silence
Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their faces,
Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow on the road-side.
Many a languid head, upraised as the Sister entered,
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for her presence
Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a prison.

They had 450 under their care in the Stanton Hospital at one time; and after the second battle of Fredericksburg, Dec. 13, 1862, a number of Confederate wounded were laid side by side in the wards, with those whom they had wounded. "It was a beautiful sight," said one of the Sisters, "to see how tenderly the convalescing Federal soldiers helped to nurse back to health those whom they had so fiercely fought a short time before. Those who are first in war, are first in peace."

"The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring."

Southern sympathizers in Washington sent large supplies of provisions and delicacies for their Confederate friends. "We took all they sent," said the same veteran Nurse, "but we saw that the boys in blue fared as well as their foes."

That was holy simplicity.

At the time the Sisters were engaged in the work of Mercy in Hospitals and on the battlefields of the North, some of their companions who left their side a few years before were under the shot and shell, which were hurled from land and water when Grant besieged Vicksburg, and fear and famine stalked the Confederate Camp and City. Driven from their Convent homes by the iron hand of War, they followed the ill-fated Army through all the hard fortune of the struggle; nursed the sick, staunched the blood, bound up the wounds of those who fell on the battlefield, and spoke words of consolation and of hope to the dying. We can read in Military Annals how the dying soldiers fancied a mother or a sister to be supporting his head, as the black robed nun bade him confide in the Savior of Calvary, and poured refreshing drops upon his lips parched and quivering in the throes of death.

It was not in disloyalty to a Divine Master, these women served the cause of universal charity, on both sides of the line. After the war, the Vicksburg Community returned to their Convent and found their latest golden opportunity in the South in the great yellow fever scourge of 1878; which spread gloom and sorrow over the land until even hope was almost

paralyzed. Yes, when fear had dissolved all the ties which hold society together, when succor could not be bought with gold, when the strongest natural feeling yielded to the love of life, then a band of Sisters of Mercy, led by the same fearless heroines from Pittsburgh, who fifteen years before had seen duty on battlefields, were to be found bending over the plague-stricken couch; praying, ever encouraging and holding up to the last before the expiring penitent the image of the cross. When the brave men of both Armies had fought out the nation's quarrel in fair honorable battle, the last clanking chain of slavery was broken and man arose from bondage. When the roar of cannon died away, and the smoke of battle was lifted from the land, the bright sun of peace shone upon a people more united than they had ever been before. Religious bigotry and sectarian hatred had received a death stroke. There was more Christianity amid the rough scenes of war than there had been in preceding years of peace. The best blood of the Roman Catholic and of his Protestant copatriot had reddened the same stream and mingled on many a well-fought field. Side by side they met the charge; side by side they repelled the shock; side by side they fell, in the same pit their bodies were deposited. The dew fell from Heaven upon their union in the grave. Misfortune had taught them to know and respect, and trust, and love each other. Those who survived learned to despise the cowards and hypocrites and bigots, who at home in ignorance or in malice had armed man against his brother and in the name of religion kept us in perpetual conflict. The soldier descendant of the New England Puritan and of the papist hating Orangeman discovered that his Catholic comrade was a brave, generous-hearted man, and a consistent Christian; and that the Roman Catholic Church was not the sworn enemy of free institutions; that the Sisters of that Church were kind, earnest, hard-working, useful and devoted women in the service of Christ, whose doctrine is that we should love one another. And thus the Sisters of Mercy returned from war to find the good they and other religious had done had won the grateful recognition of the whole country. Thoughtful men learned from their deeds that even a Covenanter need not fear to offend God in acknowledging that in hearts consecrated to the service of

their Maker, there rested a holy influence; and stern in his belief, as he may be, the Protestant who has felt the gentle ministry of the Sisters in the Hospital or elsewhere, will require no effort to preserve his conviction, that it is amid the charities of the convent and of domestic life that female virtue finds the highest exercise, and female piety the highest elevation. There is a time for bearing testimony against the errors of Protestantism as a false and fragmentary form of Christianity; there is also a time for testifying to the sublime virtues of those whom error separates from us. When we discuss religion, we should feel as Christians; and we Catholics should never forget the kindness of those outside the fold in assisting to relieve the distress of the large numbers of poor belonging to the Catholic Church. Among the most zealous and generous friends of public Charities under the care of the Sisters of Mercy stand many ladies and gentlemen who differ from them in religion.

The Catholic Church can claim the honor of preaching to the poor. The field is extending every year. Though our means are less, our schools and charitable institutions are greater in number and better supported than those of all other churches combined. The new building formally begun to-day will enable the Sisters of Mercy to fulfill all the original purposes of the order; and furnish to respectable working girls a comfortable home, and also provide protection and free shelter to those out of work.

My friends, it is a privilege and a glory to me to speak to you to-night of these Apostles of Mercy, who seek out human anguish and suffering, detect danger to virtue wherever it lurks and apply the remedy with divine tenderness. I speak in behalf of the poor; in behalf of Christ, who identifies Himself with the poor, and before I close I want to thank you for having come here to-night, not to listen to me, but to show your love for the unprotected working girls of this City by helping to build them a suitable home. Some of them are alone; with no dower but the fatal gift of beauty; if no way be open, save the broad way of temptation, poverty, immoral surroundings, the accursed action of some demon, who sees their helplessness, may force one or other of them into the paths of destruction until she gives herself up to sin. In the name of

virtue preserved by Christian charity, I thank you. Ah, if you only realized that peace on earth, and happiness in eternity are purchased by a little charity you would delight in giving. Do not say, "We are always giving; Sunday, it was the Orphans, to-day it is the Mercy House, next week it will be something else." Consider how much you spend for dress; how much you spend for pleasure; how much you spend with your friends; how much you spend for those things which are neither useful nor necessary to your comfort. Then consider how much you give to Jesus Christ. Listen to the words of Eternal Truth. "Blessed is he who understandeth, concerning the needy poor. And in the judgment, He shall say to the souls of the just, 'I was hungry and you gave me to eat; I was thirsty and you gave me to drink; I was a stranger and you took me in; naked and you covered me, sick and you visited me, I was in prison and you came to see me.' Then shall the just answer Him saying, 'Lord, when did we see Thee hungry and fed Thee; thirsty and gave Thee drink; and when did we see Thee a stranger, and took Thee in; or naked and covered Thee, or when did we see Thee sick or in prison, and came to Thee?' And the Lord turning to the poor shall say 'Amen, I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to me.'" To love Christ in our brethren; to see Him in the suffering millions around us; in all who need our help; in souls whose beauty sin has marred; in hearts embittered and angered by the pitiless greed and cruelty they have met, in every form of poverty and suffering; this is religion; this is the mission of charity and of Mercy. You are therefore writing your name in the book of Life by assisting these self-sacrificing women, whom the Church selects as the best of her children, clothes them in the sacred habit of religion, fills their souls with the divinest tenderness and compassion, consecrates them to poverty, chastity, and obedience and sends them forth on their glorious career as Sisters of Mercy to manifest among men the power and beauty of Divine Charity.

## CHAPTER V

IN May, 1848, the Sisters, invited by Rev. Hugh Gallagher, a life-long friend, went to Loretto with Sister M. Catherine Wynne as first superior. Traveling by stage a day and a night, they reached Ebensburg, where they were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Shoemaker, after which they proceeded down the plank road to Loretto. Sisters M. Catherine Wynne, Rose Hostetter, Christina Newman and Lucy McGivern, were they living, could recount some droll experiences of these early days, the hardships of which were so severe that more than once they were about to be called home. But always begging to remain "a little longer," their perseverance was richly rewarded in the great things Almighty God chose to accomplish there.

The little frame house in the village that served as the first convent is still pointed out. In 1853, St. Aloysius Academy was opened; in 1866 an addition was made, and in 1868 the structure was still further enlarged. Gradually the resources increased, and an ever widening circle of students came to the sweet historic spot, far-famed by the heroic life of the saintly Prince Priest Gallitzin.

Sister M. Catherine was succeeded by Sister M. Gertrude Blake as Local Superior, after the election in 1855, Sister M. Isidore Fisher being Mother Superior.

In 1855, the scholastic year at St. Aloysius closed July 15th, and on the 20th the Misses Sarah Gillespie, Amelia Kratzer, and Agnes O'Neil, who had been pupils of the Academy that year, received the postulant's cap from Sister M. Gertrude. The two latter were clothed with the habit at St. Xavier's (then the Mother House), in due time. Sister Sarah's reception was postponed two months, awaiting her father's consent. At the end of two years, Sisters M. Ambrose Curran, Apollonia Leahy, Eulalia de Ham, Nolasco Kratzer, Cyril Clarke, Sebastian Gillespie, and Etienne Clarke made their

holy Profession at St. Xavier's.* Owing to ill health Agnes O'Neil did not persevere in the Pittsburgh Community, but later on joined a Community in the South and died there.

Mount Aloysius grew to fine proportions, and was completed in 1881. Sisters M. Gertrude Blake, Evangelist Kinsella, Regis Dowling, Christina Newnan, Philomena Devlin, Juliana Maguire, Josephine and Agnes McCaffry, and Mother de Sales Ihmsen were named successively as local Superiors. In 1879 Loretto, now the Cresson Community, became an Independent foundation.

Bishop O'Connor never relaxed in his kindness to the Sisters and took lively interest in everything that concerned the Community at large and individuals, but he conceded nothing that would belittle our duty as religious. His definition of a vocation to our Order was much the same as the Jesuit, Father Clare's statement: "For such an exalted vocation, in which the active life is combined with the contemplative, from which it must derive its main force and efficacy; for a vocation in which the labor of evangelizing others is added that of securing one's own sanctification, there is required in all who aspire to embrace it great freedom or largeness of soul, a manly and courageous disposition, a steady, firm, and uncompromising character."

A member, Sister Ignatius M. C., possessed of worldly means, who grew dissatisfied with her duties, said: "I might as well have remained in the world and become a teacher, as to be always teaching here. If I could only carry out such and such projects"—The Bishop told her that she must simply do as directed. Nothing else was required of her, and nothing else would satisfy those over her. He advised her to visit other convents and during her absence wrote to her the following:

*"Dear Sister:*

I sincerely hope that your trip has hithereto been favorable both to your bodily health and your peace of mind. I trust you have come to some resolution that will at the same time be satisfactory and permanent. It has occurred to me that

* McMahon, V. G., received their vows. The Bishop was in Rome at the time—on his way to the Holy Land.

the whole fruit which you might otherwise derive from your journey may be dissipated by a very probable contingency. Projects of one kind or another may be suggested to you, and you may return home with the intention of proposing them. And the consequences may be that, if they are not adopted, the last error may be worse than the first." "Now to obviate this, let me say to you that, in case you make no arrangement for stopping in the East, and that you decide on returning to Pittsburgh, it will be necessary that you do so with a full resolution to employ yourself in whatever post may be assigned you here, and nothing else. No Sisters can be given to take a share in any undertaking that can be suggested for the present, or within any period of time that would warrant any calculation whatever to be made on such being done hereafter. Other things may be undertaken as our means will enable us; but the state of things now existing is what I dread. Beyond allowing you to make such arrangements for yourself as you think best before God, nothing can be done to forward any project suggested. I sincerely trust that you will come to a final decision of a character that will bring peace to your mind—peace of that solid nature that will secure stability. I feel the more confident of your doing this on account of the character of those with whom you are likely to advise.

With sincere prayers for your welfare here and hereafter, I remain, dear Sister,

Yours faithfully in Christ,

M. O'Connor,

Bishop of Pittsburgh."

Pittsburgh, Pa., March 15, 1851.

About this time Bishop O'Connor wrote to Sister M. Elizabeth at St. Xavier's:

St. Hypolite, August 13, 1851.

*Dear Sister Elizabeth:*

You will be out of your retreat before this reaches you. I must only congratulate you on it and wish you every happiness. I hope all the Sisters are well. As I shall not be home before the return of your pupils I must remind you of what I was speaking when last I saw you—the importance of instilling sentiments of piety into the children. You should all

make a study of it. A thousand opportunities will occur of speaking to them on some pious subject, explaining this, inculcating that; correcting their faults in a manner calculated to impress correct views or subjects; and a thousand other ways which pious ingenuity will suggest. It is not enough to wait for opportunities to arise, to give occasion to such remarks. Such opportunities should be sought, and each Sister ought to make it a part of her duty to prepare herself to carry out the above suggestions. She should study the character of each child under her care, reflect on the defects to which she is liable, on the manner and occasions on which she will try to correct them; how she will make this impression and that, and so on. This is the most important part of education, and to be candid with you, I fear it is not being attended to at St. Xavier's as much as it might and ought to be.

How do you find the rules for the intercourse with Chaplain work? I hope they have already gone into practice.

I have not time to say any more, but conclude wishing you to give my affectionate compliments to all the Sisters, and believe me,

Yours affectionately in Christ,

M. O'Connor,
Bishop of Pittsburgh.

April 21, 1852, the community suffered an almost irreparable loss in the death of Mother Josephine Cullen, who had succeeded Mother Xavier Warde as superior two years previous. This devoted lady and Sister M. Aloysia Strange were particularly dear to Bishop O'Connor; their relatives, Cardinals Wiseman and Cullen, were perhaps his best friends. He used often to say, with pardonable pride, that "both primates of the United Kingdom had contributed from their families to found the Order of Mercy amongst us."

DIED

Died at the Mercy Convent, Webster Ave., April 2, 1852, Mother M. Josephine Cullen, Mother Superior of the Sisters of Mercy, in the 37th year of her age and the 14th of her religious profession. She was the first Superior and Directress of St. Xavier's Academy.

The above announcement in the morning papers of April 22d caused a thrill of sorrow in many a household in Pittsburgh, where the name of M. M. Josephine was loved and revered, and though her death had been expected for some time past, it came as death always comes, with a feeling of surprise, akin to a shock.

Among the devoted sisters who accompanied Reverend Mother Francis Warde, when she came to establish the Order in Pittsburgh, was one whose memory will be always held in benediction in the Community, not only by the Sisters, who had the happiness of personal intercourse with her, but also by those who entered after she had passed to her reward, and learned to regard her as a model for their imitation; as one who exemplified in her comparatively short life the virtues of a true Sister of Mercy. We refer to Mother Josephine Cullen who succeeded Rev. M. Francis Warde in the office of Mother Superior of this Community.

Ellen Cullen was a native of County Carlow, Ireland, born of a truly Levitical family—many of her relatives being counted among clergy and religious orders. Two of her brothers became priests, and of her sisters three entered convents; two the Mercy Order, and one the Dominician. The Rev. James, Denis, and Jerome Kearney of this diocese were her cousins; Cardinal Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin, was her uncle.

In the bloom of youth, when the world smiled upon her, and when she enjoyed the happiness of an affectionate home circle, she gave up all to follow the voice of our Lord, Who called her to devote herself to His service in the ranks of the Sisters of Mercy. On the 24th of June, 1839, Miss Cullen entered the Convent of St. Leo's, Carlow, which had been then established little more than two years.

Sister Ellen received the white veil with the name of Josephine on the feast of the Purification, 1840, and having persevered through a fervent novitiate, had the consolation of pronouncing her vows two years later, on the same feast of our Lady, February 22, 1843. With loving fidelity the young religious applied herself to discharge the duties assigned by obedience, in the spirit of the holy rule.

When it had been decided by the Community, in response to an earnest appeal from Rt. Rev. M. O'Connor, to give a

foundation to the new diocese of Pittsburgh, Sister M. Josephine offered herself to form one of the band and, being accepted, generously made the sacrifice of home and native land to work for God in far-off America. How faithfully she fulfilled her mission the sequel of her life will tell.

From the first, M. M. Josephine took an active part in all that concerned the interests of the rising Institute, assisting Rev. Mother in the important task of forming the young community and laying broad foundation for its future development. M. M. Josephine was most zealous in the visitation of the sick, had a special aptitude for the instruction of adults, whose religious education had been neglected. Nature had gifted her with a bright, genial disposition and an unvarying cheerfulness under all circumstances. These pleasing qualities made her a welcome visitor, wherever she went on her errands of Mercy.

Thus several years passed in the quiet, unobstrusive discharge of duties, uneventful to human eyes, but precious and full of merit in the sight of God, until a wider sphere of action was opened to the subject of our sketch. All are aware of the generous donation of property, situated in Western Co., near Youngstown, which Mr. Henry Kuhn, a resident of that district, made to Bishop O'Connor, with the intention that it would be devoted to educational purposes. This timely gift was a great boon to the good Bishop, who had nothing more at heart than the establishment of schools in which the youth of the diocese would be well instructed in the truths of our holy faith, at the same time that their secular studies would receive the necessary attention. With his usual promptitude, where the interests of religion were concerned, the Bishop hastened to carry out the pious wishes of the donor. With the consent of Mr. Kuhn, the Bishop conveyed the land to the Sisters of Mercy in order to secure permanence to the undertaking, and that the school might be opened with as little delay as possible.

In April, 1845, Rev. M. Francis and M. M. Josephine accompanied the Bishop to Youngstown to make arrangements for the commencement of the proposed work. On arriving at their destination, the good Mothers must have thought the surroundings very unpromising. No wonder, if for a moment

their courage failed them, for indeed, at that time, the place was little more than a wilderness. But their hopes ran high, and their trust in Providence assured them that the projected establishment would be a success.

Early in May, 1845, M. M. Josephine left the Convent in Pittsburgh, accompanied by two Sisters, to proceed to St. Vincent's to inaugurate the new school: Two Sisters had gone the day before to arrange for the comfort of the rest in their new home. With M. M. Josephine were fifteen pupils, mystical number, suggestive of our Lady's Rosary, and an earnest of her protection and care over the little colony.

The humble beginning of St. Xavier's Academy was like many other educational and charitable Institutions established in this country. It was founded on the sure basis of evangelical poverty and for many years the Sisters experienced the privations arising therefrom. But this state of affairs did not dishearten M. M. Josephine: by her cheerful trust in God she sustained the courage of her companions when they were inclined to see only the dark side of the picture, and yield, ever so little, to despondency. She had unbounded confidence in St. Joseph, invoking his aid in all emergencies, and her faith was, on more than one occasion, rewarded in a wonderful manner. It happened one day that Sister Monica, who had charge of the culinary department, informed M. M. Josephine that there was nothing in the house for dinner but a small portion of bread, and what was to be done to supply the deficiency.—"Ask St. Joseph," was the reply. Sister retired and prayed as directed. After waiting for some time, and perceiving no answer to her petition, she returned to her Superior, with the same doleful report. "O never mind, St. Joseph will surely send us our dinner," said M. M. Josephine confidently—and true enough, when Sister M. Monica went back to the kitchen she found three good women waiting for her, each of whom had brought a present of provisions, which afforded an ample meal to the household. Similar instances are recorded. St. Joseph never disappointed his faithful client, but always came to the rescue when the need was extreme.

M. M. Josephine remained in charge of the Academy, until the buildings on the Sisters' farm were completed and the religious and pupils removed to their own premises, May, 1847.

Soon after this important event in the history of the Community, M. M. Josephine was recalled to the Mother House, Pittsburgh. We next find M. M. Josephine among the orphans. Here she found many little waifs claiming her attention, and upon whom she bestowed a mother's care, seeing in each child that favored one, of whom our Lord said, "Inasmuch as you did it to one of my least ones you did it to Me." M. M. Josephine presided at the Mercy Hospital for a considerable time where she devoted herself with great zeal to the service of the sick, and where she left a lasting record of kindness and charity to the poor and suffering. She won the esteem and admiration of all with whom she had any intercourse by the amiability with which she discharged the duties incumbent upon her position. Under her prudent management the Hospital grew in favor with the public. In May, 1850, Mother M. Francis' term of office expired, and M. M. Josephine was chosen to succeed her in this important charge. The Sisters at that time occupied the Episcopal Residence, adjoining St. Paul's Cathedral, whither they had removed in 1848 from Concert Hall, Penn St., on account of the unhealthy condition of that building. As it was impossible to secure another house convenient for the community, the Bishop with his usual generosity insisted on the Sisters taking his dwelling for a Convent, pro tem, while he and the Rev. Clergy of the Cathedral retired to a house on Grant St. not far from the Church. The Sisters lived in the Bishop's house about two years. Meanwhile, St. Mary's Convent, Webster Ave., was in process of erection, and before it was quite finished the community took possession of it, Dec. 26, 1850. This hasty flitting in mid-winter was precipitated by a report that an attack was to be made on the Convent (Bishop's house) by the valiant knights of the "Know-Nothing-Party," which was very active in Pittsburgh at that time. We can imagine the inconvenience caused by this removal to a house, the walls of which were damp, staircase minus balusters and the like. Several of the Sisters caught severe colds, Mother Josephine among the rest, from the effects of which she never entirely recovered.

The most important event of M. M. Josephine's terms was the foundation sent to Providence, R. I. It was a great sorrow for M. M. Josephine to part with the dear Sisters mentioned in

Providence Foundation, especially in the case of M. M. Francis, whom for so many years she had loved and revered as her mother and guide in the religious life. But at the call of duty, feelings of affectionate regret were overcome by the consideration of the good to be effected by these zealous Sisters, in the field awaiting their labors, which were destined by the blessing of God to be more than realized; so great was the success which attended the efforts of the community of Providence, and which became in the course of years the parent of many houses of the Order. M. M. Josephine accompanied the foundress and remained a few days in Providence, anxious to see the Sisters well settled in their new home before she bade them adieu.

Several new works were undertaken about this time. An Asylum for small orphan boys was opened on S. S. then known as Birmingham. Some time after this Asylum was in operation, a school was opened in a small house on the grounds for the education of the children of the neighborhood, and taught by one of the Sisters, which class later on was merged in St. John's Parochial School, attached to the Church of that name, but at that time the Church and School were hopes of the future.

In the beginning the Sisters living at the Asylum were dependent on St. Michael's Church and its Rev. Pastor for all spiritual aids, and it was but seldom that Mass was offered in their little Chapel. This state of things continued until the Passionist Fathers took possession of their Monastery on the hill above the Asylum. The Bishop appointed one of the Fathers Chaplain, to say Mass for the Sisters every day, and one to the duty of Confessor. It is unnecessary to add that this arrangement gave entire satisfaction, and that the spiritual needs of the occupants of the Asylum were faithfully cared for by these zealous religious, as long as the Sisters and children resided in that house. The names of Rev. Frs. Anthony, Gaudentius, Albinus, Dominic, Luke, James, Thomas Steffinini and others will be remembered with the veneration due to their saintly lives, and the charitable, unselfish interest they severally took in whatever related to the welfare of the Sisters.

In 1851 the health of M. M. Josephine began visibly to decline. Never robust, her strength was not equal to the de-

mands made upon it by the labors, privations, and cares incident to the first years of the foundation. It soon became evident that consumption was slowly but surely undermining her vital powers, and the Sisters began to realize that they would soon be required to make the sacrifice of the presence of their beloved Mother. The advice of the ablest physicians was called into requisition. Several of the doctors were personal friends of M. M. Josephine, having known her when she presided at the Hospital, and they did all that science could effect to prolong the life of one whom they so much admired and esteemed. But their skill availed not to arrest the inroads of the insidious disease. During the winter of 1851-1852 she grew steadily worse. Almost the last time she was able to go to the Chapel was to witness from the stall the profession of Sisters Borgia, Agatha, Regina, and S. M. Evangelist, February 29 (leap year), being too weak to take her proper part in the ceremony. Soon after this solemn occasion she was unable to leave her room, and for several weeks before her death was confined to bed. All hope of recovery being abandoned, the last sacraments were administered and received in full consciousness by the dear patient. Throughout her lingering illness she edified all who approached her by her cheerful resignation to the will of God. The Rt. Rev. Bishop called to see her frequently, always consoling her by his kind words and oft repeated blessing. Always thoughtful for others, two days before she died, she asked to see the Sisters separately, and spoke a few kind words to each, encouraging her to persevere faithfully in the observance of the Holy Rule, insisting especially on the practice of charity. This trying ordeal over, she put aside all thought of earthly things, and turned her whole attention to God. During her sickness, as had been her custom in health, she placed all her trust and comfort in prayer. She recited the Office until the day before the end, and said the rosary herself or with others to the very last day of her life, while pious ejaculations were constantly escaping her lips. M. M. Josephine lived thus from day to day, to the surprise of all who witnessed her exhausted condition. It seemed as if her life were prolonged to increase her merits by suffering borne so patiently. She continued, if possible, to grow weaker, until the evening of April 21, this dear Mother, surrounded by the

Sisters, calmly yielded her pure soul into the "Hands of God." Her remains were laid out in the Community Room, guarded by the Sisters in turn, day and night, who recited the Office for the Dead beside the bier. During the interval preceding the burial numbers of sympathizing friends called at the Convent to condole with the Sisters, and to cast a last fond look upon the placid features of her, whom they could scarcely realize would be seen no more exercising as heretofore works of mercy in their midst. Among the throng were many poor, to whose needs she had tenderly ministered and who now paid their gratitude by prayers and tears.

The obsequies were celebrated in the Convent Chapel Saturday, April 24th. Solemn Mass of Requiem was sung by Very Rev. Edward McMahon, V.G., Rev. Fr. Holzer, C.SS.R. as deacon and Rev. T. Reynolds, subdeacon. The Bishop delivered a short sermon, in which he paid a feeling tribute to the virtues of the deceased. After the ceremonies, the funeral procession filed into the street, school children, orphan girls, Sisters, Rev. Clergy, and the Rt. Rev. Bishop, followed by a large concourse of people, who all walked from the Convent on Webster Ave. to the Mercy Hospital, where the interment took place in the little graveyard in the rear of the building. After the lapse of some years the remains of M. M. Josephine, and those of several other Sisters who had been buried there were removed to their final resting place in St. Xavier's peaceful cemetery.

Thus ended the career of M. M. Josephine of whom it can be truly said that she was a fervent and good religious—diffusing abroad by the charm of her virtues the good odor of Christ. From her entrance into the Convent she exhibited in her daily life the evidences of a true vocation. She had a great spirit of prayer, and was most exact in being present at the daily observances. When duty permitted, she was accustomed to say the rosary in the morning to secure the blessing of Our Lady on the duties of the day. In the zealous discharge of the various works of the Institute she was most admirable. Kindness and charity animated her every act. During the protracted period of ill-health she gave constant edification by her cheerful resignation to the holy will of God.

In person, M. M. Josephine was tall, her features handsome, her complexion very fair, expression of her countenance mild and pleasing. Her manner was genial, cheerful, and accompanied by a charming simplicity, which enlisted the sympathy and confidence of all with whom she had intercourse. In her relations with the Sisters she was most affectionate, taking a Mother's interest in whatever concerned them, and while she exacted that obedience to rule and regular observance of which she set the example, she was most indulgent in affording them such means of innocent enjoyment as were within her reach. At recreation she was the soul of the hour, contributing by her bright, cheerful conversation to the happiness of all present.

It has been noted above that she had many warm friends among seculars, some of whom were quite enthusiastic in their regard for her, and when she had passed away, delighted to recall pleasant incidents arising from their intercourse with her. Some as a mark of esteem called their children by her name—and many were the little Josephines in the last generation—who doubtless were often told by their parents of the honor conferred on them.

Mr. Andrew Fulton, late proprietor of the Pittsburgh Bell Foundry, was asked by some kind friend to donate a bell to be hung in the belfry of the Convent, with which request he generously complied, and the bell was cast some time after the death of M. M. Josephine—with the legend—"In memory of M. M. Josephine," inscribed upon it. The bell was hung some time later and Bishop O'Connor took great interest in its being properly rung, giving the first lessons on it himself, coming several times to insure the precise number of strokes being given to the loud toned instrument. This is the same bell which had pealed forth the Angelus morn, noon, and night for so many years, reminding all who for squares around came within the ranges of its sonorous voice to unite with the Sisters in thanking God for the great mystery of Redemption. This bell for years served as a common time-piece to the people of the neighborhood, who had in general more respect for its regularity than for the great town-clock which boomed the hour from the City Hall. It also called the children to school during the scholastic months.

In 1851, Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Reilly made an urgent application for a few Sisters to make a foundation in Providence, R. I. True to her missionary spirit, Mother Francis offered herself for the new enterprise, and the necessary arrangements having been made, she left for her eastern home, March, 1851, accompanied by four professed Sisters, all of whom had entered in Pittsburgh. These were:—Sisters M. Camillus O'Neill, Paula Lombard, Josephine Lombard, and Johanna Fogarty—all of whom after laboring for some years in Providence diocese, happily entered on their rest, full of merits for Heaven.

The same year (1851) Rev. James Kearney made application for Sisters to take charge of his school, which he intended opening in the basement of the church. This church was the first St. Peter's situated on Anderson St., Allegheny. Accordingly, the request of the Rev. Pastor was complied with and Sister M. Regis Dowling (a few months professed) and companions were appointed to begin the good work. This was a very laborious mission, considering the distance from St. Mary's, Webster Ave. At that time there were no street cars on that route, and the Sisters had to walk, making daily two trips, going and returning: for their mid-day meal they carried a frugal lunch with them. The school-house consisted of two basement rooms corresponding to the size of the church, and were furnished in the most primitive style. Thus was laid, in labor and privation, the foundation of St. Peter's schools in which for long years so much has been effected in the cause of Catholic education.

When St. Ann's Convent, Washington and Lockhart Sts., Allegheny, August, 1852, was opened, Sister M. Cecilia Hart was placed in charge. The Sisters teaching in St. Peter's School moved from Webster Ave. to St. Ann's. At the same time the House of Industry was opened. Sister M. Cecilia was in charge for several years. She was a fine organizer, and in a new house, where so many duties had to be arranged, and where means were limited, she had a good field for exercising her talent in this respect. Rev. James Kearney had great confidence in her ability. Sister Cecelia, never robust, died in the 37th year of her Religious Profession—Aug. 11, 1888.

Here homeless girls and emigrants were taught domestic

duties and sewing. When prepared, they were sent as maids to those who applied for help. Some years after—about 18—a house was opened by the Sisters of Mercy at the Bluff—corner of Pride and Bluff Sts.—in charge of Sister M. de Pazzi Russell. This house was used as a house of protection and industry, until shortly before the arrival of the Good Shepherd Sisters from Buffalo in 1872. The Sisters of Mercy, by a special provision of their rule, are permitted to assume the work of that Order when necessary by reason of its absence.

In the latter part of 1852, application was made to the Bishop, for Sisters to assume the care of the sick, and attend to the domestic department of a Hospital in Washington, D. C. This institution was in connection with a medical college, and administered by a faculty of the most eminent physicians of the city. At one time the Sisters of Charity had charge, but they, having been withdrawn, the management devolved on secular hired help. The result not proving satisfactory, Dr. May, the Curator, applied to Pittsburgh for the Sisters of Mercy.

As the need of the poor sick was urgent, it was determined, with the approbation of the Bishop, to accept the charge. Sisters M. Isidore Fisher, de Sales Brown, Angela McGreavy, Stephana Ward, and Colette O'Connor were appointed to begin the work. With as little delay as circumstances permitted, the Sisters started on their journey, encouraged by the hope that many opportunities of serving our Lord in His suffering members awaited them in their new mission.

At the arrival of the Sisters in Washington, they were met at the depot by Dr. May, who gave them a cordial welcome and escorted them to the "Infirmary" which was to be the scene of their labors and sacrifices.

When it was known that the Sisters of Mercy were in the city many persons expressed their satisfaction, and wished them God-speed in their work. Several Sisters of Charity came to welcome them, among whom Sister M. Isidore Fisher recognized old companions and friends. The Visitation Nuns sent a special messenger to assure the Sisters of the pleasure their arrival afforded them, and the same day prepared a substantial dinner for the weary travelers, rightly judging that such a donation would be most acceptable under the circum-

stances. These proofs of friendly interest cheered the hearts of the Sisters, who could not but feel sad and homesick in their new surroundings. Rev. T. O'Toole, Pastor of St. Patrick's Church, came to pay his respects, and offered the Sisters the freedom of the Parish, and was ever afterwards their tried friend.

The "Infirmary" as it was called was a fine three-story building situated on "K" St. The house stood back some distance from the street, a garden in the front. The site had been occupied by the Jail, but this having been destroyed by fire, the property was purchased by a medical association for hospital purposes, and the "Infirmary" erected. The foundation and basement story, not having been injured by the fire, the superstructure was raised upon the old walls. This caused the lower story to have a gloomy aspect, as the thickness of the stone-work, the shape of the windows and doors, betrayed their original penal character. The kitchen, Sisters' refectory, Dispensary, and pantries were on this floor; also rooms for inebriates, and other patients not admitted to the wards. The second and third stories were devoted exclusively to the use of patients, wards, and private rooms. A large apartment on the second floor was set apart for a museum—which contained quite a valuable collection of specimens useful and interesting to the professors and their pupils, but not so attractive to the uninitiated. Adjoining the main building in the rear was a large three-story addition. On the first floor were rooms for the accommodation of the Sisters. A cloister-door secured complete privacy, which was never intruded upon. One room was neatly fitted up for a Chapel, another served for a community room, and the remaining space was used for sleeping apartments.

The second story of this end of the house comprised several fine private rooms, and two small wards. On the third story was a large Lecture Room, furnished with tiers of graduated seats for the students attending the college. In this hall the professors delivered courses of lectures during the winter seasons. A large skeleton was suspended from the ceiling, and was so arranged that it could be raised or lowered as might be required. Adjoining were two small rooms containing chemicals, surgical apparatus, etc. The Lecture Hall

was a weird place, but this did not prevent the Sisters from sometimes passing through it, to reach a back staircase which communicated with their apartments, but it may be hinted that, as a rule, they did not delay very long in making their exit from the gruesome place; at the same time it is fair to state that the sight of a ghost was never reported.

It was not long before the presence of the Sisters wrought a change. Very soon order succeeded to chaos to the satisfaction of the doctors and the appreciation of the patients, who were the persons most benefited by the change.

Much spiritual good was effected in this hospital. Many persons, both men and women, from various stations in life were reconciled to God, after years of forgetfulness of religious duties. Many were the happy deaths, soothed by Faith, and cheered by the hope of eternal life. Others, during a brief sojourn within its walls, laid the foundation of a good and useful life. Not a few converts were added to the fold.

In general, the patients were very contented, and grateful for the attention bestowed upon them, became attached to the place, and after their discharge took pleasure in returning from time to time to visit the Sisters, as if there existed some secret attraction, impelling them towards the scene of their peaceful convalescence. It was remarked one day in the presence of Father O'Toole that the patients seemed so much at home, and happy in the house. He said, "It is the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, that unknown to themselves, exerted this peaceful influence upon them."

From the time the Sisters entered upon their duties at the Infirmary, until its destruction by fire, some years later, every spiritual advantage was afforded—thanks to the vigilant care of Bishop Michael O'Connor, at whose suggestion the Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore appointed a Rev. Chaplain to offer the Holy Mass daily, and to attend to the sick in the house. For a time one of the assistant Priests of St. Patrick's discharged this duty, but later the Dominican Fathers accepted the charge.

Owing to the distance from home, and the need of additional help as the number of patients increased, Sister M. Isidore was authorized to admit as postulants a few young ladies, who desired to become Sisters of Mercy. Several young per-

sons entered and happily persevered. One postulant, who had worn the cap longer than the usual time, was judged worthy to be invested with the holy habit, and accordingly, after due preparation the day was fixed for the ceremony of Reception. Friends had been invited, and when all was ready the clothing took place, Rev. F. O'Toole officiating. This ceremony was certainly up to this date without precedent in the annals of the Order. The Infirmary sacristy was destitute of the articles required on these solemn occasions, so the Sisters had to manage as best they could. Some children from the Orphan Asylum furnished the singing,—hymns that were familiar to them. Father O'Toole gave a beautiful sermon, which made up for all deficiencies. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament concluded this first and only Reception in the Infirmary. The Sister thus signalized—called Timothy—proved to have a good vocation, was professed in due time, and for some years was an edifying member and successful worker in the Baltimore Community, crowning a useful life by a happy death.

Mother Gertrude Blake's term of office having expired, May, 1855, Sister M. Isidore and the vocal with her were summoned to Pittsburgh to take part in the triennial election. The result placed Sister M. Isidore at the head of the community with Mothers M. Elizabeth Strange, Assistant, Rose Rostetter, Bursar, Liguori McCaffry, Mistress. Sister M. de Sales Brown returned to the Infirmary in the capacity of Local Superior.

About the end of June, same year, a foundation was sent to Baltimore, and the Sisters in Washington became members of the new Community. Sister M. Regina Brown accompanied her sister to the Infirmary. After laboring there as long as her delicate health permitted, she was called to the Mother House in Baltimore.

In 1854, Father McColgan, finding that one of the great needs of his flock was Catholic educators for his children, applied to Bishop O'Connor for Sisters of Mercy. His petition, sustained by the holy Archbishop Kenrick, could not be refused, and Father McColgan had his wish gratified. It was arranged to make the foundation without delay in the Monumental City. St. Paul's Cathedral, lately dismantled, was consecrated with great solemnity, Sunday, June 24, 1855, and on the following Wednesday night, the Sisters went forth on

the mission, accompanied by Rev. Jos. O'Meally, who had come from Cincinnati to assist at the Consecration. He intended visiting Baltimore, and kindly offered to escort the little party to their destination, all the members of which he had known some years before while exercising his holy ministry in Pittsburgh. Mother Catherine Wynne was appointed Superior of the Foundation, Sister Philip Neri Bowen, lately professed—Sisters M. Anne Rigney and Colette were her companions. Sister Colette was professed in Pittsburgh Dec. 13th by Mgr. Bedini—Papal Legate. The four or five Sisters who were at the Infirmary became members of the new Community. After an uneventful journey, the poor missionaries, home-sick at heart, though keeping up a brave front, reached their destination. They were met and warmly welcomed by their kind Father and friend, Rev. C. McColgan.

The success of this foundation is now a matter of history. Though established on a firm basis by the generosity of the benefactress, Mrs. McTavish, the Sisters had in the first years many difficulties, the general experience in new undertakings. The house contained little more than empty apartments; poverty made itself seen and felt everywhere. "Many a time," said Mother M. Catherine, "I walked up and down the empty rooms, wondering within myself where the necessary furniture was to be procured, or whence the next meal was to come." God blessed the work, and in a comparatively short space of time the various duties were zealously and efficiently discharged by the Sisters.

### HOLLIDAYSBURG

During Mother Gertrude's term of office, Rev. John Welsh, Pastor of St. Mary's Church, Hollidaysburg, made application to her for Sisters to take charge of his schools.

A favorable answer having been given, Mother Elizabeth Strange, at that time Mother Assistant, was sent to open the house, and reside there several years, exercising the Works of Mercy, notably the Visitation of the Sick, for which duty she always evinced remarkable zeal. Mother Elizabeth was greatly revered in Hollidaysburg, and for years after she left her name was held in benediction by the people.

Mother M. Elizabeth, Sisters M. Baptist Hearne, Regina

Brown, and Marcella McKeown left St. Mary's in the last week of April, 1853, for the Hollidaysburg Mission. They were met at the station in Altoona by Rev. Father Tuigg, Pastor there, who accompanied them to Hollidaysburg, where they were received at the pastoral residence by Father Welsh. Miss Ellen Dougherty, and other ladies of the congregation, were also in waiting, from all of whom the Sisters received a most cordial welcome.

Having partaken of refreshments, and later of a well-provided dinner, Miss Dougherty and a few more ladies proposed with the assent of the Pastor to escort the Sisters to their new home, which they did—the Reverend Fathers accompanying them to the Convent—which was at the extreme end of the town, about ten minutes' walk from the Church.

The Convent was a brick building two stories high, which had been used for a hotel. It contained nine rooms, with basement and attic, was tolerably well furnished except the Chapel. The furniture was paid for by the ladies of the congregation, who for the purpose of defraying the expense got up an entertainment. The room intended for the Chapel being yet unfurnished, the Sisters were deprived of having the Blessed Sacrament in the house, and of having Mass celebrated in the house. Bishop O'Connor on his first visit after the arrival of the Sisters, hearing of this privation, made arrangements before he left, to have all that was necessary provided for the celebration of Mass, and from that time the Sisters had daily Mass in the Convent.

The school opened in May with about fifty children in attendance. A sodality for young ladies was soon organized, which was joined by most of the young girls of the town; also the Society of the Children of Mary, for the senior pupils of the school. During the month of May the whole school went in procession to the Church, accompanied by two Sisters, to perform the May devotions—a novel sight in Hollidaysburg —which attracted general attention and seemed to edify the people very much.

At the end of two years, Father Welsh, considering the inconvenience of the Convent being so distant from the Church, as well as the high rent paid for the building occupied by the Sisters, purchased a small brick house quite near the Church,

to which the Sisters removed. An addition was put to it facing the main street, which when finished, made the building look quite respectable.

During the early days in Hollidaysburg the Sisters endured many privations and hardships from inconvenient dwelling, want of sufficient food, intense cold. The Rev. Pastor suffered the same. On one occasion, when the Sister Superior was forced to ask for money to provide necessaries, the reply was, "Sister, I have fifty cents, and I will give you half."

The Superiors of Hollidaysburg were successively, Sisters M. Evangelist Kinsella, Scholastica Geoghegan, Agnes and Liguori McCaffry, Bernardine Kittell, Seraphina Fitzgerald, de Pazzi Russell.

The pupils who have entered from Hollidaysburg are Sisters M. de Lellis Rodrigue, Clement Confer, Ida O'Neil, and Aldegonde Casey.

## CHAPTER VI

LET us return to Westmoreland County for a few years. In June, 1847, the Academy was finished and blessed under the title "Saint Xavier's Academy," in honor of the great St. Francis Xavier, Apostle of the Indies, who was the patron of the Foundress of the Sisters of Mercy in the United States—Mother Francis Warde, who founded so many convents.

Some time was required to fit up and furnish the new building for the formal opening of the Academy, on the first of September the same year. During the two coming months active brains and busy fingers were hard at work. As much was to be done, and small capital to accomplish it, the Sisters went to work with good will, and used to the best advantage the means at their disposal. Transportation was very slow in those days, the turnpike being the only thoroughfare between Pittsburgh and Philadelphia. A township road lay along the line of the farm, about fifty yards from the building. In laying out the roads in those early days, little attention was paid to the comfort of traveling, as the roads ran across hill and dale alike, and a part of the township road between the pike and the Academy was as steep as the roof of a house, rendering it a matter of great labor to reach the Academy either on foot or by conveyance. Most of the furniture had to be brought on wagons from Pittsburgh—beds, clothes presses, washstands, etc. Many of the country people in those early days were unaccustomed to seeing these various articles of furniture. Seeing the wagon pass along the road they thought the large presses were pianos, and a "grate" which was placed on the top of the furniture for safe keeping, was thought to be a harp. As the several wagon loads passed along, some of the good simple country people said, "Oh! how wealthy these ladies must be to have so many musical instruments." Mrs. Geiger, an elderly widow residing near the Convent, ventured to ask the Sisters if she might come up some day to hear some music,

especially on David's Harp, her request was graciously granted. This good lady was the nearest neighbor, and through life proved a kind friend to the Sisters, though not a Catholic. Two young ladies came amongst the first pupils who had two sisters in the Community. Mrs. Geiger occasionally visited the Academy and took a great interest in these two pupils, so attracted was she by them, that she called her first granddaughter after one of them. Mrs. Geiger became acquainted with their sisters, also with other members of the Community, so that it was a pleasure to her to visit the Academy. Many years after when life was nearing its close, learning that the father of her early friends, Doctor McCaffry, wished to purchase a home near his children, she offered her little farm for sale and wished this gentleman to become the purchaser, which he did, on reasonable terms, notwithstanding the desire of her many friends to keep it in the family. This good father enjoyed the pleasant little home for many years, when he too passed away, having deeded the farm to the Sisters of Mercy, thus extending the grounds of St. Xavier's Academy.

In 1855 the Boyd farm, a tract of 118 A. 30 P., was offered for sale on the northwest side of the Academy, running on a line with the Sisters' grounds about 30 yards from the building. Bishop O'Connor, being anxious to establish his Diocesan Seminary, concluded that this was a favorable location. Having the comfort of the Sisters in view, he thought that they could have daily Mass, and other spiritual advantages from the Seminary; consequently he made the purchase, and paid for it in cash, $8,850, excepting a widow's dower of $1,375, which could not be paid during the widow's lifetime, interest to be computed at 6 per cent. As the lady lived to be over one hundred years of age, the interest amounted to a considerable sum. Several years passed and no attempt was made to commence the seminary. During this time some of the Priests represented to the Bishop that this part of Westmoreland County was too far from the Cathedral to accomplish the ends he had in view, namely the supervision of the Seminary, and the attendance of the students at Church ceremonies in the Cathedral. Consequently, the idea of locating the seminary here was abandoned, and the farm was again offered for sale. Real estate had advanced considerably in value, and as the

farm adjoined the Kuhn farm, the good Bishop let the Sisters have it for $3,500. The deed is dated Aug. 14, 1855. This property added considerably to the comfort and convenience of St. Xavier's. The Kuhn property having been used solely for farm land was totally devoid of woodland, but the new farm with the tempting grove of forest trees was a great boon. Shortly after the purchase the boundary fence was removed.

By running a road across a level field of the newly purchased farm, the all important pike could be reached by half the distance of the much dreaded hilly road. A petition was made to the township authorities by the Sisters for a change of road, they taking the old road and deep ravine in exchange for a road through a fine level field. The petition was readily granted, and the neighbors were rejoiced at the change, as it gave them a good road through without any cost to them, a fact at which the farmers smiled. The road up the steep hill had become a water course for the whole surroundings, and as very little repairs had been made on the road for years, when it came into the Sisters' possession it was a deep ravine between Steele's farm and the newly purchased farm, and so it remains to the present day. The school had increased in number, and the surroundings were considerably improved but no arrangements could be made for an indoor exhibition, as the house was too small. The closing exercises were held under the spreading branches of a nearby oak, south of the Academy. Seats were provided for the pupils and their friends by stretching rough boards on small trestles which, when the country people saw, they made a rush to accommodate themselves. Whereupon, the young ladies, to their great mortification, were sent to inform these good people that these seats were to be reserved for the pupils and their friends. They immediately moved back to a little distance, where they remained until the exercises were over, when they promptly presented themselves in the dining-room, where a free dinner was served to all. This custom prevailed for many years on Distribution Day, although the poverty of the Community was such that it was with great difficulty and economy that the necessary means could be secured for such an expense. The poverty of the Community still continued to be felt in the Academy and surroundings for many years, everything was made as comfortable

St. Xavier's after the Purchase of the Boyd Farm, 1855

for the pupils as possible, though they too felt the want of many conveniences. The school increased, notwithstanding its many hardships, the pupils numbering between sixty and seventy, so that more room was an absolute necessity.

In 1852 a resolution was formed to put up an addition of what might be called a middle building of 40 by 80 feet. This gave in the basement a kitchen and refectory. The first floor was an ample Chapel, the second and third stories were dormitories. This was a great relief for a time, but not at all adequate to the wants of the Academy, which was then the only institution of the kind in western Pennsylvania. The funds of the Community were limited, and did not warrant any great expense, but a chaplain's residence was really necessary as the good priest who ministered to our wants, Rev. Thomas McCullagh, had no fixed abode. For the time, at his own suggestion, a shed was fixed up, and here he had his bed, library, and sitting room, whilst he took his meals at the Academy. This good priest was indefatigable in his efforts to improve the surroundings. He planted what is now called the old orchard, and assisted at the planting of many of the shade trees that still beautify the grounds. He took a great interest in the education of the pupils and gave scientific lectures frequently in the Academy. On one occasion his subject was electricity. In speaking of its varied uses he said he felt that in the near future it would be utilized to hold conversations at long distances as well as a mode of traveling—this lecture was given in the winter of 1849. It was resolved to erect the chaplain's house at once. A plan was drawn for a cottage of five rooms with a hall between them. The little building was soon completed and furnished; each room had an open fire-place, as heaters were not then so much in use. It was a great change from the shed of earlier days, and made a pleasant, cozy home; the chaplain continued to take his meals at the Academy. The good old Sister who had charge of the Pastor's cottage had very strict views regarding the observance of poverty, therefore, she would fix up the fires in the morning and then hide the poker, lest the Chaplain coming in, should stir up the fire and cause some of the coal to be lost in the ashes. This caused a little breeze from time to time, which would soon blow away as all such things soon do. Father McCullagh enjoyed the cot-

tage for a very short time as he was soon called to a more extensive mission, being assigned to the rising congregations of Derry and Latrobe. His removal was much regretted by the Sisters and pupils, as he was a great favorite in the Academy and had left nothing undone for its welfare. Father McCullagh was succeeded in turn by several young priests, who were in delicate health, but still able for light duty, amongst whom was Rev. James O'Connor, a brother of our good friend and father, Bishop O'Connor (1851-56), Dr. Keogh, Rev. Jerome Kearney, Reverends A. Ordano, Thos. Quinn, Camillus, Athanasius, O.S.B., Paul, O.S.B., Kilian, O.S.B., Maurice, O.S.B., and P. Killoran. Rev. James O'Connor afterwards filled various positions in the diocese and finally became Bishop of Omaha, where he died. Dr. Keogh was chaplain for a time, and from here he edited the *Pittsburgh Catholic,* and revised some learned works.

In 1846 a colony of Benedictine Fathers came from Germany. The Bishop gave them charge of St. Vincent's Church, to which a large farm was attached. Here they founded their novitiate. A number of promising young men and boys joined them, through the zealous efforts of the good Abbot, who walked from St. Vincent's to Carrolltown and St. Mary's, Elk Co., on various occasions, thus gathering up many zealous young subjects. St. Vincent's soon became a flourishing Community; the fathers opened a college on a small scale which rapidly increased, and did much for education in this part of the country.

In 1855 the Mother House and Novitiate were transferred from Pittsburgh to St. Xavier's, the Bishop and ecclesiastical superior thinking that the health of the Community would be promoted hereby, and the young Sisters could have the benefit of the good country air during their training before entering on the laborious duties which awaited them in the hospital, asylum, and parochial schools. The change worked admirably. The novitiate was soon filled with good healthy subjects, anxiously preparing for the various duties of their calling, so that when the time of probation expired, they zealously entered on the various duties to which they were appointed. The Rev. Jerome Kearney now became Chaplain at St. Xavier's and was most efficient. He not only took an interest in the spiritual

wants of the Academy, but also in the progress of the pupils in their studies. He superintended the farm, which was a matter of great importance to the Sisters.

In 1860 the resignation of our beloved Bishop O'Connor brought many changes to the diocese of Pittsburgh, especially to the Sisters of Mercy. The Rev. Michael Domenec was selected as a successor to the retiring Bishop. On the 8th of December, 1860, the consecration of the new Bishop took place. Pittsburgh was a large Diocese to come under the supervision of a Bishop who had been a member of a religious order, and had been in charge of a small parish for a short time. He soon began to look over the Diocese to see where he could make changes, which he thought would bring good results. One of the changes was the removal of the Mother House of the Sisters of Mercy back to Webster Avenue, Pittsburgh. Some of the Sisters were very much opposed to the change, but others acquiesced in the Bishop's desire, consequently the change was made in August, 1867.

In 1862 the Benedictine fathers were able to undertake the spiritual direction of St. Xavier's Academy, which they continue to efficiently discharge, to the great satisfaction of the Community. The Very Rev. Boniface Wimmer, founder of the Benedictine Order at St. Vincent's, became a life long friend to the Sisters of Mercy. One winter the Sisters could not get ice, having no pond on the premises. The good Abbot sent some of his brothers with men and teams to cut the ice, and fill the Sisters' ice house, which held nearly one hundred tons. This ice had to be hauled over two miles; this and many other kind acts were done gratis. Returning from Europe early in the fifties, the Abbot brought several oil paintings for his Monastery, amongst which was a life size painting of St. Francis Xavier. The Sisters expressed a desire to purchase it, which, when our kind friend heard, he generously presented it to the Community; and it still graces the entrance hall to St. Xavier's Academy. The progress of time brought many changes. The great Pennsylvania railroad has been built connecting Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and New York; this thoroughfare passes within a mile and a quarter of St. Xavier's, which is of great importance to the Institution, giving easy access to the pupils, and rendering it more convenient to pro-

cure supplies. A branch road now passes within a quarter of a mile of the institution. At the nearest point there is a station called St. Xavier's which road carries only freight. Here all building supplies, groceries, coal, etc., can be shipped for the Academy.

Great improvements had been made at St. Xavier's during the time of its being the headquarters of the Community. In 1861 a wing was built on the southwest of the middle building which gave ample sleeping room, a fine kitchen, and refectory, Community room, and Novitiate, all of which had been badly needed. Last of all a beautiful chapel 100 by 50 feet was finished and furnished in good taste, having a marble altar, carved walnut stalls, stained glass windows, elegant carpet, and everything the Sisters could procure, to beautify the house of God.

September 24, 1866—The new Chapel was dedicated, the cemetery consecrated, Sisters M. Antonio Gallagher and Colette Calnane professed—and Emeline Gallagher—sister to Sister M. Antonio—baptized.

### THE SISTERS' CEMETERY

All nature seemed to listen; but the breeze
Kept sighing, sighing, in the swaying oak,
And made the pauses of the quiet voice
Fill up with music, like a minor strain
From some Cathedral organ. The gentle calm
Of evening touched the landscape 'round
With sweet and solemn peace,
As in the Cemetery of the Nuns we sat
That summer eve, and listened to the Legend.

### THE LEGEND OF ST. XAVIER'S CEMETERY

"It seems," the Sister said, "in years gone by,
Two centuries and more,—so long ago,—
The Indian reared his wigwam 'neath these trees,
And fashioned here his tomahawk or bow,
And little Indian children played about
In native glee with many a whoop and shout.

"And here the dusky squaws, in deep retreat,
Prepared the deer their lords brought from the chase,
And stern and silent moved with noiseless feet,
Repulsive guardians of the savage place;
While noble trees spread out the leafy bough,
Ancestors of the trees that shade us now.

St. Xavier's Chapel, finished in 1866

St. Xavier's Cemetery

"The tribe was fierce; no God did they adore,
No festival e'er met to celebrate;
They knew one Spirit,—'twas the breath of War.
And wild as tigers, merciless as fate,
They dipped their stony tomahawks in gore,
And hung their bloody scalps before the door.

"Their Sachem lived apart, a haughty chief,
With eyes of fire, and brow unbending, stern,
And build like Hercules, a tower of strength,
And stately carriage, lion-like and firm;
And while the other lodges clustered round,
His stood alone upon yon rising ground.

"All feared the silent chief, and at his nod
The warriors gathered round to know his will;
On eagle glance, one sharp and meaning word,
Each knew the part that each was to fulfill.
In war, or chase, or by the council-fire,
Smoking the calumet, they feared his ire.

"I said the Sachem lived alone; not so,
One sunbeam lit the darkness of his way:
His only daughter, lovely, full of grace,
Ministered to the chieftain night and day,
In years before her mother went to rest,
With leaves and wild flowers strewn upon her breast.

"Only a decade of her life had gone
And left its childish beauty on her face:
Slight, and erect as arrow, was her form;
Her black hair swept her shoulders, full of grace;
The Indian red-tint dwelt not on her cheek,
But beauty rare was hers, a marvelous freak.

"Ohwa loved not the other Indian maids;
Alone, in lonely paths, her footsteps strayed,
Rousing the foxes from their place of rest,
Starting the robin from his hidden nest,
Clapping her hands to see the deer
Speeding like lightning as her steps drew near.

"And often the sunset hour grew nigh,
Upon a hill that faced the western sky,
She loved to watch the golden sun depart
Amid a glory that would flood her heart,
And many a warrior coming from the chase
Would stop to watch the vision at that place.

"Full in the flooding sunshine there she'd stand,
Her earnest face half shaded by her hand;
A soft and silky deer-skin fringed with down
Reached to her knees, and scarlet feathers wound
Into the jetty tresses of her hair,
That lay upon her shoulders waving there.

"Her little feet the softest skins enfold,
The richest moccasins,—the hue of gold,—
And o'er her breast a cord as white as snow
Held 'neath her arm her quiver and her bow,
And at her feet there lay a tiger's hide,
The regal mantle of a Sachem's bride.

"All bathed in liquid gold the maiden stood,
And watched the sun go slowly down,—unmoved;
And when at last the glory died away,
She stretched her hands out, praying it to stay.
'Go not away, great golden ball!' she'd cry.
'Who made thee, and who leads thee through the sky?'

"And no one told her, though she asked them all,
'Who is the owner of the great gold ball?
Who made the grand old trees around us here?
Who made the birds that sing so sweetly here?
Who made the silver waves of yonder river,
That dances on with ripple and with quiver?'

"And still she asked, but never answer knew,
And still she pined, as strong her wishes grew;
And oft she found her thoughts stretch far away
Into some region that beyond her lay,
And felt she that she stood upon the brink
Of heavenly streams she could not reach to drink.

"One summer day the child lay fast asleep,
Weary with strangest musings high and deep,
Her soft cheek pillowed on a bed of moss,
Where shadows of the birds might flit across,
And, perching on the boughs that overhung,
Awake her soul to music as they sung.

"And as they lay there like a poet's dream,
A bark canoe came slowly down the stream;
For know ye, from that hollow near the gate,
Where now a spring drips out at sleepy rate,
A crystal river flowed through wood and field
Until in distant forests 'twas concealed.

"The splashing oars awoke the Indian maid;
She started up like timid fawn, afraid;
Yet, hidden by the tree 'neath which she slept,
She stayed, and watched the boat that cautious kept
Nearing the shore, until it touched the strand,
And the two rowers leaped upon the land.

"In wonder now stood Ohwa; here she saw
Men such as she had never seen before;
White were their upturned faces, curling hair
Lay on their brows in heavy clusters there,
And o'er their manly forms a somber gown
Fell in dark folds until it touched the ground.

" 'Hold, Father! see the wigwams we have passed.
Thank God! this is our mission reached at last.'
And falling on their knees in silence there,
The missionaries poured to Heaven their prayer,
While on the music of their foreign tongue
The little Ohwa in a rapture hung.

"Rising and looking round, the Fathers see
The Indian girl beneath the old oak-tree.
Surprised, they gaze upon the lovely child,
Who seemed an angel in that forest wild;
And smiling, made a sign of friendship peace;
But Ohwa fled like bird on swift release.

"Panting she reached her father's silent tent,
And to the Sachem gave her wonder bent.
Unmoved and grave, the old chief heard her tale,
And wondered much who were the strangers pale.
And going forth, he sent his warrior band
To know what errand brought them to his land.

* * * * * * *

"Five years passed by; the tribe, converted now,
Revered the Fathers with saintly brow;
All baptised Christians, loved Christ's holy name,
And loved to spread the dear 'White Mother's' fame,
And built a little chapel on this ground
Where now the Sisters' graves are scattered round.

"But Ohwa, all her dreams woke to life.
Peace came and stilled her bosom's wond'ring strife;
Her pure soul anchored in her Saviour's Breast,
And doubts and fears were laid, with joy, at rest.
Forgotten was her Indian name so wild,
In baptism 'Agnes,' for the martyr-child.

"Enraptured, she would sit for hours beguiled,
As told the Fathers of the Roman child
Who gave her heart to God, her only spouse,
By making at His feet her virginal vows.
And came the question, 'Why not do the same?
Was she not Christ's? was Agnes not her name?'

"And so she vowed her heart, her soul to Heaven,
And purer vow to God was never given;
And now that she was God's, God's own,—alone,—
The clouds must lower and the tempest come.
She had no part with earth, nor knew its taint,
But Heaven was waiting for the little saint.

"Long had a pagan Indian sought her hand,
Had fiercely loved her, nor could understand
Why Agnes never heeded when he came,
Nor noticed all his Indian wealth and fame,
Until they told him that her new-found Lord
Had gained her heart,—Him only she adored.

"Then hatred for the Rival, whom he feared
Would baffle him and all the hopes he reared,
Gnawed like a viper at his wicked life,
And sharpened fearful passions into strife.
None else should gain, if he must lose the prize;
Her blood must flow to feast his demon-eyes.

"Not long he waited. 'Twas a summer morn,
When all the warriors to the hunt had gone,
And after holy Mass, Communion too,
Agnes went forth to lonely paths she knew
To pour her soul out in thanksgiving there,
And spend some hours in sweet and holy prayer.

"On yonder spot, where now that marble cross
Uplifts its snowy arms above the moss,
She knelt alone, communing with her heart,
When lo! she heard a voice that made her start;
'Renounce the Black Robe's God! My bride, relent!
Oh, come and share an Indian chieftain's tent!'

"She rose with crimson cheek and flashing eye:
'Tempter, begone! my tent is yonder sky.
Taint not the air with such polluting speech,
Know'st not my Bridegroom is above thy reach?'
'Then let Him help thee?' hissed the fiend with scorn,
And gleamed the hatchet o'er her helpless form.

"Out gushed the crimson torrent from the wound,
And Agnes sank upon the mossy ground.
Lifting her Heaven-lit eyes with love on high,
'My sweetest Lord,' she breathed, 'for Thee I die!'
And then her spotless spirit winged its flight
Up to regions of Eternal light.

"The murderer stood there, like a rooted tree,
All paralyzed; he had not power to flee,
For from the sky there poured a glorious song,
That sweetly rose, and thrilling swept along,
And died away above the forest trees,
Till naught was heard except the summer breeze.

"He turned away. The missionary stood
Close by the entrance of the little wood.
'Great God!' he cried. 'Oh, murderer! wretched one!
Repent! Thy victim calls! What hast thou done!
God will forgive! Agnes for thee will pray.'
But, with a yell, the Indian fled away.

"Upon the spot where she had died in prayer
The tribe, all weeping, laid the Virgin there.
And when the Black Robe had performed the rite,
And hid the sacred relics out of sight,
To sudden prophecy his soul awoke,
And to the tribe these wondrous words he spoke:

"'Virgin of Christ! Martyr for His pure sake,
Rest thee in peace. Here wilt thou sweetly take
Thy holy sleep; thy palm laid in thy hand,
Thou art the first to lead a holy band!
A Sisterhood of Virgins will surround
Thy grave with theirs, in consecrated ground.'

* * * * * * *

"The years rolled on, the tribe was driven away,
The Indian chapel fell into decay;
The trees were felled with mighty skill and toil
By those who came to till the fertile soil,
But not a finger rude was ever found
To touch the grass upon that little mound.

"And soon appeared upon the hill close by
A little cross upon a convent nigh,
And holy Sisters came at Mercy's call
To give to God their hearts, their souls, their all;
And by the ways of God, which never vary,
This spot was chosen for their cemetery.

"Unconscious why, upon the mound they placed
Yon marble cross; but never was there traced
The record of the sacred blood there spilled.
The angels told that all had been fulfilled,
And down the misty ages came the story,
Lit by the undimmed halo of its glory.

"And here the Sisters gather, one by one,
In youth, in age, life's solemn labor done;
And when the last loud trumpet shall resound,
To wake earth's children slumb'ring 'neath the ground,
The Indian martyr, crimson-robed, will stand,
With palm and crown, among the Virgin band."

* * * * * * *

The Sister ceased, and then there came a hush
After the story ended. None broke upon it.
'Til at last our souls could be no longer hushed,
And so we clasped our hands and cried, "How beautiful!"

—This poem is quoted from "Wild Flowers from the Mountain Side."

### SISTER M. REGIS DOWLING

When Sister M. Gonzaga O'Gorman's Mother came to Pittsburgh in June, 1848—to witness the Profession of her daughter—she was accompanied by her sister, Miss Margaret Dowling, who had come with the intention of entering the Community. Miss Dowling was a most estimable person, who impressed one with the conviction that she had served God in-

nocently and fervently from childhood. She was given the postulant's cap and having satisfied Superiors as to her vocation, received the holy habit December 18, 1848. Serving a fervent Novitiate, she, with six other novices, made her vows —December 26, 1850.

After Sister M. Regis' terms of novitiate had expired, or perhaps before, she was appointed Local Superior at St. Xavier's, where her memory was fondly cherished long after she had passed away. Afterwards, she discharged the same duty at St. Mary's, Webster Avenue—and at St. Ann's, Allegheny.

Being of a frail constitution, after a few years of faithful service in the Community, consumption claimed her for its victim. Relieved of all responsibility, she repaired to St. Xavier's, then the Mother House—to await in loving patience and hope—the call of the Master. The summons came July 24, 1862, in the twelfth year of her holy Profession. The precious remains were interred two days later, and any one who witnessed the funeral, as it slowly wended its way to the cemetery, will never forget the beautiful scene.

Sister M. Regis Dowling was blessed with a great spirit of prayer, and her manner gave the impression of a person always recollected in God. No event, however unforseen, caused any apparent confusion or annoyance—as the following incident will illustrate. While Local Superior at St. Mary's, Webster Avenue, a little child was lost at the Union Station and the parents were in deep affliction. A report was circulated that the Sisters had taken the child and hidden it in the Asylum. One morning, while the Sisters were at Mass—police officers called—and asked to see the Superior with reference to the missing child. Sister Regis went to them, made her affidavit, returned to the Chapel and received Holy Communion with the Community, as if nothing unusual had occurred.

In the meantime, a woman brought a little girl to the Asylum, making out a plausible case. The child was admitted in good faith. Soon after, the Sister who was teaching the Orphans, noticed this little one, asked her name, etc. The answers of the child, and her confused manner, aroused the suspicion of the Sister that this might be the missing child—

and such proved to be the fact. The authorities were notified—and the little one was restored to her parents.

When the woman brought the girl, the Sister in charge of the orphans requested her to do some sewing for the children, and gave her some aprons to make. A few days after she rang the door-bell, and as the door was opened, she hastily thrust in the aprons and left. It was supposed the woman was a bad character, and had stolen the child, who was very handsome, with the intention of initiating her, when older, to a life of sin—and only placed her with the Sisters to elude suspicion.

Sister M. Regis was a most devoted Sister of Mercy, fulfilling all the duties, as circumstance gave the opportunity. She had a special zeal for the Visitation of the sick, whom she would kindly console in her gentle, soothing manner.

The only relative Sister had in America was her niece, Sister M. Gonzaga—and whose early death was a severe trial to her affectionate heart, but which she bore in the true spirit of detachment and resignation to the Divine Will.

In the prolonged state of delicacy caused by consumption, Sister M. Regis gave proof of her virtue, by the patience with which she bore all the pains of her distressing illness. In the very act of dying, she seemed to make an act of prompt obedience, for when Mother Superior, who was saying the prayers for the dying, uttered the words "Depart Christian soul," etc., Sister closed her eyes in death, a fitting termination to a life so exemplary.

### SISTER M. CALLISTUS

Each year saw old ties broken and dear friends pass away. During the sixties eleven devoted members of the Order went to their reward.

Sister M. Callistus McCarthy, a native of Pittsburgh, was educated by the Sisters of Mercy—and in her early girlhood was attracted to the religious life. Having obtained the consent of her pious parents, she entered the Novitiate at St. Xavier's, August 6, 1856; received the holy habit on the Feast of the Purification, 1867. During the time of probation she zealously applied herself to learn to perform the duties, and acquire the spirit of the holy state, to which she felt she had

been called by God. In due time she had the happiness of pronouncing her vows—February 2, 1859.

Her first charge was class in St. Xavier's Academy, in which she acquitted herself with credit. Afterwards she taught in the schools of Hollidaysburg and St. John's—S.S. In these different places she diligently labored to promote the interests of her pupils and gave satisfaction to her superiors. While teaching in St. John's she contracted a severe cold, which ultimately proved fatal to her naturally delicate constitution. When symptoms became serious, she was sent to St. Xavier's, in the hope that the pure air of the country would arrest the progress of disease; but in vain. Consumption developed and made rapid strides in a short time. For some months she lingered on in a state of great debility, racked day and night by a dreadful cough.

The end came, December 3, 1863, when consoled and strengthened by all the blessings that Holy Church provides for her children in the supreme hour of need—her couch surrounded by the Sisters and her own beloved Mother, she calmly surrendered her pure soul to God.

This beloved Sister was a person of very strong character, which could be plainly read on her marked features. Blessed with talents of a very high order enhanced by a good education, she became a most successful teacher, winning the affection and confidence of her pupils, which she used to further their best interests. She had fine qualities of heart; she was generous, kind and sympathetic and possessed a genial, pleasant manner.

Had her life been prolonged, there is no doubt but that she would have proved a most efficient member of the Community, capable of fulfilling any trust confided to her.

During the month preceding her death, she gave edification: her spirit of patience and mortification were admirable. Naturally quick tempered, she became a model of meekness. She tried to lessen the labor of the Infirmarian, by waiting on herself as long as she was able.

Perfectly resigned, her whole energy was directed towards making a holy preparation for death. A few days before she died, the Local Superior of St. Mary's went to visit her, and when the former was about to return home, Sister M. Callistus

told her to ask pardon of the Sisters for any disedification she, Sister Callistus, might have given in the past. Sister's death occurred on the evening of the Feast of St. Francis Xavier. That day—Sister M. Gertrude Cosgrave was professed—and several postulants received the white veil.

Many relatives and friends attended the funeral—among whom were the sorrowing father and mother.

Mary McCarthy, a sister, entered the Baltimore Community, happily persevered—but like her sister, died after a short career, of the same dread disease. One of her brothers became a Priest, and after laboring some years in this diocese, became a Jesuit—Reverend Francis McCarthy.

### SISTER LUCY MCGIVERN

Sister Elizabeth McGivern was born in Belfast, Ireland, 1827. When quite a child, her father with his family emigrated to Montevideo, S. A. After a few years Mr. McGivern died; his children came to the United States, and settled in or near Pittsburgh. Elizabeth was engaged by the Sisters to assist in household duties—do the shopping, marketing, etc., for the Community. In those days hucksters were scarce. Everybody had to send to the stores or market-house for provisions, or whatever was required for daily supply. In these duties Elizabeth spent some months and her services were appreciated by the Sisters, as one in every respect worthy of their confidence.

After much prayer and serious consideration, she concluded to embrace the religious state, and in due time was admitted January 1, 1845. Fourteen months after she received the white veil. From the time of her entrance, she gave signs of a true vocation. It may seem strange that her Reception was so long delayed, but the cause is evident. Rev. Mother Warde went to Ireland early in the spring, 1845, and did not return until December. Hence the delay. Sister M. Lucy was professed, May 11, 1848. When the house in Loretto was opened, Sister M. Lucy accompanied Mother Catherine Wynne. For several years Sr. M. Lucy remained there, and on her devolved the discharge of all the domestic duties, unaided, save when one of the teachers, taking advantage of a leisure hour,

gave her willing hand. Nowadays we can scarcely realize the great labor she underwent, in her efforts to make the Sisters comparatively comfortable. The place was truly a Bethlehem, in poverty and privations; conveniences were of the most primitive description; often the want of necessaries made her task difficult, indeed, but her energy never flagged; always obliging and kind, she made the most of her slender resources.

Afterwards, Sister M. Lucy was to be found in the Mother House—Hospital—everywhere exercising the virtues of the good religious.

For a time she had charge of the "Babies"—in the Girls' Orphan Asylum, and on these destitute little ones she bestowed a Mother's care. Sister was a person of refined mind —a true religious, faithful to her sacred obligations.

Never strong, it may be that the hardships she underwent in the early part of her career undermined her strength, so that for some years before her death symptoms of consumption appeared, which gradually wearing away her strength, she became a confirmed invalid. Her last days were spent at St. Xavier's. Here, after a holy preparation for death, edifying the Community by her patient resignation, she ended her mortal career January 10, 1867, aged forty years.

Addition to St. Xavier's, erected in 1852

## CHAPTER VII

GREAT improvements were made at St. Xavier's during the time of its being the headquarters of the Community.

A wing was built on the southwest of the middle building which gave ample sleeping room, a fine kitchen and refectory, community-room and Novitiate, all of which were greatly needed.

The grounds surrounding the Academy were much improved by the laying out of artistic walks, planting a number of shade trees, while flower-beds and ornamental shrubs decorated the avenue and lawn, leading from the "Pike" now "Lincoln Highway" to the front entrance to the Academy.

The past forty years had transformed the barren field into a little Paradise. Many changes resulted from the removal of the Mother House, still the Academy increased.

The first day of February, 1868, was ushered in with a deep snow, high wind and glistening frost. The house was very comfortable. The Superior, Sr. M. Scholastica Geoghegan, sat at her desk making some entries of her household expenses. To a Sister in her office she remarked, "I am just entering two hundred dollars on insurance policies. What a useless expenditure; surely, we have never had a fire. I'll never spend another dollar in insuring this house." Scarcely had she uttered these words, when a messenger burst into the room, and said, "O Sister! the house is on fire." The fire had broken out supposedly from a defective flue on the roof of the building, which was four stories high, between one and two o'clock. The brisk wind fanned the flame, and soon the whole roof of the middle building was ablaze. But a limited supply of water being on the premises, it was impossible to extinguish the flames.

The farm hands, seeing the blaze, rushed to the rescue. They formed a bucket brigade, but there was no means of reaching the outside roof—so their efforts proved useless.

The Monastery and neighborhood sent in all the men and

boys available, but under the circumstances it was a foregone conclusion that all must be lost. Now every hand was zealously turned to save whatever could be rescued from the burning building; consequently, a great amount of property was recovered. Every Sister at once hastened to look after her charge; a good priest from the Monastery was hearing confessions. He was called, told of the fire and went to the Tabernacle and took the Blessed Sacrament to a place of safety in the priest's cottage, the Sacristan preparing a small tabernacle on a table where it was reverently placed, a light burning before it. The Sacristan with willing helpers saved the sacred vessels, many of the vestments and altar ornaments. The directress with tender care collected the pupils in the wash house, the priests and the guests' house, so that not a single accident occurred. The Benedictines from the Monastery were indefatigable in their efforts to save all that could be saved; especially the important contents of the chapel. Mr. Andrew Easly, who was a builder and under whose supervision the chapel had been built, understanding the mechanism of the marble altar, with the assistance of Father Camillus commenced to take it apart, and have it removed to a place of safety. As the last piece had been carried out the great suspension roof of the chapel went down with a roar that could be heard for many miles.

The Sister in charge of the children's wardrobe worked heroically in saving the children's clothing; the trunks were in a lower story, and she pressed into service every available hand to aid in carrying them out. One trunk was missed and for this payment was demanded and promptly made—one hundred dollars being the amount asked for it. The Sisters lost everything, as their whole attention was given to the pupils and the contents of the house. A vast amount of property was saved; 17 pianos, some valuable oil paintings, and bedding to a large amount, still the loss in household goods was very considerable; two valuable harps were overlooked, also the models and materials of the fancy work-room,—the models were an irreparable loss, as they could not be replaced. The valuable libraries of the Community and Academy were also swept away. The furniture of the kitchen, dining-room, and store room, were a total loss, the contents of the store room were no small matter, as supplies had been laid in for the winter. A

Great Fire at St. Xavier's
Feb. 1, 1868

St. Xavier's after the Fire

deep snow for some distance around the ruin was filled with various household goods, as they had been hastily thrown from the doors and windows. The Sisters might be seen at any hour endeavoring to gather up some articles for present use. The fire having occurred on Saturday, and Sunday being Candlemas Day, several of the pupils had gone to confession for the Feast, but as no lodging place could be procured on the premises, some of the good people of the neighborhood offered hospitality to as many as they could accommodate; notwithstanding the deep snow, those good children who accepted the hospitality of the neighbors came back early the next morning for Mass and Holy Communion. The little parlor of the priest's cottage, for the time being, became St. Xavier's chapel, two Masses were celebrated by the Benedictine Fathers so that all might have an opportunity of hearing holy Mass—even with this kind arrangement many were obliged to kneel outside on the snow.

People came from far and near to view the scene of destruction. Some came from sympathy, others from curiosity. Two Sisters being out gathering up scattered articles, a sleigh drove up and a gentleman stepped out taking his little son, a beautiful child, by the hand. The man, looking at the blackened ruins, said, "Ah, Sister, your loss is almost irreparable." The child smiling at the Sister began to prattle, and the Sister talked to the little boy as if nothing had happened. The father's eyes filled with tears: "Ah, he does not understand—and I wonder, when I see you smile,—of course, you will rebuild."

"I don't see how, when we have not paid for the building that was burned,—our insurance amounts to almost nothing in face of our debts," said the Sister with a sigh. Mr. Chambers, of Latrobe, was the gentleman, and he promptly replied, "You shall not suffer alone, our whole community and neighborhood are in sympathy with you. I myself will take up a little subscription list and head it with fifty dollars though I am not a rich man; St. Xavier's must be rebuilt and it will be more beautiful than ever." This was the first mention of rebuilding, and fifty dollars in those days was a generous donation.

True enough, friends stepped forward and ere long the ruins were cleared away and by the 1st of April, 1869, the work

was under way. The P. R. R. was exceedingly kind, giving free transportation to the Sisters and pupils to Loretto and Pittsburgh, and when the time of building came, giving a reduction of at least $2,000 on freight.

The paper taken from the corner-stone of the burned chapel —after the fire—contains a few interesting items:

A. M. D. G. & B. M. V.

On this day, July twenty-one, Anno Domini one thousand eight hundred and fifty-nine, is laid the corner-stone of the new addition to St. Xavier's Academy.

Our most holy Father, Pope Pius the Ninth, a pontiff, remarkable for supereminent piety and virtue, now occupies the Chair of St. Peter. Michael O'Connor, native of Cork, Ireland, governs the see of Pittsburgh, and within his diocese is included Westmoreland County, wherein is situated the Academy above mentioned. With great pleasure do we state that this institution, under the superintendence of the Sisters of Our Lady of Mercy, has, notwithstanding supernumerary difficulties, amongst which poverty, opposition and paucity of numbers were not the least conspicuous, risen to a standing, which gives it a place amongst the most famed literary establishments of the country. To the zealous teachings, salutary admonitions and edifying example of Revs. Messrs. McCullagh, James O'Connor and Jerome P. Kearney under God, may be attributed most, if not all of the good, that has been done for the glory of God in this excellent establishment. The former of these holy priests has, but one month since, taken his departure for that world of delight, for the possession of which he labored so ardently, in this, his adopted country, America. He was a native of the north of Ireland, a student of Maynooth College, and expatriated himself, solely for the love of that God, Whom from infancy he loved. The second is now Ecclesiastical Superior of the Sisters of the Order of Mercy, to whom he is a devoted friend. He too labored as his predecessor for God's glory, but being appointed by his Right Rev. brother, the present Bishop of the diocese of Pittsburgh, president of the Ecclesiastical Seminary, of said diocese, his place here is filled

by Rev. Jerome P. Kearney, a pastor whom we cannot attempt to describe. We shall only say for the benefit of him or her who may chance to meet this paper ages to come, that the character of this reverend gentleman is strongly marked with an unparalleled suavity, gentleness and forbearance—a surpassing piety, and a virtue of so exalted a nature, as to entitle him, when Death shall claim him as her own, to a place in that Kingdom, the enjoyment of which will amply compensate for every earthly toil or struggle he may have here below undergone.

The Sisters of Mercy came originally from Ireland, and have multiplied themselves astonishingly in this New World. Of the seven different institutions in the Diocese of Pittsburgh, Sister Mary John Evangelist Kinsella is Mother Superior, and claims the undivided affection of one hundred spiritual children, who in eager expectation of never ending happiness when their time of existence shall expire, labor most ardently for the glory of God and the salvation of their neighbor.

The United States acknowledge for President, at this period, James Buchanan who ought to be an Irishman by birth, and though outside the pale of the Holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church, is nevertheless more favorably disposed to the members of that persuasion, than his predecessors of illustrious memory.

The State of Pennsylvania in which St. Xavier's Academy is located has for Governor, William F. Packer.

At this moment Europe is the theater of most distressing events. The two greatest Catholic Sovereigns within the civilized portion of the globe are now waging a deadly war. The belligerent powers are France and Sardinia united against Austria. The Lombardo-Venetian States seem to be the bone of contention. History will have direful tales to relate of this afflicting war, and posterity will yet shed bitter tears in perusing her sad pages. The three sovereigns are now in the field—Francis Joseph of Austria, Louis Napoleon Bonaparte of France and Victor Emmanuel of Sardinia. Already three . . . battles have been fought, well contested on both sides, yet the honor of the victories in a great measure—owing to the superior skill and prowess of an Irish general, a Patrick Mc-

Mahon, has fallen to the French. The battles fought were Montebello, Magenta and Solferino.

St. Xavier's Academy,
Westmoreland County—Unity Township,
Pennsylvania.

When the decision to rebuild was made, Mr. Joseph Kerr, a prominent architect of Pittsburgh, was employed to make the plans for the new building and to see that they were carried out without delay. Being a man of great energy the work went vigorously on, and by the following spring the building was under roof. The portion intended for the pupils was finished first and the Chapel and the Sisters' apartments were left for the future. By the first of September a handsome Academy was finished and furnished and ready for the return of the pupils.

The Distribution of Premiums held in the Grove—this year—1868, is thus spoken of by one of the pupils:

On Friday of last week, we witnessed at St. Xavier's one of the simplest, quietest and most child-like exhibitions we ever remember attending at that place.

How different from that of other days! There was no vast array of distinguished clergymen and visitors to grace the scene; there were no joyful greetings resounding through her hall; there was no long line of carriages conveying parents and friends to and fro to deck her lawns, so quiet and so beautifully shaded. We missed all these attendants. We missed, too, many familiar forms that once joyfully roamed through those shady groves and sported wildly in her halls in all the freedom of childhood's days. But, nevertheless, there was St. Xavier's; there were her pupils, about thirty in number, gathered beneath her majestic trees; there were her roses and her flowers, her mossy carpet and mantled canopy of heaven to reëcho her music and song, so sweetly rendered. And there, too, was our Bishop, Rt. Reverend Michael Domenec, to honor her in her rustic simplicity, as well as in the days of her glory. Perchance you may ask, whence these changes. The following little epilogue by a former pupil, and spoken with much feeling by Miss Mollie Mellon, will give the sad reply:

The voices of spring-time have melted with the breeze,
And each haunt, methinks, is glowing with a brighter hue,
As the hour comes upon us when we bid this home adieu.

It is said the mermaid's dolphin glows with beauty in death
And the white swan's notes are thrilling as it draws its latest breath,
So, St. Xavier's, in thy ruins thou art dearer, sweeter yet
Than when sunlight traced the shadow of the wall we'll ne'er forget.

Ah! printed in our memories is that fearful winter night,
When the sunlight paled in brightness at that fierce and lurid light;
When the tongues of liquid fire curled our Convent home around,
And the midnight saw its ashes heaped and smoking on the ground.

In that hour of wild confusion kind friends gathered quickly round,
And our Bishop-warmest, truest—came, so quickly to the ground.
'Mid our griefs and fears uncounted, and that dreadful night's regret,
All your interest, all your kindness, Bishop, we ne'er can forget.

True it is, you were our father, kind, indulgent, long ago,
And our joy to hail each visit, and to greet you, well you know.
Happy were we gathered 'round you, listening to your gentle voice,
As you joined our childish pastimes, making every heart rejoice.

Now we leave these tranquil precincts—say farewell a little while,
And, dear Bishop, more than ever need the sunshine of your smile.
Dazzling is the world around us, may not we in earnest claim
Guidance and your admonitions, in our Heavenly Father's name.

Seems it though a strange parting!—lonely in its quiet here,
And our hearts are strangely beating—comes there too a silent tear,
For we sadly gaze around us, and the fading landscape lends
To our joy a touch of sadness, as we greet our home and friends.

Soon will rise a new St. Xavier's, towering proudly o'er the land,
Sunshine flooding it with beauty, will delight another band,
But around these ruins linger faded hopes, and memories dear,
So we'll leave our old affections buried with these ashes here.

But the hours are swiftly gliding; say I but another word,
And it is to thank our Bishop for the patience he has heard
Simple little children striving in a simple, childish way,
To amuse him and to thank him for his visit of to-day.

Then another word we'll utter—'tis to say a fond adieu
To our kind and patient teachers, and our school friends, fond and true.
Then we'll gaze once more around us, while our young hearts strangely
swell,
Throbbing joyously yet sadly, as we say to all—Farewell!

After the delivery of the above the Bishop distributed the crowns and premiums to the pupils, and touchingly alluded to the disaster referred to, and gracefully thanked the pupils for their kind words of reference to himself.

The resuming of class at old St. Xavier's was a joyful day

for all the friends of the Institution. As the Sisters were also to be lodged in the new building there was not room for the full number, but St. Aloysius Academy at Loretto under charge of this community had room for those who could not be taken at St. Xavier's. The work continued on the unfinished part of the building and by 1874 the whole of it was finished, furnished and occupied. The school was in a flourishing condition and again sent out its usual number of graduates.

## CHAPTER VIII

AT this time, 1874, Bishop Domenec thought that he could make more efficient use of the large body of Sisters in our Community by dividing it into five separate Mother Houses, with an independent Superior in each—whilst he, himself, would retain the control of all with the power of removing as he thought necessary, the Sisters from one house to another. This was a great grievance to the Community. They met together and consulted what should be done. The resolution was to place the whole matter before the Holy See. An appeal was drawn up and sent to the Holy Father, Pius IX. Having done so, notice was sent to Bishop Domenec of the proceedings, who replied, "If you have appealed to the Holy See, matters must remain as they have been until a decision is given." No change appeared in outward arrangements; classes were resumed in our Academies and Parochial Schools as usual on the first of September, but oh! how many were the anxious thoughts as to the result of the appeal, during the weary days of autumn and winter. A year passed away and no answer. A month later, the news came that the Community was to remain as it was, until the diocese would be divided.

The following February, 1875, the Bishop succeeded in having the diocese divided. Westmoreland County, although within a few miles of Pittsburgh, was to pass into the new diocese. This, of course, cut off St. Xavier's from Pittsburgh, which was a great blow to the Community as our principal funds were centered there. It was considered to be a permanent home during life, and resting place of our revered dead; here was our little consecrated cemetery, where the members of the Community were laid to rest. The early associations of the Community were closely connected with this place; here we made our retreats; here we spent our summer vacation; here we came to recruit when in delicate health, so that it was like again leaving the home of our childhood for the part of the Community which must remain in Pittsburgh. It was felt to

be a great grievance, to make two families out of one. The division of the Community took place July, 1876, Bishop J. Tuigg having been consecrated Bishop of Pittsburgh the previous March. Bishop Domenec was, at his request, transferred to the new See of Allegheny. St. Xavier's became the Mother House of the Sisters of Mercy in the new See. The Sisters were permitted to choose which part of the Community to which they would become attached. A sufficient number of Sisters remained at St. Xavier's to carry on the Academy and Parochial School at Latrobe, so that the schools were not affected by the separation, but the Sisters felt it keenly, as from their entrance into religion they had been closely united as one family; but the division of the diocese necessitated the division of the Community, consequently, they submitted in peace, which submission was rewarded by a glad reunion at no distant period. Representations were made to the Holy See regarding the division of the diocese, as many thought it injudicious; it was again brought under consideration, when it was considered better to locate the Episcopal See in Altoona one hundred miles from Pittsburgh than in Allegheny just across the river. The re-division of territory brought Westmoreland County back to Pittsburgh diocese to the great joy of the Sisters, as it made St. Xavier's again a central point. This took place in August, 1878, from which time the Sisters made their annual retreats and spent their vacations as formerly.

Many changes for the better had taken place during the last forty years, in the comforts and conveniences of the Academy. One was in the mode of lighting, the dip candles had given place to lamps supplied by elephant oil; in a short time this was succeeded by kerosene oil-lamps, which were considered a greater boon than even the electric light later on. No anticipation was entertained of anything better, but like all human inventions, kerosene had its day; gasoline dethroned it. This mode of illumination was of short duration, and was succeeded by electric light, which to all appearances came to stay, as it is so convenient. The next improvement comes in the mode of heating. The open grates gave place to stoves. When the mining of coal was done to any extent in these parts, these again were succeeded by warm air furnaces, which were an improvement, but not satisfactory. In 1888 steam was intro-

St. Xavier's after the Completion of the North Wing, 1889

duced, which has gained more favor than any of its predecessors. The want of water, in large quantities, for sanitary purposes, had been painfully felt from the beginning, and various means had been resorted to to remedy this deficiency. About twenty-five years ago, two deep wells were sunk to the depth of between four and five hundred feet, and a cistern constructed to hold the water. This was done on the highest part of the farm, and it was hoped that wind-fans would keep the cistern full, but all in vain; the supply was too small. At length an effort was made to place a steam pump at a small stream, passing through a low part of the farm, and constructing a large reservoir on the highest point 12 feet deep, with a pipe line running from the pump to the reservoir. How great was the joy of all concerned when the work was completed, and the pump started, to see a goodly stream of water pour into the reservoir. From this reservoir, if necessary, a stream of water could be thrown over any building on the premises. As ease and love of comfort have increased with the progress of time, the road from Beatty to St. Xavier's, though but a short distance, became daily more and more objectionable by its steep hills, deep ruts, and almost continual mud; this too has been remedied by a paved road for passengers.

In 1886, the school continuing prosperous, the necessity of more room was seriously felt. The hall was too small for the wants of the Academy; more class rooms and music rooms were needed, more sleeping apartments were an absolute necessity; the Chapel too was small and much crowded on Sundays. A greater number of Sisters had been located here; some on account of delicate health, others from age and long service; this required a larger number of hired help; altogether the house was rather crowded. Permission was obtained to build; all the wants were taken into consideration. A commodious Chapel and large hall 80 x 50 feet, three stories high. This gave a study hall and class rooms, the third story being devoted to sleeping compartments. The Chapel is a beautiful building and harmonizes with the old chapel, so that the two buildings became as one—having a large sanctuary with convenient sacristies on each side. The marble altar was again reconstructed with a few improvements and makes a fine appearance. The Sisters prefer it to a new one, being a dear

relic of the past. Several handsome donations were made to the Chapel, among which the Stations of the Cross by our beloved Bishop Phelan, who has since passed away; stained glass windows, a handsome oil painting of the Crucifixion, with several smaller gifts made by friends. These contributed much to the adorning of the house of God.

A considerable period of time elapsed during which no important event occurred. The Community growing older, and many of the younger members requiring rest and care, the want of a larger Convent was found to be a necessity in order to carry out the intention of dear Bishop O'Connor, in securing the Kuhn farm as a home for the aged and feeble, and a resting place for the young, where they could recruit their health when needed. Therefore, it was concluded to erect a building separate from the Academy for the exclusive use of the Sisters. About the first of April, 1907, the building, which is 150 feet by 65 feet wide, and three stories high, was commenced. This building, west of main building, has three porches, which will give ample room for air and exercise for the delicate. The porches are situated on the southwest side of the Convent, commanding an extensive view of the Chestnut Ridge, and surrounding country. In the near foreground lies a consecrated spot, where rest the mortal remains of our dear departed Sisters! This will be a constant reminder that both old and young must pass away.

Whilst the reunion—Aug., 1877—of the Diocese was pending, the Railroad Riot in Pittsburgh gave cause for alarm and daily increasing anxiety. St. Patrick's Convent and St. Mary's, Webster Avenue, were in close proximity to the Union Station, the Round House, and the Granary, etc. Explosions and conflagrations were within a stone's throw of the Convents, and sparks from the granary reaching the roof of St. Mary's, placed it in imminent danger of burning. Rev. Daniel O'Connell from the Cathedral, always a "friend in need" to the Community, went to Webster Street to find if the Sisters were in distress. "Mercedes" always equal to a humorous occasion, writing to Mother Neri, thus described the scene:

THE TWO THAT SAVED THE ROOF

Lines honoring the heroic efforts of Rev. Daniel O'Connell to save the Convent Roof at the time of the R. R. strike, when the city of

Pittsburgh was threatened with fiery destruction. The Reverend gentleman lent his shoulders for a ladder! July 22, 1877.

The "Man" stood on the Convent Roof
Whence all the Nuns had fled;
The flames lit up the city spires
And dreadful radiance shed!

Yet beautiful and bright he stood!
But quite too small to reach,
When lo! a tall majestic form
Stepped up to fill the breach!

"Up! on my shoulders, Man!" he cries,
"And take this dripping broom!
Fear not! tho' fiery flakes may hiss,
And loud the alarm-bells boom!"

Then, on those shoulders stood the "Man"
And quenched each falling spark,
The Convent Roof was safe—but still
Was a bold and tempting mark!

He called aloud, "Say, Father, Say!
My feet are tired and stiff;
The fire is out—pray let me down,
This broom ain't worth a whiff!"

The flames rolled on! no answer came—
Those shoulders still were strong—
The "Man" was swaying to and fro—
And the smoke-clouds swept along!

"Speak, Father!" once again he cried!
"Pray wet the broom once more!
Or I'll lose my hold, and down be rolled
To stain the street with gore!"

. . . . .

The glowing sky was clearing now,
The fire ceased to spread,
But still those shoulders bore their load
Upon the belfry shed.

He shouted but once more aloud,
"Say, Father! let me down!"
But tranquilly that patient eye
Still viewed the blazing town.

The red light lingered on them both—
The "Father" and the "Man"—!
Honor the brave! oh, faithful Muse!
Sing out their praise, who can!

Then came a burst of thunder sound
Close to the inside door;
With one light bound they reached the ground,
And stood on the attic floor.

'Twas but a vessel fall'n and spilled
That gave them such a start;
But their task was done! they *saved the roof!*
And they left with a happy heart.

. . . . .

Long in the Convent archives shall
That glorious deed be told;
And the *gentle Nuns,* in glowing words,
Record the effort bold!

Sweet Poesy shall spin the warp!
And Music weave the woof,
And Time, like wine, warm up the rhyme,
Of the "Two that saved the Roof!"

The seventies called to their eternal reward many of our most estimable members, the first of whom was Sister M. Benedict Duffy. On February 22, 1870, while at spiritual reading, word was received at St. Mary's that Sister M. Benedict Duffy, a former pupil of St. Xavier's, had died at St. Aloysius' Academy the previous night.

Sister Benedict was a sister to Mgr. Duffy of the Albany Diocese. She labored earnestly and most successfully as a teacher in the different schools—winning many young hearts to a love of piety and virtue, no less than by the force and unction of her words.

During the Civil War, the Sisters of Mercy sent to the West Penn Hospital were under the direction of Sister Benedict. No one who saw her at that time can forget the beautiful example of self-devotion which she gave, and that cheerful and happy spirit which made light of even the greatest hardships and most disagreeable duties.

Those who knew nothing of the hidden springs whence she drew the strength to accept with a smile, or to turn off with innocent mirth, the most trying and perplexing circumstances admired her indomitable spirit, whilst they were at a loss to explain the secret of her self-command.

Sister Benedict never entirely recovered from the fatigue and exposure of her labors in the hospital. In death, even,

she seemed to wear that sweet and winning smile so well known to those who knew and loved her during life. Her eulogy as a religious was spoken by the sincere praises of her Sisters in religion, and still more by their silent tears.

Rt. Rev. James O'Connor, who had been teacher, Chaplain, and ecclesiastical Superior of the Sisters of Mercy of Pittsburgh, having heard of Sister Benedict's death, wrote to S. M. Liguori:

*My dear Sister Liguori:*

Yours of the 27th ult. is just received. It brings the first tidings I have received of poor Sister Benedict's death. The news, though not unexpected, has saddened me. She was one for whom, as a schoolgirl, and a Sister, I entertained a sincere regard. Let us hope that notwithstanding her failings and imperfections, her great purity of intention and her ardent desire to be good and do good have caused her to find mercy with God. I shall keep her last letter, and the picture she sent me, as valued mementoes of a beloved child who has gone to her "exceeding great reward."

I am as yet undecided as to whither I shall turn my steps during the coming vacation. I have received a pressing invitation from Father Hugh Gallagher to visit San Francisco, and from other friends to visit other places. To tell the truth, St. Xavier's would have more attractions for me than other places. However, I shall think about the matter, and let you know the conclusion I come to.

I returned from Baltimore yesterday, whither I had gone to attend the consecration of Dr. Foley. It was a grand ceremony, and a demonstration without example, in this country, of affection and respect to the new prelate. One incident connected with it, though not prescribed in the rubrics, affected me more than a little. Before going down the center aisle, to give his blessing to the people, he walked towards a front pew of a side aisle, where his mother sat, and kissed her. That kiss seemed to me in a measure sacramental, a token of affection and of consolation from God to the venerable woman who had given such a priest and such a prelate to his church. Dr. Foley's departure from Baltimore will be deeply and deservedly regretted. He has labored there for a quar-

ter of a century, with great benefit to all classes of persons, and under circumstances that would have turned the heads of many. He will go away laden with presents. One alb presented to him cost $2,500.

I desired very much to see Mrs. Taafe and the O'Connors, but I had not time to call on them.

With kindest regards to all the Sisters and to Naomi (one of the Rosebuds) I am

Very truly yours in D'no,

JAS. O'CONNOR.

Phila., March, 1870.

### DEATH OF S. M. ALOYSIUS

Sister Aloysius Ihmsen, daughter of Christian and Eleanor Ihmsen, was born in Pittsburgh. She made her holy Profession April 14, 1857, in St. Mary's Chapter, Webster Avenue. She died March 16th, 1872, at St. Aloysius' Academy, Loretto, and was buried at St. Xavier's on the following Monday at 2 o'clock P. M. Rev. E. Bush pronounced the last absolution; Rev. J. Holland was Deacon, Rev. J. B. Ferris Subdeacon, Rev. Jerome Kearney, Master of Ceremonies. We noticed also present Very Rev. James O'Connor, Rev. R. Phelan, A. Gibbs, R. Christy, M. Murphy, and Fathers Killian and John, O.S.B.

Rev. R. Phelan delivered an eloquent funeral oration, describing briefly yet graphically the self-sacrificing life of the deceased and her edifying death. And truly there was nothing said that could be considered exaggerated praise by any one acquainted with the deceased. Her life passed in seclusion except when duty called her from retirement, and her death was what we would expect after such a life; holy, calm and resigned. She felt no repugnance in leaving friends to go to that God for whose sake she had forsaken them, nor in leaving the world she had long since renounced. Her life may be said to have been passed in the convent, secure from the dangerous allurements of the world, and uncontaminated by its sinful pleasures. Her earliest years were passed at St. Xavier's Academy in close attention to her studies. Having graduated with all honor, she returned to her home and friends. But the

peaceful life at St. Xavier's, contrasted with the turmoil of the world, caused her to pine for its holy and secure shelter; the insight she had obtained of the beauties of a religious life rendered insipid all that wealth and fashion and worldly pleasure could offer, and she returned in a few months to the convent, and consecrated her talents and her life to minister to the sick and to instruct the poor.

Christ chose her for His chaste spouse, and she would have no other lover: "Non admitterem alium amatorem," God spoke to her heart, and she joyfully consecrated to Him her life, binding herself irrevocably to solemn vows to serve Him until death in the Order of Mercy, in poverty, chastity and obedience. It would be unreasonable to suppose, as the Rev. eulogist said, that one possessing health and youth, riches and position in society, would not feel the sacrifice she was making. It must have been painful, yet we know all was abandoned, without reservation or repining. For Divine Love can do all things. It sweetens the bitter cup of suffering, supports the wearied spirit, and animates the drooping courage. And indeed, what requires such virtue as the faithful life of a good Sister? The very fact that the duties are the same every recurring day without change; the same lessons to be taught, the same duties to be performed; the same obstacles to be encountered in the same way, with the same results, is most excessively wearying, and nature, unless supported by Divine grace, would most assuredly succumb. Such a life requires a most persevering energy, the most invincible patience, and the most unfailing charity. Yet to some it appears foolishness, to others "madness and the end without honor." For such we reply only in the words of the sacred text: "Behold how they are numbered among the children of God, and their lot is among the Saints."

All who knew Sister Aloysius Ihmsen can testify to her many virtues, her indomitable patience, her cheerfulness in suffering, the abiding interest she felt in each and all of her pupils, her charity to the poor, and her fidelity in the discharge of all the duties of a good religious. The words of Father Faber on the monotony of piety appear to me applicable to the subject of this imperfect sketch: "The monotony of a religious life is, in a brave, striving quiet soul, always tending to become simplicity, the peculiar simplicity of the spiritual life,

which is a glorious shadow of the Unity of God, and wherein God becomes all in all. This is what the monotony merges in, and then the trial becomes a grace, the pusillanimity, a heroism."

The Ihmsen family were among the chief benefactors of the Mercy Sisterhood in Pittsburgh in the early days.

April 12, 1873, God called to Himself our beloved Sister M. Basil Maginn, whose loss was keenly felt by the Sisters, she was so devoted to the Community. A few weeks before her death she wrote to her cousin, Sister M. Bernadette Cosgrave:

*My Dearest Cousin:*

I hasten to offer you my warmest congratulations upon the near realization of your fondest hopes and to assure you, darling, that my earnest prayers shall be offered that you may become in very truth "An abject in the house of your God." Believe me, Nettie, all else is dust. I had hoped you would come out for a few days, but now, of course, I need not expect you. Dear Sister Mary Loyola is, I am certain, as rejoiced as yourself. Give her, and the Sisters who are to be professed, (I do not know who they are) my best love, and ask them to pray for my intention at their prostration; even if I am an "enclosed Nun" by April, the intention will hold good.

With love to dear Mother Superior and each dear "dove and blackbird," believe me, dearest,

Your affectionate cousin,

S. M. Basil.

The piously joyous spirit of S. M. Basil may be gleaned from the foregoing letter.

Died on the 21st of March, 1874, at St. Mary's Convent, Webster Ave. of heart disease, Sister M. Camillus Hodnett.

This excellent and lamented religious had been from the time of her entering the Convent till a week before her death, a period of more than twenty-two years, engaged in the schools of the institute, chiefly in the higher departments of science, of which she was perfect mistress. During the last year of her life, her labors were given to St. Paul's School, where as in all the scenes of her zealous toil, she won the admiration

and esteem of her pupils by her superior attainments, and her affectionate solicitude in their moral and mental culture.

Sister M. Scholastica Geoghegan was born in Pittsburgh May 10, 1830. Her parents died when she was quite young, and she was brought up by her brother and sister, whose tender care she requited with grateful affection throughout the remainder of her life.

Catherine attended the Sisters' School in Concert Hall, Penn St., until the opening of St. Xavier's Academy at St. Vincent's, of which she was one of the first pupils. Ever studious and dutiful, she gave satisfaction to her teachers, and was beloved by her companions for her amiable and unselfish disposition.

It created no surprise, when in the summer of 1848, she made known her desire to become a Sister of Mercy and received encouragement to carry out her wise intention. Accordingly, on the feast of the Assumption, that year, she began her career as a postulant, the somber garb assumed signifying that she had bade adieu to the world.

From the time of her entrance, she gave unmistakable proofs of a true vocation, to which she was always faithful. After the usual time of probation, she was professed December, 1850. Six other Sisters made their vows on the same occasion. During the preparatory retreat, the Sisters were privileged to receive instructions from Rev. Father Seelos, C.S.S.R., then stationed at St. Philomena's Church, and who died some years later in the odor of sanctity.

For some years, Sister Scholastica's sphere of action was the schools, to which work she applied with energy, striving to procure every advantage for the improvement of her pupils; careful that while they acquired secular knowledge, they should be convinced that their duty to God held the first place in importance. Her efforts were repaid by grateful appreciation on the part of the children. In general, her influence did not end when they quitted the classroom, but followed them long after, glad to have her rejoice in their happiness, or console them by words of tender sympathy in sorrow. During these years, visitation of the sick was a duty of frequent occurrence; everywhere on these errands of mercy, she was a wel-

come visitor, cheering and comforting the poor sufferers by kind words and genial manners.

In 1861, Sister was elected Mother Assistant, the duties of which office she fulfilled to the satisfaction of Mother Superior and the Sisters, in such a kindly interested manner as gained the hearts of all. She saw that the domestic duties were properly discharged, and the house and premises kept in perfect order.

In 1864, she succeeded Mother Rose Hostetter in the office of Mother Superior. In this responsible position, she endeavored to further the best interests of the community, vigilant at all times that the requirements of religious life should be practically adhered to. While most anxious to promote the happiness of the Sisters, and everything that would be of advantage to them, spiritually or temporally, she still maintained discipline with a firm hand, exacting from all strict observance of rule. Toward old and young she manifested the tender solicitude of a mother. Never was a Superior more beloved by her grateful subjects.

After the expiration of her term in 1867, Sister Scholastica was appointed Local Superior at St. Xavier's, the Mother House having been removed to its former quarters, St. Mary's, Webster Ave. Afterwards, St. Ann's, Allegheny, was placed under her charge, and here the remaining years of active duty were passed. It gave her pleasure to aid the Sisters in the different classes by her advice and assistance, always taking a keen interest in the success of the schools.

So the years slipped by, fruitful in good works, until enfeebled health urged to ask a release from her charge. Mother Superior granted her request and very soon she repaired to St. Mary's, 1875.

During the time Sister Scholastica was Mother Superior, she had a very severe attack of illness—so that her life was despaired of, and death seemed imminent. In great affliction at the prospect of losing so dear a Mother, the Sisters stormed Heaven in her behalf. Many Masses and prayers were offered in every house of the Community, beseeching God to spare her life. It pleased Him to listen favorably to these fervent petitions, for contrary to the opinion of the best medical advisers, she recovered. But her health was never fully restored,

and during the years that followed, she suffered much from time to time. The burning of St. Xavier's was a great shock to her, for the place was endeared to her by many hallowed associations—Again, the division of the community, decreed by Bishop Domenec, had a serious effect on her.

Although Sister returned to St. Anne's after the August retreat, very soon she begged to be relieved from the care of the house as stated above. During the following fall and winter Sister grew gradually worse. Asthmatic consumption of a very distressing form caused frequent attacks of suffocation—In order to give a little relief to the poor patient, it would be necessary to open the windows even when the weather was very cold.

Our dear invalid bore all the pains of her illness with fortitude. From the time she realized the gravity of her condition—her only anxiety was to prepare for a holy death. With this view she eagerly embraced all the means of obtaining grace, receiving the Sacraments as frequently as circumstances permitted, and by frequent and fervent prayer, commending herself to God. She entertained a child-like devotion to the Blessed Virgin, in whose help she placed implicit confidence.

Toward evening, on the day of her death, she asked that Father Grace might be sent for, as she wished to make her confession. It was Saturday, and knowing that the priest was engaged in the church and not seeing any particular reason for his coming, the Mother Assistant gave an evasive answer and left the room, hoping that Sister S. would not think of it again. Shortly after, Sister renewed her request, and added: "If you do not send for him, you will be sorry."

Noticing her anxiety and fearing to distress her, the message was sent to Father Grace, and he kindly came immediately, heard her confession and gave her Holy Viaticum. The prayers in thanksgiving were said, and an hour later Sister was seized with a violent paroxysm of suffocation, and in a few minutes all was over.

Thus our beloved Sister passed to her reward, Saturday evening, April 17, 1875, in the forty-fifth year of her age, and twenty-seventh year of her profession. Her remains were laid to rest in St. Xavier's cemetery.

MOTHER M. GERTRUDE BLAKE

In 1876, death claimed another of our loved and senior members in the person of Mother M. Gertrude. Elizabeth Blake, a native of Dublin, entered the convent, Baggot St., June, 1837—received the habit the following February and made her holy profession February 7, 1840.

Mother Gertrude had the advantage of beginning her career as a religious during the life of our Foundress, and of being intimately associated with many of the early members of the Order. During her residence in Baggot St. she became familiar with the various duties of a Sister of Mercy, devoting much of the time to the care of their inmates of the House of Mercy. That she was much esteemed by Mother McAuley as one deserving of confidence is proved by the fact that she was selected to replace M. M. Aloysia Scott as Superior of the convent in Birr, when the latter resigned on account of ill health.

In the summer of 1845, when M. M. Francis Warde went to Ireland to secure subjects for her young American community, among other places she visited Birr, and by her lively representation of the needs of her mission, inspired Mother Gertrude with the desire to devote her life and energies to the promotion of the Works of Mercy in the diocese of Pittsburgh, Permission having been obtained from Mother Superior of Baggot St., Mother M. Cecilia Marmion, Mother Gertrude bade adieu to the land of her birth and all its endearing associations, and joined Mother Francis' band of self-sacrificing Sisters.

In this new sphere of labor, Mother Gertrude found much to engage her attention, and many objects on which to exercise her zeal. She discharged the various duties of the community and was Local Superior in the different houses. On the election of Mother Josephine Cullen—Mother Gertrude became assistant, and was Local Superior in Loretto at the same time. On the death of Mother Josephine, she succeeded to the office, the third Mother Superior of the community, having for Assistant S. M. Elizabeth Strange; Bursar, S. M. Catherine Wynne; Mistress of Novices, S. M. Liguori McCaffry.

In the first years of the foundation, when the number of experienced Sisters was few—the members of the Council could not all be spared to remain in the Mother House, their services being necessary in the branch houses. The Mother Superior and Mistress remained at home; the Assistant and Bursar were generally abroad, so it happened that Mother Gertrude, while holding the office of Assistant, presided as Local Superior in Loretto; and during Mother Gertrude's term, Mother Elizabeth, her Assistant, lived in Hollidaysburg and Mother Catherine Wynne—Bursar, had charge of the Mercy Hospital.

When, in 1855, Mother Gertrude's term of office expired, Loretto again became her home for some years. She was very fond of this remote house, despite its many privations. Mother Gertrude was a great favorite with the people of Loretto, many of whom had been pupils of the Sisters in her time, and others who were brought in contact with her. At one time she was found in charge of the Boys' Asylum, S. S., where she remained until her increasing infirmities obtained her release from office, when she was recalled to the Mother House, to be tenderly cared for during the remainder of her days.

At the time of the temporary division of the diocese, 1876, Mother Gertrude selected St. Xavier's for her home. In September of that year, our venerable Sister came to the city to spend a few weeks, and to visit the Sisters in the different houses. While at St. Mary's, Webster Ave., it happened, unfortunately, that she met with an accident followed by serious results. One evening after supper, as she was leaving the refectory, she missed her footing and fell down a few steps leading to the Chapel, which was then on the same floor, and sprained her ankle. For a few days she suffered much from the hurt, but after a week or so she had so far recovered as to be able to sit up, and it was hoped that she would soon be quite well. However, the end was nearer than any one supposed. Mother Gertrude took a cold, which rapidly developed into pneumonia. Dr. Pollock was speedily summoned, and at his first visit pronounced her case critical. When informed that her illness was serious, she desired to receive the Sacraments. Very Reverend J. Hickey, then rector of the Cathedral, gave her the last holy rites. She sank rapidly, and on the evening

of Oct. 21 she calmly passed away. The following morning a Mass of Requiem was celebrated in St. Mary's Chapel, and the same day the remains were taken to St. Xavier's, and placed before that altar, where she had so often prayed and received the consolations of religion.

Mother Gertrude was a gentle, simple-hearted soul, totally unwordly in her views, very cheerful, and quick to note the humorous side of any event; genial and pleasant in her intercourse with the Sisters. Nothing outside her duty had any attraction for her. For spiritual reading, she greatly prized some manuscripts she had, consisting of extracts from rare books, or instructions given during retreats which had been written out from notes taken down by some of the early members, when spiritual treatises were not so easily obtained as at the present time. The documents were highly valued by Mother Gertrude, and on special occasions she would read portions of them at lecture, or lend them as a mark of favor to Sisters to peruse at their leisure.

For many years Mother Gertrude suffered from ill-health, not always of an acute form, but of that weak, nervous nature which is in some respects more depressing, to the patient, than more severe pain, experienced at intervals. But she bore this trial with patience and cheerfulness, always grateful for any attention given her by the Infirmarian or others. The gift of joy seemed to have been bestowed on her in its fullness, for she ever had the brightness and cheerfulness of an innocent child. Very often she had some merry little trick in contemplation to amuse others, and communicate the sweet simple mirth of her own heart. She often quoted the sayings and doings of our venerate Foundress, especially to the young religious; and with the privilege of age, had a pet name for every one. Possessed of clear, sound judgment, much penetration, never did an unkind word escape her lips.

Life Mother McAuley, she threw the mantle of charity over every one. Her tender piety was edifying to behold. She loved to speak of the festivals of the Church and the lessons they teach. Nothing afforded her more pleasure than to see all possible pomp and ceremony in their celebration. She often recalled the early days of the Community, when two glass candlesticks and some paper flowers were all the poverty

of the Community could afford to decorate the altar, and she would say with child-like simplicity to her listeners: "Our Lord could not stand that long, so He soon sent something better." When leaving the convent at Birr, she brought as her contribution to the rising community two small statues of adoring angels, which were long in use on grand occasions, and were always designated as the "creatures from Birr," the title given by the donor.

Interested in every one's welfare, she "wept with those that wept, and rejoiced with those that rejoiced." Although the senior of the Community, she was remarkable for her deference and respect for her Superiors, giving prompt attention to their wishes, though all who governed from time to time had been, more or less, under her care and instruction. Thus she gave the beautiful example of humility and obedience, the fundamental virtues of the good religious.

With a broad love for the whole world in thought, word and work, she filled the measure of her long life. When the summons came, she tranquilly passed into the presence of her Spouse to receive the reward of her faithful service.

May her holy example find many zealous imitators among us.

## CHAPTER IX

ON Oct. 18, 1872, was announced with great regret the death of one of the brightest ornaments of the Church in this country, and whose name is indissolubly blended with the founding, growth and prosperity of the Catholic Church in the Pittsburgh Diocese. Not alone among those of his own religious faith was this announcement of his passing away "heard with unaffected sorrow, but among many of our old citizens will his name be remembered for his social qualities, his vast learning, his boundless charity, uncircumscribed by creed or color, and his elevated Christian character."

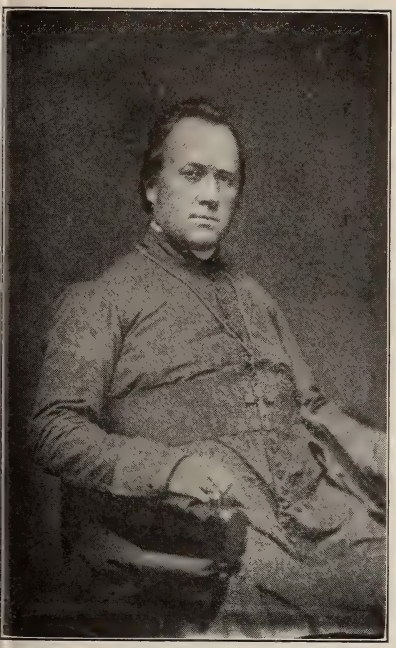
The mildness, humanity and personal suavity of his character were such that he seemed to realize with Massillon, "that the pleasure of doing good was in itself a sufficient reward."

As a scholar, he was an ornament to literature; as a citizen, he illustrated all the civic virtues; as a Bishop, he was the pride of the Episcopacy. It was especially, as the "Good Shepherd" —the friend of the poor, the father of the fatherless, the promoter of education, and the exemplar and expounder of the Gospel that his character shone with glorious effulgence.

"On May 23rd, 1860, Bishop O'Connor resigned his see to carry out his cherished purpose of entering the Society of Jesus. He made his novitiate in Germany and then returned to this country, where he labored with characteristic energy and zeal as a professor, also preaching and lecturing all over the United States and Canada.

With his other acquirements, Bishop O'Connor was a linguist of considerable note, being familiar with Latin, Greek and Hebrew, and speaking English, Irish, French, German, Italian and Spanish. He was called to his reward in the sixty-third year of his age. His remains were deposited by the side of his Jesuit brethren at Woodstock, Md., and there still rests all that is mortal of one of the most brilliant lights that has ever shed its lustre on the Church in the United States."

REGIS CANEVIN.



Rt. Rev. M. O'Connor, D.D.
First Bishop of Pittsburgh.

Rev. M. O'Connor, S.J.

"Can that man be dead—
Whose spiritual influence is upon his kind?
He lives in glory: and his speaking dust
Has more of life than half its breathing molds."

The appointment of Rev. Michael Domenec as Bishop O'Connor's successor was officially announced in the *Pittsburgh Catholic* of November 24, 1860. He was consecrated Dec. 9. The ceremony took place in the Cathedral, Fifth Avenue and Grant Street. Most. Rev. F. P. Kenrick, Archbishop of Baltimore, being consecrating prelate.

After years of laborious and successful work, throughout the United States, he was called to rule the diocese of Pittsburgh—then burdened with considerable debt.

In 1862, at the invitation of Pius IX., he made his first visit to Rome. That year he accepted a mission from the United States government to that of Spain—which Kingdom it was feared was about to recognize the Southern Confederacy. He visited Madrid, where he had several audiences with the Queen and her Ministers—Archbishop Hughes, at whose suggestion this important mission was entrusted to him—is reported to have said that Bishop Domenec, of all those who had been sent by the Government of the U. S. to arrange these matters, is the only one who had ever really succeeded in his Mission. The years following the Civil War —until the financial crisis of 1873—were considered the Golden Age in the history of Pittsburgh.

After seventeen years of incessant toil, he went to Rome in 1877—resigned the see of Allegheny, to which he had been transferred Jan. 11, 1876, and retired to Spain, his native land.

His death from typhus was a great shock to his friends in Pittsburgh, where he was universally loved for his courtesy, piety and kindness.

One of the senior priests of the diocese speaks of "the mild reign of the noble and pious Spaniard that is dead and gone, for in his day he was a true father, and the priests of the diocese were his loving sons. The Spaniard's rule was one of love, and of amazing growth to the diocese. It is said there were but 50,000 members when he was consecrated—there were 150,000 when his heart was broken."

From the *Post* we give the account of his death and burial. The description is a translation from the official journal of the Archbishop of Tarragona, Spain, of the particulars of the death of the late Bishop Domenec.

"Rt. Rev. Bishop Domenec, after having received the Holy Viaticum, on the evening of the 6th inst., from the hands of the most Rev. Archbishop, who was accompanied by the Chapter and Clergy of the Cathedral, by students of the Seminary and by many of the faithful, expired a little after noon on the following day.

"After the recitation of the solemn office of the dead, the Archbishop, the Chapter and Clergy of the Cathedral went in procession to the Church of Our Lady of Mercy to chant the customary responses over the corpse, which, clothed in Pontifical habiliments, reclined on a grand catafalque in the center of the church.

"On the following morning (8th inst.) after the Conventual Mass, and according to a notice inserted in the daily paper, the illustrious deceased was buried in the cloister of the Cathedral, in the rear of the Chapel of Our Lady de la Guia. The corpse was carried to its last resting place, with the same pomp and solemnity that are observed in the funeral obsequies of the Most Rev. Archbishops. The Archbishop presided at the solemn functions which after a Pontifical Mass of Requiem, terminated at midday in the midst of an extraordinary concourse of people.

"During his illness, which lasted but a few days, Bishop Domenec manifested a holy resignation in his sufferings and a readiness to pass to eternity, there to receive the reward merited by his labors on earth. He ceased not to ask the mercy of God, and was profuse in his gratitude to the Archbishop, who frequently visited him, and to the Sisters of Charity who ministered his wants."

By a bull dated Jan. 11th, 1876, Rev. John Tuigg of Altoona, was elevated to the vacant see of Pittsburgh.

"Immediately after his consecration, he set vigorously about the affairs of his exalted position. At that time, owing mainly to the effects of the panic of three years previous—and the division of the former Diocese of Pittsburgh, he found great financial cares to encounter."

In 1883, Bishop Tuigg was warned of his approaching end by a stroke of paralysis. On Dec. 7, 1889, the soul of the venerable prelate passed to his home.—*Catholic Encyclopedia.*

The greatest event of the eighties to us Sisters of Mercy was the Golden Jubilee of the Order Dec. 12, 1881, an anniversary celebrated throughout the length and breadth of North America, with a pomp and solemnity befitting the occasion.

In Pittsburgh, at the Mother House, Webster Avenue, the fountain head of the order in the United States, the foundation was celebrated on a scale of magnificence fully in harmony with the occasion.

The exercises began at 9.30 A. M. with the celebration of Haydn's High Mass—and a few moments afterwards the resident and visiting clergy to the number of forty or more filed into the Chapel.

Among those who honored the occasion with their presence were Right Reverend Bishop Raymond, of Hong Kong, China; Right Reverend Bishop James O'Connor, Brother of Rev. Michael O'Connor, first bishop of the diocese of Pittsburgh. There were also present Right Reverend Bishop Mullin, of Erie, Pa.; Rev. T. Casey, Secretary of the diocese of Erie, and deputations of priests from the Benedictine, Passionist, and Carmelite Orders of the Clergy, and Fathers of the Holy Ghost. Visiting Sisters of Mercy were present from Omaha, Neb., Chicago, Ill., Harrisburg, Titusville and other points. The orator of the occasion was the Very Rev. R. Phelan, administrator of this diocese in the absence at Rome of Bishop Tuigg. The Solemn Mass was followed by the Te Deum, after which all present retired and partook of an elegant repast served by the sisters.

### UNVEILING THE PORTRAIT

The event of the afternoon was the unveiling in the presence of all of a portrait of the foundress of the Order of Sisters of Mercy, Mother Catherine McAuley. This gem of art, the work of one of the sisters, was unveiled during the

singing of a Hymn of Gratitude, written expressly for the celebration, as follows:

Our Golden Jubilee,
We come to celebrate,
In joyful harmony
With grateful hearts elate.
The golden sun to-day
Hath made his fiftieth round
Since she her vows did pay,
Whose mission God hath crowned.

Her offering hath He blessed,
His grace her works made sure;
To solace the distressed,
The homeless, sick and poor.
The little ones to train
To virtue's shining way,
Poor sinning ones to gain
And bid them grace obey.

Yes, holy, humble, wise,
God's Spirit she possessed,
We, her daughters, now arise
And call our mother blest.
In many a land we're found,
We culture many a soil,
Where mercy's works abound,
And bless our humble toil.

God's mercies then we'll sing,
His mightiest works above,
Our tribute thus to bring,
In Faith, and Hope, and Love.
God's mercies still we'll sing,
His mightiest works above,
Our tribute thus to bring,
In Faith, and Hope, and Love.

The reporter had a short talk with Mother Elizabeth Strange, one of the two living survivors of the band of seven. "She is a bright-eyed old lady who talks rapidly, but in a wonderfully entertaining way. Time, though he has traced wrinkles on the kindly cheerful face, has left no imprint of decay upon her remarkable memory, and she recalls dates and incidents with surprising facility. Eight years ago, after an absence of 30 years, she revisited the home of her girlhood, but returned to this, her adopted country, at the termination of her visit."

## TRIBUTE TO THE SISTERS OF MERCY,
## PITTSBURGH,
## ON THEIR GOLDEN JUBILEE, DECEMBER 12TH, 1831—81

1. A star springs up in the far-off East,
The golden harbinger of a feast!
And it speeds its course on the Night's fair breast,
A magical courier out to the West.
Soft zones of radiance wreathing the sky,
Catch the pinions of years that have hurried by,
And, bringing them back, flood their story light,
And beauty and joy on this festal night.
An' from shore to shore o'er the billowy sea
Wherever the Order of Mercy may be,
The star sings, "Golden Jubilee!"

2. Lo! hear the rustle of wonderful wings,
And the sound of music from golden strings;
See! tender spirits are circling around
And guarding the precincts of Convent-ground!
"Mercy and Truth have met each other,"
Wreathing the brow of a sainted Mother!
"Justice and Peace each other have kissed"
'Neath the night's deep arch amethyst.
While from shore to shore o'er the billowy sea,
Wherever the Order of Mercy may be,
Its star sings, "Golden Jubilee!"

3. Look! yonder group in the heavens bright,
They are clothed like the lilies in vesture white,
And the beautiful gleam of their loving eyes
Wakes the soul to a vision of Paradise.
Poverty! Chastity! see they come!
And Obedience points to the Convent-home.
For Faith and Hope and Charity there
Lift their golden heads like a pictured prayer,
While over the land and over the sea,
Wherever the Order of Mercy may be,
Its star sings, "Golden Jubilee!"

4. And tiny bands of Seven and Seven
Pour forth from crystal gates of Heaven,
And dropping their dazzling gifts afar,
They kindle abroad the light of the star.
The "Poor" the "Sick," with gladsome cry,
Are reaching their hands out they know not why,
And the darkened brows of "the Ignorant" shine
With a halo reflected from light divine,
While over the land and over the sea,
Wherever the Order of Mercy may be,
Its star sings, "Golden Jubilee!"

5. Oh, Catherine McAuley! oh, saint of to-night!
Ten thousand souls has thy love made bright;
'Tis fifty years since this seed, broadcast,
Met the darkness of earth and the wintry blast;
That band of Three! it has passed away,
But its work shines out this Jubilee Day,
And with hearts exulting, her children claim
A Foundress—a Saint—in a Mother's name,
And over the land and over the sea,
Wherever the Order of Mercy may be,
They'll crown her this "Golden Jubilee."

The exercises of this memorable day were then brought to a close by the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament by Rt. Rev. R. Phelan.

"Of the original seven, who almost four decades ago arrived from Ireland in Pittsburgh, but two survive, viz., Mother Elizabeth Strange, of the Convent of Mercy, this city, and Mother Francis Warde of Manchester, N. H. From that little band has gone forth the power that has built the order and with it churches and schools and hospitals. They have labored in hovel and hamlet; crowded court and stifling lazaretto,—ofttime with no reward but a thankful look from eyes fast glazing in death. Upon the plains of Mexico, at Buena Vista and Cerro Gordo, and upon the sodden soil of our Southern battlefields, their tender care and ministrations have been felt! Blue and gray, friend and foe know and bless them.

In the history of the Order in Pittsburgh, they have removed but three times. From 1843 to 1848, they occupied buildings upon Penn Avenue, but in the latter year they removed to their present site, corner Webster and Chatham streets. From seven sisters and one establishment, they have increased in this diocese to 200 sisters and nine establishments, all under the charge of the Mother Superior at the Webster Avenue convent. They are as follows: The Mother House, Webster Avenue; St. Xavier's Academy; Latrobe; Mercy Hospital, city; Orphan Asylum, Tannehill Street; Lawrenceville convent, 46th St.; St. Patrick's, 17th St.; Allegheny, McKeesport and Braddock. The growth of the Order in the United States from this small beginning, the seed sown 38 years ago, has resulted in the establishment of over 200 convents and the confirmation of over 10,000 sisters."—*Pittsburgh Catholic.*

A FEW OF THE ACCEPTANCES AND REGRETS RECEIVED

CATHEDRAL, DEC. 1, 1881.

*Dear Mother Sebastian:*

Your invitation "Most cordially and respectfully" extended to me "to sing the Solemn Mass of celebration" in your Chapel on the 12th instant is received. I cheerfully accept the invitation and promise that D. V. I will sing the Mass on the occasion and day named.

I hope, also, to do justice "to the dinner following."

Yours sincerely,

DENIS KEARNEY.

ERIE, DEC. 1, 1881.

*Dear Mother Superior:*

As I have an appointment to fill about that time it will be impossible for me to assist at your anniversary. I have reason to hope, however, that I will be represented on the interesting occasion and be assured my prayers will be united with those offered on that day for the benefit of the Order of Mercy.

Yours sincerely,

T. BP. ERIE.

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL,
ERIE, PA., DEC. 1, 1881.

*Rev. Mother Sebastian:*

I am in receipt of your very kind invitation to be present at the Golden Jubilee of the Anniversary, Sisters of Mercy. The day of the week on which the anniversary occurs and the hour at which the Mass will be celebrated preclude the possibility of my being in attendance at the ceremony, but D. V. I will put in an appearance in the P. M. and hope in time for the last course of the good dinner. As to the request made for the offering of the Mass, that you may rest assured will be willingly and I trust worthily done. Please say to Sr. Inez, that I return in place of her love, the warmest affection of a brother's heart. I am, Rev. Mother,

Yours respectfully in Xto.,

THOS. A. CASEY.

*Dear Rev. Mother:*

Many thanks for your kind invitation. You know how glad I would be to accept it if that were possible. A thousand congratulations and best wishes for your fiftieth Anniversary of the 12th instant. I will say Mass D. V. for you on that great day.

Here we are just in the midst of a Fair to finish the new church. It will be dedicated some time next spring.

May God help you all.

Very sincerely in J. C.,

H. C. Denny, S. J.

St. Francis Xavier College,
30 West 16th St.,
New York.

Dec. 1, 1881.

St. Paul of the Cross, Retreat,
Pittsburgh, Pa., Dec. 1, 1881.

*Dear Mother Sebastian:*

Last evening I received your communication informing me that on the 12th instant your institution will count its age at fifty years; and that its fiftieth birthday will be appropriately celebrated by its members residing in these parts.

Permit me to assure you, Reverend Mother, that you and your sisters will claim on that day a valuable share in my prayers and in the prayers and sacrifices of my community. In regard to the invitation so kindly extended to be present on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee exercises, I can but say that I feel grateful indeed for the same, and if possible I will give myself the great pleasure of accepting it.

In any case you can count on the Very Reverend Master of Novices being present and perhaps also on my own presence.

Hoping my community and self will not be forgotten in your and the good Sisters' prayers, I am

Yours in Christ,

Alphonse C. P.

Woodstock College, Dec. 1, 1881.

*Rev. Mother in Xto.:*

It would afford me very great pleasure to be present at the Celebration in your Chapel of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the foundation of the Order of Mercy. I would be glad on that day to congratulate you on the blessings which God has so lavishly bestowed upon your Institute; to rejoice with you for what it has already done for the divine glory; and to exult at the bright anticipations of the future.

But, I am too far from Pittsburgh, and even were you near to Woodstock, my class duties would prevent me from attending the Celebration.

I will, however, be with you in spirit, and offer up to God my humble prayers for the prosperity of your Order, and of all your works. This I will do on that day with greater fervor, but not for the first time, for I have never forgotten to pray for you.

Begging a little remembrance for me in your prayers, I remain

Your devoted servant in Xto.,
W. M. Augustinis, S. J.

To Mother M. Sebastian,
Convent of Mercy,
Webster Ave.,
Pittsburgh.

Freeport, Pa., Dec. 2, 1881.

*Reverend Mother:*

Your kind invitation to the celebration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Foundation of your Order, has been received. I shall take pleasure in offering up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass on that day, according to the intention expressed in your letter of invitation; and whilst I will, most certainly, be present in spirit, at the Mass celebrated in your Convent Chapel, I am afraid that I shall not be able to assist in body, on account of Jubilee Devotions, which will commence, at Natrona, on Sunday, the eleventh, and will not finish until the following Wednesday. However, if possible, I will endeavor to be present.

In the meantime, begging that God will bestow His choicest blessings upon your Order and its works. I remain

Yours sincerely in Christ,

W. KITTEL.

HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA., DEC. 2, 1881.

*Dear Mother Sebastian:*

Your very kind invitation to attend the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Foundation of your Order has come to hand.

In reply, I beg to say that nothing would afford me greater pleasure than to be present and congratulate on that auspicious occasion my many and devoted friends among the Sisters in the Convent of Mercy, Webster Ave., Pittsburgh, did circumstances permit. But though regretfully absent in body, I shall be cheerfully present in spirit. I am not now, never was, nor never, I hope, shall be, unmindful of the invaluable services rendered by the Sisters of Mercy to religion in this portion of western Pa. And that they may increase and multiply, dear Mother Sebastian, till they are as numerous as the sands of the sea, is the fervent prayer of

Your humble servant,

THOS. WALSH.

HARRISBURG, PA., DEC. 2, 1881.

*Dear Rev. Mother Sebastian:*

I beg to acknowledge your kind favor of 29th ult., and to thank you for your invitation to be present at your celebration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Foundation of your Order. Much as I would be gratified to be able to be with you on that joyous occasion, I am obliged to say that it will be impossible. Still I shall be only too happy to comply with your pious request to remember your Institute and its many past works, before the Altar on that day. May God grant that the blessings He has wrought through your Order may be many times multiplied, and that each of the members may ever have the grace to live up to the spirit of her holy vocation, and through her sacrifice have her earthly reward and gain her heavenly crown.

Very sincerely yours in Christ,

J. F. SHANNAHAN,
Bishop of Harrisburg.

SHARPSBURG, PA., DEC. 2, 1881.

*Sisters of Mercy,*

*Rev. dear Sisters:*

Will gladly be present, at least for Mass, and perhaps for dinner. Will say Mass on the morning of the 12th for the members of the Order. Give kindest regards to all and tell all to pray for one—six years out of the fifty,

Your Chaplain,

GEO. S. GRACE.

BRADY'S BEND, PA., DEC. 3, 1881.

*Dear Mother Superior:*

Many thanks for your kind invitation. I congratulate the Sisters of Mercy upon this happy occasion and as you requested of me I shall remember your Institute at the Altar on that day. If possible for me to be present at your celebration on the 12th inst., I will do so. I remain

Yours sincerely in Xto.,

P. F. MAY.

BLAIRSVILLE, PA., DEC. 3, 1881.

*Sister M. Sebastian,*

*Dear Sister:*

Your kind invitation reached me to-day. I shall certainly be present on the 12th D. V.

With kindest regards and hoping that the occasion will be a grand success, I am

Yours respectfully,

E. M. MCKEEVER.

LORETTO, PA., DEC. 5, 1881.

*Rev. Mother Superior and Sisters:*

As the Chapel of the Sisters in Loretto will be dedicated on the 12th inst., and as my presence at the ceremonies will be necessary, I shall not have it in my power to accept your kind invitation to attend the festivities at St. Mary's. Regretting my inability to partake of your joy in celebrating your jubilee, but wishing my Sisters all happiness, I remain

Truly yours,

H. L. BOWEN.

*To the Mother Superior of the Sisters of Mercy in Pittsburgh:*

Rev. W. A. Nolan presents his most respectful compliments to the "Sisters of Mercy," congratulates them upon having attained the fiftieth anniversary of their foundation, and upon the good they have done in their diocese, which none but God alone can fully estimate and recompense; will offer a Mass for the special purpose mentioned in their letter; and while regretting that the train will not arrive in time to be present at the opening of the ceremonies, he will be with them on the day appointed as soon as arrival of train enables him, i.e., at 11.50.

Butler, Pa., Dec. 5, 1881.

Wilmore, Dec. 7, 1881.

*Dear Mother Sebastian:*

Your very kind invitation to be present at the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of your Order was received some days since.

And in reply I am sorry to say that I cannot possibly be present, on account of having previously promised to assist at the dedication of the new Chapel at St. Aloysius, Loretto, and take part in their celebration on the same day. I hope, however, your celebration will call forth a general response of appreciation for the justly won merit of the Order of Mercy to which this diocese especially owes so much not only on account of its being our greatest public benefactor, but also on account of the good example, piety, zeal, and self sacrificing lives of its members.

I will not fail to remember your community in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, as requested, and hope that prosperity here, and God's blessing hereafter, may be the happy lot of the good Sisters of Mercy.

I remain as ever yours,

H. McHugh.

Georgetown College, Dec. 2, 1881.

*Rev. and dear Mother:*

A great privilege indeed would I deem it, were it feasible for me to visit Pittsburgh this month, and in the Mother House of the society in this country celebrate the golden jubilee of the establishment of the Order of Mercy. The pro-

longed absence of our Rev. President, and the uncertainty as to the date of his return leave me no freedom of action, and I must reluctantly decline your kind invitation for the 12th inst. The further pleasure of offering for your devoted community on this anniversary of this organization the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass will not be denied me and I have no doubt that Almighty God regarding His Eternal Son made a victim of justice by reason of the Divine Mercy, and considering the countless deeds of mercy accomplished by your holy institute in the fifty years now closing, will not fail to bless abundantly the dear daughters of Mercy, over whom you now preside; and will fill anew their hearts with that divine love which keeps alive the spirit of mercy in their souls, while He encourages to live and love on till the bright day of eternal reward dawns upon them for their own faithful service in behalf of souls dear to God.

It would delight me beyond measure to renew the acquaintances formed at St. Xavier's during the summer, and I beg you to assure the good sisters that I forget none of them and daily at the Altar beg a blessing from God on all whom I met at St. Xavier's, not only those who made the retreat, but likewise the good sisters who so kindly entertained me, of whom I think you have with you in Pittsburgh Mother Regina, Sisters Inez, Antonia, and my sanctuary assistant, Sr. Evangelist.

Commend me to the pious prayers of all, and be sure that at the altar in the solemn mysteries of the divine Sacrifice I shall be united with you on the 12th inst. With many thanks for your kind remembrance of me, Rev. and dear Mother, I remain

Yours faithfully in Xto.,
Jas. A. Doonan, S. J.

St. Patrick's Church,
Newry, Blair Co., Pa., Dec. 4, 1881.

*Dear Rev. Mother:*

Your cherished favor of the 30th Nov., inviting me to the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the Order of Mercy was duly received. I regret that arrangements regarding the Jubilee will not permit me to be present on the occasion of the

anniversary. I cherish warm memories of the kind nursing of the good Sisters of Mercy, and pray that their good offices in behalf of suffering humanity, and their efforts in imparting a truly Christian education may be crowned with perfect sucess, I am, dear Mother,

Very truly yours,

R. Brown.

Pittsburgh Catholic College, Dec. 5, 1881.

*My dear Mother:*

Please accept my most sincere thanks for your gracious invitation to attend the Jubilee of your order in the United States. A previous engagement will unfortunately deprive me of the pleasure of being present on that auspicious day; but my best wishes shall be with you and your good Sisters. All our Fathers will be happy to remember you at the altar, and two of them will represent our community at your Solemn High Mass.

With best wishes for the perseverance of your order in the glorious course it has ever pursued since its foundation, and with the assurance of unfeigned esteem, I remain

Very respectfully yours in Jesus and Mary,

P. M. Powers.

Rev. Mother Sebastian.

Uniontown, Pa., Fayette Co., Dec. 5, 1881.

*Dear Sister:*

I received your kind note Saturday. If I can possibly be there in time I will; but I fear that I will not be able to make it, the distance is so great. Whether I be there or not I will say Mass on that morning for the Order.

Remember me kindly to all the Sisters of my acquaintance, particularly Sister De Ricci.

Yours in Xto.,

C. A. McDermott.

Church of the Sacred Heart,
East End, Dec. 7, 1881.

*Dear Mother Sebastian:*

Many thanks for your kind invitation. I shall be only too happy to be present at the Golden Jubilee. In the meantime

and always the good Sisters shall have my hearty prayers and best wishes.

Yours in Xto.,

F. Keane.

Washington, Pa., Dec. 7, 1881.

*Rev. and Dear Mother:*

Your kind note of the 1st instant containing an invitation to the Semi-Centennial came to hand promptly. Please excuse my tardy reply. I have been away from home, and while at home so engaged as to prevent a prompt response.

I thank you cordially for the invitation and shall endeavor, God willing, to be present. I owe too much to the Order of Mercy, and to living members, to neglect to pay it, and them, any little tribute of respect within my power. I would I could express it more substantially.

Again thanking you for the invitation, and hoping that God will make your work of the future as great and as durable as it has been in the past, I remain

Your obedient servant in Xto.,

John Malady.

East Albany, Dec. 7, 1881.

*My dear Cousin:*

I received some time ago a circular in reference to a Memorial Hospital, and a few days since a letter of invitation to your Jubilee exercises, both of which I propose answering together. It would afford me very great pleasure to assist at your services next Monday, particularly the dinner, but my dearly beloved daughters in this part of the country claim my attention for that day. In my unavoidable absence you can rely upon my best wishes and prayers for your success in all your undertakings. Enclosed I send a draft of ($100) One Hundred Dollars for the proposed hospital.

With kind regards to all the Sisters, I remain

Yours affectionately in Xto.,

James E. Duffy.

BEDFORD, BEDFORD CO., PA., DEC. 10, 1881.

*Dear Mother Superior:*

To your most kind invitation I have but one reply to make —while I write it, I do regret it, I cannot go and be present at your grand celebration. Whatever hopes of being able to be there I may have entertained after receiving your kind letter, are gone. I live out of the world too far to be present in time.

I will be with you heart and soul and shall if I live join in (however unworthy to do so) all the good intentions of all the Sisters of Mercy the world over on that Day.

You don't know how grateful I feel for your kind remembrance of me, in thus asking me to be present on your grand occasion of showing us—the world what you are. While I do regret I cannot avail myself of your kindness, I shall lay aside somewhere on memory's shelf your kind invitation.

Ask your children sometimes to pray for one in need.

Yours very faithfully,

D. O'CONNELL.

FREDERICK, MD., DEC. 10, 1881.

*Dear Sister Sebastian:*

In answer to your kind favor of the 1st of Dec., let me assure you that I shall on the 12th inst. most earnestly pray God to bless the Sisters of Mercy and give them grace to preserve the spirit of their virile foundress and go on with ever increasing ardor in the discharge of the duties which they have (Christian heroines that they are) taken upon themselves. I cannot forget their labors in the Pittsburgh diocese, their tender care of the sick and of the orphan, their devotedness in the cause of Catholic education, and the filial solicitude they have shown in the nursing of aged and infirm priests, and that often without any earthly recompense.

Your invitation to be present at the religious ceremonies and the following dinner on your semi-annual feast, is of course, a mere formality, as you could not expect a novice to get leave (even if he asked it) to go so far on a pleasure trip. I would, indeed, be glad to meet the many friends I count among you, most of them are the elders, the pioneers, who knew what it was to work, and suffer and want, when the Catholic Church in the Pittsburgh diocese was in swaddling

clothes. I beg to be especially remembered (though I dislike to name any without naming all, where all are friends) to Sisters Isidore, Seraphina, Regina, de Sales, Gertrude (Cosgrave), Juliana, Elizabeth, Josephine, Liguori, Hilda, Bernadette, Borgia, etc. Please ask them to pray for me during the month dating from the Epiphany as I expect to spend that time in retreat. You, dear Sister, will I feel sure, join in their pious suffrages for me. Remember me to the priests, who will be with you on the 12th. Tell Father Ward (your chaplain, I believe) to come to make another retreat under the same beneficent tutelage.

May God sweetly wound your heart with the arrows of His love! I remain, dear Sister Sebastian,

Your servant in Christ,

FRANCIS MCCARTHY,
N. S. J.

ST. JAMES, WEST END, DEC. 11, 1881.

*Dear Mother Sebastian:*

It was my intention to avail myself of your kind invitation and be present at the Celebration of your Golden Jubilee tomorrow, but unfortunately I shall have a Funeral in the morning with High Mass at half-past nine o'clock. It is not likely that any one will miss me in the crowd you will be sure to have, but courtesy requires an apology for absence on such an occasion. You will be so busy that you will have hardly time to glance at this note; hence I will not trespass further than to thank you for the kind invitation you have extended to me, and to express my regret for my unavoidable absence.

Sincerely yours in Xto.,

F. L. TOBIN.

ST. BRIDGET'S, THURSDAY.

*Dear Mother Superior:*

At first I thought I was in the position of the ass between the two bundles of hay, who died of starvation because being equally attracted on both sides he could not partake of either bundle and so gave up the ghost. Now I am invited to Loretto, and to St. Mary's for the same day and hour, but fortunately

as I am alone at St. Bridget's I could not conveniently be in Loretto on Monday morning. Hence I am not like the ass but can solve the difficulty by promising to be at St. Mary's on Monday 12th for the Jubilee Celebration.

Yours sincerely in Xto.,

JEROME KEARNEY.

*Sister M. Sebastian—Mother Superior of the Sisters of Mercy, Pittsburgh.*

*Dear Rev. Mother:*

Your kind letter of Nov. 30 I found on reaching home yesterday Wednesday, Dec. 7.

I most heartily congratulate yourself personally, all, and each of the members of your esteemed institute, through you, in the Diocese of Pittsburgh, where I believe the high honor belongs of being the place where the first foundation in these United States was established fifty golden years ago. Catholics, and I may venture to say non-Catholics, of this city are proud of this noble claim, and will I not be ever mindful of the deep obligations under which we all rest because of the wonderful things you have wrought amongst and towards us. I am rejoiced to learn that there is to be given a very tangible expression of the appreciation of your works in the city of Pittsburgh in the erection of a suitable Memorial Hospital, that will be open to the afflicted of all classes (as has been the case with the present excellent Hospital of your institute), irrespective of creed or nationality.

You will allow me to have some share in this noble work; and herewith enclose check for Fifty ($50) dollars. Begging in return a share in your prayers and works of Mercy and charity.

Believe one, dear Rev. Mother, to be

Yours very sincerely in Xto.,

MORGAN M. SHEEDY.

Dec. 8, 1881.

ST. ROSE'S—CANNELTON, BEAVER CO., PENNA.

P. S. I will be with you if possible on Monday next. Extend to all my warmest congratulations on the happy event.

MMS.

Lock Haven, Pa., Dec. 9, 1881.

*Rev. M. Sebastian,*

*Dear Mother:*

I am sorry I cannot comply with your very earnest and gratifying request; but as I explained to you at St. Xavier's unusual and necessary duties will require my undivided attention the coming week.

Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to assist at your celebration—a celebration to honor one of Ireland's most virtuous, most noted and heroic daughters in her works—which last in undiminished luster to our own time—which only God could inspire and His faithful servants execute—which are a necessary outcome of that divine life our Lord imparted to His church—which challenge arrests the attention of a callous —cynical—uncharitable world—with praise and glory for anything for everything—but virtue—your noble—charitable self-sacrificing institute extorts from it unwilling it is true—respect and admiration—going about as it does in imitation of your great example. Doing good—without fear—favor—or reward on earth. Not her faithful worthy heiresses alone, but every Irishman who loves and glories in his country and creed should feel a peculiar intense pride, delight and gratitude in commemorating her memory and works.

She has revived and illustrated in our times the spirit of Sts. Bridget and Columbkill—names inspiring faith, piety and patriotism. She has bequeathed to the world a heritage—beneficial and grand. But fifty years and its spread is marvelous—almost miraculous. It brings to the mind ages long past, when Benedictine, Franciscan, Dominican sprang up as if by magic. In regions where they sowed it is the glorious mission of the Sisters of Mercy to gather in the harvest. This has been accomplished without the protection or means of the powerful and wealthy—but by labor, patience, zeal, charity, fortitude of Heaven.

The present members of the order are deserving (and I am pleased to observe they get them) of encouragement, confidence, and support. The mantle of your holy foundress covers hearts as zealous, as faithful, as worthy, as this earth possesses. The appointments of her last will and testament have

been generously, nobly executed. The church may well grant you privileges, indulgences, and blessings. She may safely entrust you with the training of her children and their interests. She does well to throw around you the ægis of her power and authority. Your life is her best, most forcible eulogy—the strongest guarantee she can give to the world of her purity, her charity, her disinterestedness, of her life and mission divine. She can always claim the consideration and confidence of the world because of you.

Not the past alone can boast of religious institutions, founded and endowed with the spirit of prayer, recollection, self-sacrifice, etc. The present celebration gives evidence that the present is as fruitful as the past.

No crisis, no emergency will find the church unprepared, and when one and the other arose in Ireland fifty years ago, God created, fashioned, educated, inspired the great and saintly Catherine McAuley to meet it. She met it and every page of her life's history, every one of her numerous and faithful daughters and thousands of children in every land under the sun, attest in distinct, forcible terms that she has met it well and successfully.

I am perhaps troubling you with too much talk, but somehow I can't help it. My admiration for the order of Mercy, my gratefulness to you for your kind invitation are too great, too deep to be dismissed with a few cold words.

I hope my enthusiasm will not seem silly or extravagant. It is genuine, just what I feel.

I pray that the same spirit may inspire and animate—the same success attend your efforts in the future as in the past—and that the order of Mercy may be as useful and honored fifty—a hundred—years hence as now. For this intention I will offer up the holy Sacrifice of the Mass for you on Monday the 12th.

Again expressing my regrets for not being able to attend, and wishing you all the blessings the occasion promises, I remain,

Yours sincerely in Xto.,
M. Power.

PITTSBURGH, Dec. 9, 1881.

*Dear Mother Sebastian:*

I shall do everything in my power to respond to your kind invitation to the ceremony in your Convent next Monday, and I do hope the Centennial of your "Order" will find it as it has been in the past, the home of sublime virtue, quietly exercised; the Protection of the poor, and the Instruction of the ignorant; the alleviation of physical pain and the guide on Heaven's pathway to many a poor erring soul.

With much respect I remain,

Yours sincerely in Xto.,

C. V. NEESON.

Rt. Rev. James O'Connor, who was born in 1823, and died Bp. of Omaha May 27, 1890, was one of St. Xavier's earliest and most devoted friends. The sentiments expressed in the following address, delivered during a visit in 1881 to the Academy, embody the feeling of regard entertained for him by all the pupils of St. Xavier's.

*Rt. Rev. and Beloved Bishop:*

Welcome! It is the one word that echoes in our hearts and trembles on our lips to-night.

Thrice welcome to him whom the children of St. Xavier's must ever call "friend," whose memory has come down to us through the lights and shadows of intervening years, freighted with a wealth of happy reminiscences; whose name is wreathed with tendrils of gratitude and love. If, looking among the groups of merry school-girls, who trembling frame this greeting, Rt. Rev. Bishop, your eye cannot rest on one familiar face, remember it is old friends, who, through their children, stretch out their hands to you to-night, for the old time grasp of friendship and welcome.

Sainted memories and tenderest hopes, long ago laid to rest, come up to-night, as we recognize in the noble worker from the West an honored friend. Our hearts have been turned to the music of the past, and while the mind runs lightly over the beautiful harmony, the dominant chord that strikes in upon our spirit and reverberates in the present, is the name of our Alma Mater's oldest living friend.

Meeting thus the reality of what we have heard in days gone by, it seems to me I hold within my hand a crystal vase, and through its transparency see the amber liquid of gratitude welling up towards one, 'round whom our convent-home traditions have woven fast; gratitude for the good wrought in days gone by; for the good that has since gone out from St. Xavier's to hundreds now treading the broad path of life; gratitude for all that the future will crown the little seeds which were broadcast by his loving hand in those early days of toil and labor.

And for you, Rt. Rev. Bishop, do "footsteps echo in the corridors of Time" as you mingle once again with the children of St. Xavier's. Does your "reverted glance" wander from us through the vista of years to the times and friends that were? See you not the children that gathered at your feet in love and reverence then, living in another generation in those who cluster 'round you now?

Let the old time blessing of peace and love that crowned our mothers rest upon their children in this hour of reunion. Let St. Xavier's be "home" to you to-night; be with us as of old. And now, ere I withdraw, I pause, and my heart fails in utterance of the wish it would frame.

To-morrow will dawn, and you will go far from our midst, and through many to-morrows you will be absent; but remember that all the while kind hearts are watching your labors, and breathing earnest prayers for their success.

May the heart so nobly guiding the hand in that heaven-appointed mission of your Western home grow young! May the years, as they pass, like angels' pinions fold softly about you, and at last lay the crowning touch of perfection on each well wrought deed, and always and ever may "God be with you!"

OMAHA, Jan. 8, 1882.

*My dear Sister:*

Your kind New Year's greeting received yesterday was most welcome. It revived the impression made on me three weeks ago, by the warm welcome I received at St. Mary's—a welcome I can never forget. And what happened at St. Mary's was repeated at St. Xavier's and at Loretto. All without exception, from the highest official to the humblest lay Sister,

gave me to see that I held a place in their regard, of which any one living might well be proud. I was well aware that I was indebted for this manifestation of feeling chiefly, though not exclusively, to the claims one of my name had upon their gratitude, but as the merit was all in the family, I, in a certain way, took it all to myself.

My own share would have been happiness enough; the sum total was almost more than I could bear.

And did that going out to me of so many of the purest hearts on earth flatter or elate me? On the contrary, it humbled me; for it reminded me how little I had done to deserve it, and how much that would justify a very different reception. It gave me, however, a more vivid impression of the lavish gratitude of Nuns than I had ever before received, and made me thank God anew for having enabled me to serve them ever so little.

I have had many friends, and I have spent many happy days in the course of my life. You, who know Philadelphia, can appreciate the attractions it must have had for me, who was welcomed to the homes and hearts of many of its most cultivated, and best people; yet, I can truly say that neither there, nor elsewhere, have I ever passed as delightful a week as that spent amongst the Pittsburgh Sisters, on the occasion of my last visit to them.

It was a period of calm, unmixed, unspeakable pleasure, that comes but seldom into a life-time, and which, once experienced, can never be forgotten. Before making that visit, I thought all sentiment had gone out of me; but you proved to me that the heart cannot die, even on the prairies of Nebraska, or under the care and worry of a western episcopate. The softness, or, as Mother Elizabeth's countrymen would say, the "tinderness" your reception brought to the surface of my thoughts and feelings, quite startled me, and gave me to see that, after all, I am as weak in this to me, pet point of self-control, as the average man of flesh and blood.

. . . . . .

And now, with a New Year's blessing, and affectionate regards to all at St. Mary's, I am,

Truly yours in D'no.,

JAMES O'CONNOR.

## CHAPTER X

DURING the seventies several schools in the city were opened by the Community, notably St. Malachy's; St. Thomas', Braddock; St. Mary's, Point; St. Agnes', Soho; St. Andrew's, Manchester (now Pbg. N. S.). They were all attended from St. Mary's, Webster Ave., or St. Anne's, Allegheny. Owing to distance from the Convent, or other unfavorable circumstances, the three first mentioned have been relinquished. In 1877, Father Matthew Carroll invited the Sisters to a fine new school-house, one of the best equipped at that time in the diocese. Two years after the new convent was finished, furnishing a comfortable home for the little band. St. Agnes' new school-house, finished in 1914, is near Mt. Mercy, and is quite a luxury compared with the school building of former years, which yielded to the fire fiend a few years ago.

St. Peter's, McKeesport, has a commodious building, much improved of late, crowded with pupils; and the kind pastor, Mgr. McDermott, spares no expense that may conduce to their improvement and the comfort of the Sisters.

The following lines were written by "Mercedes" to record the history of Old Matthew's Picture, which now hangs in a room in St. Peter's Parochial School, McKeesport. For years the picture hung in the old church, whence it was removed to the Convent of Mercy, thence to the school-house, where it may be seen.

### OLD MATTHEW'S PICTURE

A True Story

PART FIRST

One morning, into shore,
Sunlight steeping her o'er and o'er,
Riding stately towards the strand,
Wondrous and beautiful, strong and grand,
Her prow dashing the waves aside,
Breasting and parting the foamy tide,
Heaved a proud steamer.

All about
Th' expectant voyagers stand without,
Waiting with beating hearts the shout
Of the sailors crying "Land!"

At last the chains are down;
Wild with excitement, the human throng
Gather, and press, and surge along.
Friends are greeting and tears are flowing,
While the soft land breeze is o'er them blowing;
The bright sun is smiling down o'erhead,
While tender words of greeting are said,
And back o'er the ocean's foam
Is borne the cry of "Welcome home!"

But apart,
Gazing timidly, his heart
Shining in his eyes, one arm
Guarding a Picture, as from harm;
The other pressed by a woman's hands,
An aged man in silence stands,
Patiently waiting his turn to reach
The busy crowds on the shining beach.

Both are gray;
Their cheeks are furrowed, and deep lines play
About their lips, and about their eyes,
As they fearfully glance, in their quick surprise;
And the woman's eyes are brimming o'er
As she wistfully glances towards the shore.
"Courage, good wife!" said the man, at last;
What though alone on a foreign shore,
The Hand that guided us will do more.
Praised be His goodness, He leaves me my life,
My dear Madonna, and my wife."

But tears rolled over her wrinkled cheek,
A tenderness deeper than tongue can speak,
But a moan bursts forth on her quivering lip
As she glances around the empty ship.
"Matthew! to-day, in the fields at home,
That sun shines down on our cabin lone,
And you know how near are the graves of the boys,
Our buried treasures, our earthly joys.
Do you blame me, Matthew, that tears will come?
I've left my heart in those graves at home."

"Courage, good wife!"—but his voice grew low
And husky; he thought of the long ago,
When the boys were all round him in their glee,
And no proud father was prouder than he.
There was John, the eldest, sturdy and brave,
The handsomest, noblest, yet first in the grave;
And pale little Matthew, his namesake and pet,
And Daniel and Stephen, he sees them all yet,

And he sees their graves in the church-yard green,
The soft breeze parting the grass between,
The sunlight touching the mounds with gold,
And the scene all bathed as with peace untold.
And the old man bowed his head and cried
Like the trembling woman by his side.

Hear the cry, as the sailors go by:
"Rouse thee, man: the crowd has gone;
Take thy wife and hasten home."

"Home? where's home? for me, for her,
On this strange shore, for the foreigner?"

But he goes. 'Mid the city's bustle and strife
We lose him, his picture, and his wife.

PART SECOND

Evening lay on a Western river
Like rosy wine; and many a quiver
Marked the waves as they rise and swell,
Kindling beneath the magic spell.
Five peaceful years have passed away
Since Matthew landed that summer day,
When with tears he thanked God "for his life,
His dear Madonna, and his wife."
Full of faith, he had prospered, and found
Friends and home on the foreign ground.
Cheerfully toiling, day by day,
Their lives drifted on; to work, to pray,
To talk of the graves, was their wont to do
As the sun went down on the aged two.

But to-night
Terror and fright
Lay like a spell on the little home,
For Death, it seemed, like a thief had come:
The wife of his bosom lay speechless and pale,
And Matthew's courage began to fail;
But his trust in Heaven was firm and strong,
Though his vigils beside the couch were long.
He thought of the wearisome waste of life,
When she should be gone, his faithful wife;
His heart was breaking; his old gray head
Was sunk on his breast in a terrible dread.
Alone, on the pitiless world to be thrown;
To live, all alone, to die, all alone!
Oh, God! 'twas more than his heart could bear,
And Matthew in agony turned to prayer.

Above the bed the Madonna hung,
A Raphael whose praises had oft been sung;
For Matthew would say, beyond his life
He loved "this picture and his wife";

And the children loved it who were no more:
So he brought it afar from his native shore.
Indeed, the neighbors would smile when he'd say
This heartfelt utterance day by day.
And his "Wife and Picture" were quoted and told
As the type of a love, pure and precious as gold.
With hot tears raining over his cheek,
There on his knees without power to speak,
The old man gazed on the faces mild,
The sweet Madonna and the Child,
And at last his heart-cry found a tone
On his quiv'ring lips in this broken moan:

"Oh, Mother of God! by thy sorrowful throes
Look down on my heart, see its anguish and woes;
Restore to me my wife and I give to thy altar
This picture I love as my life; nor will falter
My vow in an instant fulfilment to make
When my prayer has been granted for Christ's blessed sake."

A calm like the breath of the soft summer breeze
Stole into his heart, and he rose from his knees.
His wife lived again! and the grateful old pair
To the Church brought the picture, in tears laid it there.
"Hang it over the altar," cried Matthew; "some other
May need like relief from the dear blessed Mother.
They will go to her feet for some favor, and ever
Will find it, nor fear a refusal, no, never!
Madonna!" he cried, "a last boon I pray:
When Death comes again, tell Him take both away!"

PART THIRD

And still the sun
Over the Western river swung,
And Spring hung out her banner green,
And Summer was empress of the scene,
And Autumn gathered the grape and wheat,
And Winter came with snow and sleet,
Then back again to the desolate earth
Spring returned with the flowers' birth;
The aged couple still sat at their door,
Still prayed together and gave to the poor.

One still, soft eve in the month of May,
Matthew had gone to the church to pray,
He knelt at the foot of the picture dear,
And prayed with a fervor that knew no fear
That Heaven would grant his time to come,
And dwell with God in the holy home.
A strange presentiment thrilled him o'er,
And he hastened home with a secret awe.

There in the porch sat his aged wife,
Her head bent forward, at peace with life!

The wrinkles were gone from her aged brow,
No tears in the faded blue eyes now.
In her icy fingers her rosary lay,
Her last sweet prayer that bright May-day.
One sharp, quick cry brought the neighbors near;
They lifted up Matthew but saw no tear.
Tenderly over the pulseless breast
They folded her withered hands at rest;
They smoothed the scanty silver hair,
And wondered they never thought her fair.
Her lips were smiling as though in sleep,
And a strange, sweet sadness made them weep.
But Matthew wept not, no word he said,
And they whispered, "Leave him alone with his dead."

One by one they stole away;
The old man, they said, must weep and pray.
They closed the door, and darkness crept
O'er the lonely watcher and her who slept.
The night wore on. The old man's prayer
Was heard in Heaven and answered there.
When morning lifted its golden head,
The Watched and the Watcher both were dead!

Two coffins stood in the shadowy aisle,
The Madonna above them seemed to smile,
For the last time together, at peace with life,
The Picture, old Matthew, and his wife.

SEQUEL

And time rolled on. The Picture stayed
In the humble Church where old Matthew prayed.
At last they built a stately pile
And forgot the Madonna!
. . . 'Twas but for a while:
To a "Convent of Mercy" they brought it with care,
And reverently hung the picture there.
So over that Convent altar to-day
The Madonna smiles in her old-time way,
And when sunset falls on the faces fair,
The dark-veiled Sisters kneel in prayer,
And after the Angelus-chime, is said,
Softly and low, the Psalm for the dead,
And mayhap they feel as they linger there
All things are granted to Faith and Prayer.

From April, 1868, to the present, the Latrobe parochial school has been in charge of our Sisters. At first two Sisters went daily from St. Xavier's except during two winter months when the roads were almost impassable, and the weather intolerably cold. For years there had been no resident Chaplain.

The boys, some of whom are now edifying and revered ministers of the Gospel, or excellent citizens, were then veritable nuisances to the neighborhood. Playing truant, to effect their mischievous schemes, was a frequent occurrence. In those years there were very few dining cars on the road. Latrobe, Altoona and Harrisburg furnished meals; salesmen on the train supplied coffee and hard boiled eggs at Latrobe, pretzels at Lancaster. The school boys possessing a taste for traffic, without the consent of the parents, boarded the trains with a supply of such commodities as they considered desirable. On one occasion a lady who was absent from home for several days, visiting a sick relative, received a postal saying: "O mother, do come home. John goes on the train every day selling coffee and hard-boiled eggs. Of course you know where he gets the coffee and eggs."

There was one conductor who would not allow the youngsters on the train, and you may form some idea of their pranks from the following lines written at the time, on hearing of the dangerous sport:

LITTLE TIM'S REVENGE

Little Tim was the name of him
  Of whom I have to tell;
And he abode on the Western road
  In the busy town of L——.

As trains went down through the little town,
  He peddled through the cars
His stock in ice-cold lemonade,
  Cakes, peanuts and cigars.

Conductor Dunn was the only one
  Would not this trade allow;
And so twixt him and little Tim
  There always was a row.

At last one day they had a fray
  And Timothy declared
He'd fix old Dunn as sure as a gun,
  If both their lives were spared.

So off he went with this intent
  And sold his stock in trade;
His earnings hard, he spent for lard,
  And started for the grade.

This place you know, is where trains go
Up the steep hill-side;
And where with lard, it isn't hard
To get up such a slide;

He took a stick, and spread it thick
Remarking with a smile:
"There'll be some fun when Mr. Dunn
Commences to strike ile!"

He lay in wait; the train was late,
And came a puffing hard
With heavy load, right up the road
To where he'd spread the lard.

They tried in vain; that fated train
Could not ascend the grade;
The wheels would spin with horrid din,
Yet no advance was made.

Then little Tim, 'twas bold of him!
Cried out in accents shrill:
"Remember me, Conductor D.,
When you get up the hill."

MORAL

Success in trade is up a grade
That we should all ascend,
And with a will, help up the hill
A fellow man and friend.

TITUSVILLE

In 1870, Bishop Tobias Mullen applied to the Pittsburgh Community for Sisters of Mercy for Titusville. On September 23rd seven Sisters appointed for the foundation by Mother Evangelist Kinsella, started for Titusville. Mother Nolasco, assisted by Sisters M. Celestine Rafferty, Austin Kratzer, John Evangelist Milligan, Aloysius Murray, Benedict Gillespie, Isidore Fisher, and Clotilda Garahan, comprised the foundation. The Bishop and priests of the diocese most cordially welcomed the Sisters. The house was opened on Mercy Day and the children came in great numbers to school. Every undertaking prospered, but Mother Nolasco survived her arrival in Titusville only two years.

In September, 1875, a foundation was sent from Pittsburgh to Wilkesbarre at the request of Bishop O'Hara of Scranton. Seven Sisters, with Mother Regina Cosgrave, formed the band.

The other Sisters were Sister M. Josephine McCaffry, Baptist Coyle, Alberta Breen, de Ricci Rattigan, Louise Griffin, Columba O'Brien and Amelia McGraw.

Fathers Rea and Donaghue, with Major Kearney and Mr. Walsh, met the Sisters at the depot, and conducted them to their future home on Canal Street, where Mrs. Walsh, Mrs. Kearney, Mrs. Farrel and crowds of children awaited their arrival, and had a sumptuous repast prepared for them. Next day, the feast of the Nativity of our Blessed Mother, the Bishop was an early caller. The ladies set out an elegant banquet; in the center of the table an immense cake with the appropriate words, "Welcome, Dear Sisters."

School opened Oct. 12, with five hundred children; but the number increased so rapidly that two Sisters were sent from Pittsburgh to assist—for Wilkesbarre as yet was only a branch foundation to continue as such, until a sufficient number of subjects should enter to carry on the works. The novices were to be trained in the Pittsburgh Community.

The Bishop attended all the examinations and evinced great interest in the progress of the children. Within a year of the Sisters' arrival in Wilkesbarre, three of their pupils left for the Pittsburgh Novitiate: Lizzie Lenahan (S. M. Luigi), Ellie Hanks (S. M. Cecilia) and Mary Harter (S. M. Evangelist).

In the mining districts the duty of preparing the people for the Sacraments is heavy and unceasing. Before the child labor law was enacted, poor little fellows, after working all day in the mines, used to come after supper to the Convent, in their begrimed hands and faces, for instructions.

In few places was a foundation of Sisters more appreciated than in Wilkesbarre, and its neighboring towns.

In their piety and faith the people thought the Sisters akin to angels. On the visitations of the sick the poor mothers would often call an afflicted member of the family and beg one of the Sisters to lay her "blessed" hand on him or her. In the course of a few days word would come to the Convent of the child's recovery.

Two of the Sisters visited a poor man, who had lost the use of his limbs. The sisters gave him some St. Ignatius blessed water, at the same time making a novena for him. The poor man could walk again; the whole neighborhood resounded

with the praises of the good Sisters, and good St. Ignatius was entirely lost sight of. After this cure, one afternoon Mrs. R. came to the Convent and asked to see the Sister who gave her husband "his walk." The portress asked the name of the Sister, and Mrs. R. replied: "I don't know her name, but she looks like the Blessed Virgin."

When the message was delivered, both Sisters in question gave full vent to their visibles, as neither could decide on the resemblance.

In those days the boys went to the mines as young as nine years of age, and one can imagine how depraved a child would become hundreds of feet underground day after day with mules. S. M. C. heard that some of the boys when driving the mules used profane language, so during instructions on Friday she reproved them, teaching them some pious aspirations to use. The culprits promised to reform, but when Martin G. appeared some days after with a guilty mien, she called him to task and in his own truthful way he blurted out, "Look here, Sister, them mules can't understand them tame words. You just have to curse at them and I bet they go then; and the bigger the curse, Sister, the better they understand it."

A Sister was passing the "Second Reader" class room, and she was invited in to read some of the pupils' letters. This is one of them:

Dear Mary, did you here this good news? The Sisters are takin in girls now and learnin them to be Sisters. Aint that lovely? Our delia is going to be tuck when school is let out and some other girl. I don't know her name. Good-bye, Agnes.

In speaking of old times a Sister in writing said: "We think there are no children like the ones of the seventies and eighties. In a class of seventy boys were James Walsh, Ph.D., LL.D., Daniel Hart, City Treasurer, and a number of lawyers, Jas. H. Shea, John Shea, Wm. Fields."

From the colony of ten, in 1878, the Community has increased to two hundred fifteen members, distributed over the Scranton diocese, in thirteen branch-houses. May God's blessing continue to prosper the Community and the good works commenced and undertaken for His Glory.

In 1880, October 29, we must record the death of a truly edifying religious Sister M. Thais Hali.

Philomena Hali was a native of Baden-Baden, Germany. Her father, Charles Hali, came with his family to this country and settled in Pennsylvania. In her youth she became a Catholic. With the gift of Faith she was favored with a religious vocation, and in her twentieth year she entered the Community. Persevering through her fervent novitiate she had the happiness of making her vows in the presence of Right Reverend M. O'Connor, and Mother M. Josephine Cullen—then Superior of the Community—Sister M. Cecilia Hart, and Sister M. Baptist Heron were professed the same day.

Among the fervent sisters who entered soon after the foundation there were few who surpassed Sister M. Thais in self-sacrifice and labors. Sent to Loretto soon after her profession, she exerted herself indefatigably in the discharge of domestic duties. Nothing that could contribute to the comfort of the Sisters and pupils escaped her attention. At that time the Sisters were very poor, and could not afford to hire a man to do outdoor work. This devolved on Sister M. Thais. The yard, the stable, and its occupant, the cow, formed part of her charge, and this, during the severe winter weather, on the top of the Allegheny Mountains, was not nominal talk. In the summer the garden claimed her care, raising such vegetables as could be brought to perfection during the short summer, for, as you know, in Loretto the winter lingers long, and the summer is very short. Sister performed all these labors with the utmost simplicity, never thinking she was doing more than her duty, and satisfied that she was fulfilling the holy will of God.

Not only Loretto, but several of the other Houses, from time to time, as designed by obedience, were the scenes of her efficiency. Thus, for more than thirty years, she edified the Sisters by her holy life, when she was attacked by the disease which ended her career, and enriched her crown with many gems. As she had faithfully served God in health, so in sickness she was most patient and resigned. This long and painful illness was caused by cancer; the constant and terrible suffering of which she bore with a patience that never failed. These pains terminated only a few hours before her death, when forti-

fied by the Holy Sacraments, her soul departed from its earthly tenement.

She died at St. Xavier's, Oct. 21, 1880, in the fifty-second year of her age, and twenty-ninth year of her religious profession. After the solemn Mass of Requiem, on Oct. 31st, her remains were interred in St. Xavier's Cemetery. May her soul rest in peace.

### SISTER M. VERONICA MCDARBY

Sister M. Veronica was one of the band of Sisters who came with Mother Warde from Carlow, and arrived in Pittsburgh, Dec. 21, 1843. Sister was professed in Carlow Convent June 17, 1841.

It is the custom, when a foundation is to be sent out from the parent house, that the Sisters intended for the mission are asked if willing to go, leaving the decision to themselves, with the privilege of returning to the Mother House. But for some reason our Sister's wish was not consulted, but she was simply told that she was to go, and good religious that she was, she made no objection, though it cost her a good struggle to accept the obedience, giving up all that was dear to her, to labor in a strange land.

For nearly forty years she discharged the office of portress, first in the Convent on Penn St., afterwards at St. Mary's, Webster Ave., in a manner that gave universal satisfaction.

The poor who called at the convent for relief were objects of her special care, kindly attending to their wants, and consoling them by words of tender sympathy. Her patience was often put to the test by importunate callers, on these occasions her self-control was most edifying. Her obedience to the wishes of the Superiors was such as to inspire confidence that any direction given to her would be strictly carried out. To the Sisters she was endeared by her many amiable qualities. She was ever obliging and kind to all. She had great veneration for the Rev. Clergy, evincing for such as visited the Convent the greatest respect, and tendering them all necessary attention. She took great interest in the little girls, who from time to time were employed to assist her in her charge, doing such light work as answering the door-bell, carrying messages,

etc. To these children she gave a mother's care, instructing them in piety, while she trained them in habits of industry.

In 1866, Sister M. Veronica's Silver Jubilee of Profession was celebrated at St. Xavier's during the vacation of that year. As Sister was the first in the community to reach this stage in the religious life, everything was arranged to make it a memorable feast. She was crowned by Mother Superior, and a suitable address was read, conveying the sentiments of affection, and congratulations of the Sisters. We can remember how sweetly she accepted this honor, for the pleasure it gave others rather than for her own satisfaction.

In a quiet, unassuming routine of meritorious actions, the years passed all too quickly, and the time came when it was evident that the career of our much venerated Sister was nearing its close. Her strength failed gradually, though she did not seem to have any definite disease, suffering more weakness than from any great pain. A few months before her death, Mother Superior relieved her of her heavy charge, and the front hall and parlors saw her no more. As long as Sister was able, she spent much time in the Chapel, and her recollected manner manifested the spirit of true piety that had always animated her. About Christmas, 1880, Sister grew much worse, and was seldom able to leave the infirmary. Her patience and cheerful resignation in her sickness were in keeping with her whole mortified life, detached from all earthly interests, her sole desire was to be united to God, for Whom long years before she had relinquished all the world might have promised her. Her happy death took place Feb. 26, 1881. Fortified by the last holy rites, and assisted by the prayers of Mother Superior and the Sisters, she gave up her pure soul to God, in the sixty-sixth year of age, and forty-first of her religious profession.

The announcement of the death of Sister M. Veronica was heard with deep feelings of regret by the many friends, who esteemed her for her sterling virtue.

Her venerated remains were buried with the usual ceremonies in "God's Acre," at St. Xavier's, where her grave is often visited by the Sisters, and many are the prayers offered for her repose, while they recall many incidents of the past, in which her memory is associated.

May we not hope that He who said, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy," bestowed upon this faithful religious the reward promised to those who persevere to the end—"Enter thou, into the joy of thy Lord."

SILVER JUBILEE OF SISTER M. BERCHMANS HOSTETTER AND SISTER M. FLAVIA BYRNE, SUNDAY, JULY 30, 1882

Another long, bright summer day has gone at St. Xavier's. The shadows of eventide have fallen gently down the green slopes. The birds are silent. The drowsy herds are resting in the distant pastures; the mountains look far away and dreamy, for the purple evening mists are wrapped about them. We gather together once more, dear Sisters, in the shadow of our beautiful home, but our faces tell that our thoughts have centered somewhere, and that the center is a common subject of pleasure and congratulation.

Yes, our thoughts, our kindest thoughts, cluster this evening around two dear Sisters, in whose hearts the silver chimes of jubilee have been ringing all day long! Five and twenty years ago to-day they knelt before the altar, and in earnest, fervent tones, vowed their love and service to the Heavenly Spouse, Whose beauty the angels adore. How faithfully they have kept their engagement, let the long years of this quarter of a century tell!

They might blush in their humility did we, their companions, sound their praises! Nor would we pain them by words too flattering; yet, with sisterly pride, may we not recall days of the past and present in their lives, when the kindly word, the charitable helping hand, the earnest good heart did God's work as the true Sister of Mercy.

Ask the Hospital ward—the weary school-room, and the homes of the poor! the night-watch that ministered to the wounded soldier; the patient care that relieved the fevered brow and lip, and the words of instruction, encouragement and resignation that helped the neighbor heavenward. All this and much more fill in the beautiful mosaic of their lives as Sisters of Mercy; and if this is so beautiful and consoling in five and twenty years, who but God's angels could count the glory of perseverance unto death.

Therefore, do we press around you to offer our sisterly congratulation. Yes, dear Sisters, we wish you joy, and peace and happy hearts—God's blessing and a happy eternity. In the early morning we knelt before the altar, and for you, this day of Silver Jubilee, our prayers as a mighty holocaust ascended with the Divine Sacrifice to the throne of God. Surely we were heard.

To-day, indeed, is an epoch in your lives. The rosary of your years is midway in its third decade, and as the beads slip through your hands, so much nearer are you to God. Nearer to God! What thrilling power in those words! We are all going on the same journey to the same place. What matter if at times the road be rugged—the way weary. Let us help each other; some are strong and brave; some are weak and feeble, and as we advance together, and as the chimes of Silver Jubilee ring out, now for one, now for another, let the bonds of "beautiful charity" link heart to heart, so that not one may be missing at the jonrney's end.

It will come soon—very soon! There is a little valley near us, we can see it from our windows; under the quiet stars and under the gentle sky to-night, the little crosses throw shadows over the green mounds that hide the faces of those who have stood with us in the community exercises, whose eyes have smiled upon us—whose lips have called us "Sister"; some whom we miss most in a scene like this. They see the face of God in Heaven—where we shall see their faces once more. There the eternal Jubilee knows no waning and the silvery voices of the angels blend with the fragrance of the vials of the elect. Then our Mother Mary, the Queen of Mercy, will gather her children, not to the joy of a Silver Jubilee, but to the eternal, unchangeable ecstasy of the unveiled beauty of God.

"Here is the sorrow and sighing
Here are the clouds and the night;
Here are the sickness—the dying,
But *there* is the rest—is the light."

## CHAPTER XI

REV. MOTHER M. FRANCIS XAVIER WARDE, Foundress of the Order of Mercy in the United States. Frances Warde was born at Mountrath, Queen's County, Ireland, about the year 1810. The family residence, Bellbrook House, was situated in the most beautiful part of the country, the landscape replete with all that could charm the eye, and give joy to the heart of the beholder.

Frances was born at a time when the penal laws and Rebellion of '98 had left sad traces of their unhallowed ravages on the prosperity and happiness of the Irish people. She was the youngest of the family of five children which blessed the marriage of John Warde and Jane Maher. Mrs. Warde died while her child was yet an infant. Mr. Warde was absent from home when this sad event occurred, and it is said that on his return he yielded to such excessive grief that his health became impaired. Although he lived some years after this, he was never the same vigorous man he had been before this great sorrow befell him. Not very long after this loss, his second son, a student at Maynooth College, was taken ill, when near his ordination, and died on the day selected for him to be raised to the holy priesthood. Helen, a sweet young girl, in her eighteenth year, died soon after her brother, leaving her father a broken-hearted man. To add to his trials, Bellbrook House, the pride of his ancestors for many generations, passed into the hands of strangers. It happened in this way: A nobleman, whose estate joined that of Mr. Warde, coveted the location for a college, which some Englishmen wished to erect on this beautiful spot. Mr. Warde belonged to that class of Irish gentlemen, sturdy and honorable, who followed their conscience in political matters, come what may. Hitherto his firmness in adhering to principle had been respected and no attempt had been made to disturb his property. Now his interests clashed with those of Lord de Vesci, who found in politics a ready pretext to seize on the leases of Bellbrook

House. After these trying events, Mr. Warde found a suitable avocation in Dublin, where he won universal respect as a scholar and a gentleman during the short time that intervened until God called him to his reward. Being invited to dine with the poet Moore, and other gentlemen at Monastereven, he complied, but shortly after dinner he was taken ill, and soon after died.

A kind maternal aunt, Miss Maher, who had taken charge of the household after the death of Mrs. Warde, continued her benevolent task, until the subject of our sketch merged into womanhood. The house in which Frances spent a good part of her childhood was located near a running stream, between two elevations of ground. The ruins of an ancient castle stood close by, on the edge of the stream, hedged in by shrubbery of many years growth. In a sort of crypt, behind the castle wall, Frances had arranged when quite young an altar, with a picture of Our Lord blessing little children, for a center piece, with a print of Our Lady on one side, and a picture of the Angel Guardian on the other. When needed, her aunt was never at a loss to find the little girl, who was never known to disobey or delay, when called; leaving her little shrine she would quickly appear at Miss Maher's side, ready to run any errand for her kind relative. Her brother John was grown up almost to manhood, before his little sister had got beyond babyhood, yet he was her constant companion, in his leisure moments, and on account of her ardent, affectionate disposition, loved her more than all the world. John and Frances repaired at sunset to the little altar in the castle crypt; here the grown-up brother, with the child, would repeat some simple prayer or short pretty sayings from St. Teresa's maxims, a small well worn volume, found among their mother's books. As twilight settled down on hill-top and glen, the brother and sister might be seen returning hand in hand to the house, the bright mind of Frances pondering over St. Teresa's portrayal of the sweetness of God's love.

Frances received her education from private tutors, but it was supervised in a great measure by her sister Sarah. Frances took no interest in Mathematics, or philosophical studies, but showed a great taste for the finer accomplishments. She delighted in English literature, grasping each beauty of thought

with a quickness of perception far beyond her years. This accounts for her ability to write those beautiful letters, teeming with natural vivacity of sentiment, adorned with charming simplicity of style, for which her correspondence was remarkable. Miss Maher reserved to herself the responsibility of the child's religious instruction. Many hours did she spend in telling sweet, soul stirring stories to the little girl seated at her knee. These stories, simple in kind, but full of the eternal truths, awakened in the heart of the child impressions which molded her into the heavenly lines, characteristic of her future life. The happiness of Frances knew no bounds when she was told she might prepare to receive Our Lord for the first time. She had been carefully instructed, and although younger than the average age for first Communion, she evinced knowledge of the great purity of heart necessary for the worthy reception of the Holy Eucharist. Therefore, such prayerfulness, such sincere sorrow for the slightest faults, would seem to mark out this child for some special purpose in the designs of God. She received Confirmation from the celebrated Dr. Doyle. As was the custom, the Bishop examined the class in Christian Doctrine in the presence of the congregation. When he questioned Frances, her answers were so intelligent, so expressive of spiritual depth of understanding for one of her age, that the Bishop placed her on the sanctuary steps before the people, saying, "This child is destined by God for some special work in His Service." Prophetic words fully realized. She was deeply impressed by her first Holy Communion and Confirmation. From this time we may date her earnestness in winning souls to God. The love of the poor began to manifest itself in this gay little girl, who would trip away to the homes of the poor old women and hungry children, carrying with her a store of provisions she had begged from her kind hearted aunt. Before leaving the cabins she would gather the children around her and instruct them in religious truths, and then would recite to them some verses of Scripture and stanzas of sacred song, as a reward for a well learned lesson in Catechism.

During all her girlhood days, the merry laugh of Frances could be heard in garden, field, or school-room, wherever she happened to be at the time; her gay disposition dispelled every cloud, and yet, as she grew in years, her relatives noticed a

certain pensiveness in her demeanor, which they could not reconcile with her fun-loving propensities. It may be that the Holy Spirit was beginning to whisper in her soul, as a prelude to the aspirations that would fill her soul in the years to come, when the Divine Lover would take her by the hand and guide her footsteps from the "beaten track" to the higher and more perfect life.

Some years after the family had left Mountrath and taken up their residence in Dublin, Frances, now grown up and released from the bondage of the school-room, began to go into society, where her fine qualities of mind and heart brought her much notice. As it was not her nature to do anything by halves, she threw her whole energy into the round of amusements offered her. Those who knew her intimately say her character was a strong combination of candor and good sense, offset with sweetness and firmness. With her friends she was true through every vicissitude. Any demand on her sympathy was tenderly met with heartfelt kindness. In all that concerned herself she was reserved to a fault, but her devotedness to others was hers by excellence.

At this time the vanities of the world were not distasteful to her, but God, who plans in secret His designs on souls, was watching over this gifted girl, Frances, who with all her gaiety had not given up the pious practice of approaching the sacraments regularly. On one of these occasions, as she turned her eyes upon her inmost soul, she was seized with fear lest she had offended God, by her coldness towards Him, in her moments of infatuation with the world. She reflected, was she going to give to pleasure the best part of a life, that should be employed in the sphere of duty? She made known to her confessor her trouble of mind regarding the use of her time. The priest explained to her the great responsibility of wasting time, for which God will require a strict account. Touched by these considerations, she prayed for grace to see the will of God in her regard. In giving her a rule for the useful employment of her time, her confessor advised her to teach a few hours each day in the Poor Schools, which Miss McAuley had lately opened in Baggot Street. This was the moment of grace for poor Frances, wherein she found what was to be her life-work. In this way she came under the influence of Miss McAuley, to

whom she was attracted, and soon became warmly attached to her. We are told that Catherine became to the young girl as the Mother she had never known. A holy friendship grew up between these two gifted women which never waned during the lifetime of either. Frances never tired of teaching in the Schools and giving instructions in the House of Mercy established a short time before for the protection of homeless girls, and soon found her whole satisfaction in the work, giving up by degrees her interest in the worldly pleasures that heretofore had been so agreeable to her. The interest manifested by Frances in her work caused many other young ladies to join those already engaged in this charitable enterprise. Elizabeth Harley, who had been much attracted to Frances in their days of pleasure-seeking, now followed her to the feet of the Divine Master, asking that she too might be permitted to serve Him, in the persons of His helpless little ones.

When Elizabeth made known to her father her intention of joining the society of the pious ladies in Baggot St. he exclaimed, "Go, my child, enlist in the ranks of the King of Kings, but be no cowardly soldier of the Crucified. Enter the thick of the fight for souls, and if need be, die, rather than forsake the glorious standard of the Cross." It is easy to imagine that the Sister of Mercy molded from the child of such a father was no drone in that busy beehive of promoters of God's greater honor and glory.

We are not told how long Frances continued to give her assistance in the school before she became an inmate of Baggot St., with the intention of devoting herself to aid in carrying on the charitable works already in successful operation. This she did in October, 1828, laying aside her fashionable attire and clothing herself in a black dress of some plain material, with a lace cap, something similar to the outfit worn by the postulant in the Order at the present day.

On the 30th of November, same year, the Archbishop gave permission to the Sisters—as they were called—to visit the sick. Before this they had confined their visits to cases of misery of some form but excluded sickness, awaiting the sanction of authority. Frances entered upon this new duty with all the enthusiasm of her ardent nature, a work for which, during her long career, her zeal never flagged.

While the venerated Foundress and her two companions were at the Presentation Convent preparing for their profession, Frances Warde took charge of the little flock in Baggot St., and by her bright, hopeful spirit kept up the courage of her companions, and by her labors among the poor, etc., all the duties of the House were fulfilled in a satisfactory manner. With her the devoted band of workers were anticipating the happy day in the near future when they too would enter the religious state, as the first Sisterhood of the congregation. Through every period of her life, assisted by divine grace, Frances' vivacity of temperament and earnest zeal gave such strength to her soul that proved superior to all obstacles interior or exterior. She ever showed herself the "Valiant Woman" as trying circumstances called forth her talent for coping quietly with every emergency.

The Foundress and her associates made their vows Dec. 12, 1831, and the same day hastened home to Baggot St. We can picture to ourselves the joy of Frances and her co-laborers to have once more in their midst their beloved Mother. Tradition has kept alive the joy of that day, for in every Convent of Mercy, throughout the world, there is a commemoration of that event; as the 12th of Dec. comes around year by year, general recreation, accompanied by a holy joyousness of spirit, which even the pleasure-seekers of the world might envy, keeps alive the memory of that day. On January 23rd, 1832, Frances with six other postulants, presented herself to receive the holy habit of religion. The name Mary Francis Xavier was given her at this ceremony. Her choice of a patron would seem providential, for as St. F. Xavier was associated with St. Ignatius, the founder of the Society of Jesus, so was she associated with Mother McAuley, the foundress of the Sisters of Mercy. As he turned away from home and friends, to carry the light of faith to heathen lands, so she, with sorrowing heart, yet joyful soul, bade farewell to her dear native land, to spread Christian Education in the then great missionary country of the United States. And when she met with difficulties and hardships in her missionary career, the same zeal and love of God, burning in her heart, as in the heart of her patron saint, never permitted any contact with coldness or indifference, to lessen the warmth of her first fervor. As St. F.

Xavier revered St. Ignatius, writing to him on his knees, as an exterior mark of his inward veneration, so did Mother Warde love and respect the Foundress, from whom neither distance nor time ever abated an iota of the love of her affectionate heart.

Mother M. F. Xavier was the first to pronounce the vows of religion in Baggot St. Convent, when she, and three other novices, consecrated themselves to God on the 24th of January, 1833. This date marks the first ceremony of religious profession in the Order of Mercy. A chronicler of this event says: "The four fervent novices pronounced the holy vows, which bound them for life to Poverty, Chastity and Obedience, in a manner that evinced their lively gratitude to God for so sublime a vocation. Their love seemed to emulate that of the saints, who by the exercise of the same virtues, and the practice of similar self-sacrifice on earth, are now enjoying their Father's smile in heaven."

For several years after her holy profession, Mother M. F. Xavier remained in the Mother House, discharging the duties of assistant and Secretary to Rev. Mother McAuley. Late in the year 1836 Bishop Nolan made an earnest application for a colony of Sisters to open a convent in Carlow, and the Foundress was anxious to comply with the request; but two recent foundations had almost drained the community of members, therefore, in selecting subjects for Carlow she found she must sacrifice the pillars of the Sisterhood at home—her oldest and dearest children, Mother Warde was appointed Superior of the new foundation. This entailed great inconvenience to the Mother House, where for so long she had given great assistance in attending to the business matters of the community. Yet we see these two valiant women consulting the stern call of duty, giving without stint to God, at the sacrifice of their own feelings, all that was needed to carry on His work. In speaking of this separation many years after, Mother Warde would press back the tears, and say, "I do not know how I survived parting from Rev. Mother."

April 10, 1837, M. McAuley, Mother Warde, and four other Sisters set out on their journey to Carlow. This convent was blessed by God from the beginning, and flourished both in a spiritual and temporal point of view. The number of sub-

jects increased so rapidly, that in less than three years two foundations were sent out from Naas and Wexford respectively. The Ven. Foundress deputed Mother Warde to found these houses, which she accomplished with her usual zeal, remaining in each place until the work was in good running order. Both these houses were established amid difficulties. These, in time, were overcome and both became centers of great usefulness. God's seal is set on poor beginnings, and these two houses were no exceptions. The Sisters are adjudged in the holy Rule to "cherish holy Poverty, as a Mother." Blessed holy Poverty, which St. Francis of Assisi, was wont to personify by the most affectionate titles. If accompanied by solid virtue, it ever brings God's blessing in its train.

Mother Warde was destined to establish the first Convent of Mercy in the United States. In October, 1843, Rt. Rev. M. O'Connor, first Bishop of Pittsburgh, Pa., called at the Convent in Carlow, and made an earnest appeal to the Community for Sisters to be sent to his new diocese. He explained the need of teachers, and brought to the notice of the Superiors the fact that more good would result from the labors of the Sisters in America than could be attained in Ireland. This earnest application was wisely considered, and fervently recommended to God in prayer by each of the Carlow Community. All felt an ardent desire to go forth into the great field of labor for the salvation of souls; yet no one expressed any wish, lest God's will might be, in some degree, frustrated, if the choice of the Missionary band were not left to those who had the authority to decide. The whole community, concerned in the opinion, that if the foundation were undertaken, Mother M. F. Xavier was the person best qualified to take charge of the responsible enterprise. At a recent election she had been made Mistress of Novices, and Mother M. Cecilia, Mother Superior. This change seemed providential, and on indication of the designs of God, to make her the foundress of the Order in the United States.

After much prayer and deliberation on the part of Mother Cecilia, and the Sisters, it was decided that seven of their number should be sent to Pittsburgh, with Mother M. F. Xavier as Superior. Each of the twenty-three Sisters in the Carlow Convent cheerfully volunteered to embark for the

New World, if God demanded the sacrifice. M. Cecilia appointed the Sisters for the distant mission, as before stated.

Late in 1850 the Bishop of Hartford, Conn., made application for a community of our Sisters to be established in Providence, R. I. He stipulated that the religious chosen to take charge of this foundation should be a woman of prayer, tact and good judgment, for bigotry was rife in Providence at that time, and it was expected that she and her companions would be exposed to some degree of persecution. After much prayer and reflection, the Superior, with the Bishop's approbation, decided to send the Sisters to Providence. Meanwhile Mother Warde's term of office had expired and M. M. Josephine Cullen had been elected Mother Superior, and Mother Warde, Assistant, this leaving her free to undertake the work for which her ability and experience so eminently qualified her. So to her was assigned the arduous task of establishing the Order in New England. The Sisters appointed to form the new Community, with Mother Warde as Superior, were Sister M. Paula Lombard, Sr. M. Camillus O'Neill, Sr. M. Josephine Lombard and Sr. M. Johanna Fogarty.

Early in March, 1851, one evening at twilight the little party, accompanied by V. Rev. James O'Connor and M. M. Josephine Cullen, left St. Xavier's to take the stage to Philadelphia. Bishop M. O'Connor, all the Sisters, and two senior pupils, escorted the travelers to the pike, where the stage coach awaited them. It had been an old custom at St. Xavier's for the Sisters and pupils to go to the Pike, to meet Mother Warde, when she came from Pittsburgh, and to accompany her to the same spot on her return. Many tears were shed by the Sisters, as they bade farewell to Mother Warde and her zealous missionaries, who in turn were grieved in separating from those with whom they had been so long associated. After affectionate adieux, the stage started and the Bishop, Sisters and pupils returned to St. Xavier's in silence.

The foundation was made in Providence, March 12, one of the feasts of St. Francis Xavier, the patron of the new Convent. With this date may be associated the first appearance of the Sisters of Mercy in New England. From this house many Convents have been established in the adjoining States, and in other parts of the country.

In May, 1858, Bishop Bacon, of Portland, Maine, visited the Providence Community, and earnestly pleaded with Mother Warde for a colony of Sisters to found a house in his diocese. The community consented to his request, though to do so entailed the sacrifice of some of the oldest members. Bishop Bacon, in speaking of the matter, said, "Only the piety, the courage, the zeal and the hardihood of a pioneer religious would ever be able to rough it in the establishment of Catholic Schools in Maine and New Hampshire." The Superiors saw that the opening of the Manchester House meant the sacrifice of Mother Warde. The Bishop of Providence was not in favor of her leaving his diocese, but finally consented with great reluctance as he himself declared. The Sisters were much grieved over the new project, for her going out from the Providence Convent would leave a community of lonely hearts. But it was decided by the Superiors to send out the foundation. On the feast of Mt. Carmel, July 16, 1858, before taking the train from Providence, the foundress received Holy Communion, at the Mass celebrated by Bishop McFarland in the Convent Chapel, to invoke God's blessing on the new mission. Thus fortified, Mother Warde and her little band started on their journey, accompanied by Rev. Father Sheridan, whom Bishop McFarland appointed to escort them to their new home, and to bring him tidings of their prospects, in this new sphere of duty. On the arrival of the Sisters in Manchester, they were met and cordially welcomed by the venerable Father McDonald who conducted them to his residence, where they partook of refreshments. He then showed them the church; here they fervently thanked God for their safe journey and asked His blessing on this new foundation of the Institute. Afterwards, Father McDonald led them to the Convent, a large handsome building erected for the honor of God, with every brick sanctified by the prayers of a man universally regarded as a saint. Before nightfall the convent was blessed and the Divine Guest dwelling on the altar of the devotional little Chapel. The convent was placed under the protection of Our Blessed Lady, with the title, "Our Lady of the Mount," owing to the elevation of the ground wherein it is built. On the next morning also Mother Warde gave the first instruction

in the community room to the religious assembled for spiritual reading.

The Manchester house prospered. Ere many years elapsed all the works of the Institute were in successful operation. From here in due time several foundations were sent out, some to the far West; and here Mother Warde passed the closing years of her laborious and useful life.

Mother Warde outlived all those who were associated with Mother McAuley in the foundation of the order, and when the time of her Golden Jubilee of Profession was celebrated, January, 1883, she was the oldest Sister of Mercy in the world.

During the winter of 1883 Mother Warde began to show symptoms of failing strength. In Lent she had a severe attack of sickness; but before Easter she was again to be seen each morning at her post before the Blessed Sacrament. As the warm sunny days of spring lengthened into summer, her health improved and her voice at prayer had all its old time vigor and impressiveness.

The election for Mother Superior occurred this year, and Mother Warde was unanimously chosen to fill the office. The Sisters felt that in all probability she would receive her eternal crown before the end of the term, but all were convinced that God would be pleased with this act of loyalty and loving homage to this aged religious and venerated mother, who had founded more convents than even the great spiritual mother, St. Teresa, and who had journeyed more miles than St. Paul on her errands of mercy and zeal for souls.

Mother Warde failed considerably in October and November of 1883, but kept at her duties, and said the public prayers with the impressive unction for which her recitation of prayers was remarkable, and which can never be forgotten by any one who ever heard her give out the office or other prayers. During the nine days preceding the feast of St. Francis Xavier, December 3rd, she recited her favorite novena at the visit to the Blessed Sacrament after supper, all the community being present. This was the last time she made this beautiful novena.

In the winter of 1884 she had frequent attacks of illness. Her failing sight and feebleness in walking gave warning that she was nearing "Home." During the summer of '84 many of the senior Sisters from the different foundations in New

England obtained permission to visit the venerated Mother and receive her blessing before her departure from her religious here, to join the community in Heaven. This gave a great joy to Mother Warde; she spoke to these Sisters of the near approach of her death, and the great pleasure it gave her to see them once more. Her sight failed rapidly during this time, and before the end of July, the eyes which once so distinctly saw objects far and near, were almost totally blind. When no longer able to see, she used to bless God for knowing so many prayers which she had memorized in her youth. Acts of love, hope, resignation, contrition, etc., were ever on her lips during the entire time of her illness. Her favorite aspirations were: "Let all be last, provided God be not last." "O Sweetest Jesus! be to me a Savior." "Holy Virgin, Queen of heaven, show thyself a mother to me at the hour of my death." "O Jesus! be my strength. I have no hope but in Thee."

On the feast of the Exaltation of the Cross the last Sacraments were administered. Every event in Mother Warde's illness was full of consolation. During life she always feared the account to be rendered to God, but as death drew near her fears gave away to calm trust and hope, while in perfect peace she awaited the coming of the Divine Master. She said several times during the last days of her life, "My long and stormy life is coming to an end." Many a time had her life been rough and full of trials, but none save her director and a few trusted members of the community were ever permitted to gaze on aught but the silver lining of the dark, heavy clouds that overshadowed, at intervals, her life.

On the evening before her death she sent for the senior Sisters, and gave them her dying blessing. Each spoke to her in turn and received loving counsel. A few of the seniors remained near her until 10 o'clock P. M. Then she sent them to bed, with the words, "God bless and love you, every one." She kept with her two religious who had been her faithful attendants during all the time of her failing health. They were to keep watch, and if a change appeared, they were to call the other Sisters. Soon after midnight the agony of death came on. The Senior Sisters were notified, and they recited the prayers for the dying. Mother Warde only spoke in whispers, responded to the prayers, kissed the Crucifix, and seemed to

pray with intense fervor, before sinking into unconsciousness. At daybreak all the Sisters assembled in the room. Father McDonald was summoned; he offered prayers, and gave her the Papal Benediction, and then went to the Church to offer the Holy Sacrifice for her. Meantime, a venerable priest was saying Mass in the Convent Chapel for the dying religious, when she expired, assisted by the prayers of the sorrowful Community.

There in the early morning of September 17, 1884, the lifeless body of the American Foundress reposed, her life work finished. So well did she observe holy Poverty, that the rude hut where her patron saint died was not, we think, more bare than the poor cell, seven feet by nine, which she occupied, refusing the conveniences of the Convent Infirmary. Her faithful co-laborer during long years, M. M. Gonzaga O'Brien, pressed down the lids of her sightless eyes, now closed forever. On Wednesday her body was reverently placed in a plain pine coffin, and removed to the Chapel. There at the foot of God's Altar rested the remains of the venerable Mother, her hands folded on her breast, holding the formula of the vows she had made to God nearly fifty-two years before, and the rosary, whose decades she had piously recited for a lifetime, lay entwined in her fingers, her little book of daily examine, scrupulously "kept," was placed under her right arm in the coffin.

Mother Warde had requested on her deathbed that her burial would be arranged in the most simple manner. The Bishop and Senior members respected her pious wishes. But as the Convent Chapel was too small to accommodate the number of people who were desirous of looking for the last time on the face of this revered religious, the Bishop and Father McDonald judged that it was a privilege due to the Catholics of Manchester to have this pioneer religious and foundress buried from the parish Church. From early morning on Saturday, Masses were said in the Convent Chapel for the repose of her soul. At nine o'clock the procession moved to St. Ann's Church. Before the coffin walked nearly a hundred priests, including the secular clergy and representatives of the various religious orders in New England. Behind the coffin, the Sisters two and two, attired in Church cloaks, Senior Sisters from

each of the Mercy Convents in the adjoining States were present, and many Sisters of "Jesus and Mary," members of the only other religious order in the City. The silence was only broken by the solemn tolling of the church bells. A Pontifical Mass of requiem was celebrated by Bishop Bradley. The Bishops of Portland, Providence, Hartford, and Burlington were present in the Sanctuary; appropriate music was rendered by the choir. Bishop Healy of Portland preached the sermon. He commented on her warmth of devotion, strength of purpose, spirit of sacrifice and fortitude, and concluded by saying, "Hers was a life of humility, but full of the glory of the saints. Hers was a life of poverty, in her long years of strict practice of the common life prescribed by the Rule, yet full of the riches of sanctity and grace. Hers was a life of mortification, setting self aside to minister to the wants of humanity, yet what honor this noble life gave to the Heart of the Divine Master, 'Whose mercy is above all His Attributes.' How many tears has she dried from sorrowing eyes? How many souls has she enlightened in the law of God's Commandments? How many, by her example, have been encouraged to lead high and holy lives? 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.' Beautiful beatitude of death! Canticle surpassing all other Canticles, first spoken by the voice of God. She passed away from her devoted religious, who will miss each day her experience, her kind motherly advice, her wise government, the never wearying care, the sweet and tender love. The grand religious presence can never come back, but she is living the true life; she continues to be the guide and protector of this community, whose glory she will ever be in that heavenly abode, which, by God's grace, her virtues, her mortified life of prayer and good works, have merited for her."

On leaving the Church the procession of carriages wound through the streets, followed by crowds of the laity, far outside the limits of the city, to St. Joseph's Cemetery. Here the last resting place awaited her remains. Bishop Bradley and Father M'Donald stood together at the head of the coffin pronouncing the last prayers over the grave, as the cold earth closed in and hid her from mortal view. The faithful clergy, sorrowing religious and devoted people, surrounded the spot, to be hence-

forth cherished as the burial place of Rev. M. M. Francis Xavier Warde.

The Sisters' lot in St. Joseph's Cemetery is kept sacred from the public eye by an enclosure of full grown evergreens, planted by the direction of the Mother Warde. The entrance from the east, cut through the trees, is picturesque and beautiful. Her grave is in the center, circled by a concrete walk: a marble shaft is crested in the form of a cross, bearing the inscription:

"Rev. Mother Mary Francis Xavier Warde,"
Foundress of the Order of Mercy, in the United States,
Pittsburgh, December 21st, 1843—and of Mt. St. Mary's Convent, Manchester, N. H., July 16th, 1858—Died Sept.
17th, 1884, in the 74th year of her age, and the
53rd of her Religious Profession.
"Grant her, O Lord, Eternal Rest."

## CHAPTER XII

"The mile-stones into headstones changed;
'Neath every one a friend."

### SISTER M. ISIDORE FISHER

MARY ANNE FISHER was born in Dublin, Ireland, where she passed the years of her early childhood. When she was about twelve years old her parents, with their family, came to the United States and settled in Brooklyn, N. Y. Here Miss Fisher received her education. Endowed with many fine qualities of heart and mind, she was not only the idol of her family, but was endeared to a large circle of friends. Her mother must have died when Mary Anne was quite young, as she seldom mentioned her, whereas she often referred to her father, who lived to a ripe old age. When quite young she resolved to become a religious, and with the consent of her father, entered the community of Sisters of Charity at the Mother House of the Order, Emmetsburg, Md. With the habit she received the name of Isidore, which later was destined to become a household name in Pittsburgh. After her profession she exercised the duties of her holy vocation in several Mission Houses, and everywhere won the esteem of her associates and pupils. In Sept., 1839, Pittsburgh became the scene of her labors, whither she was sent by her Superiors to take charge of the Orphan Asylum, and the School conducted by the Sisters. When the Sisters of Mercy arrived in Pittsburgh, Dec., 1843, it was Sr. M. Isidore, and her companions, who cordially welcomed the tired Missionaries, and gave them hospitality, until the house, that was to be known as the first Convent of Mercy in the United States, was ready for occupation. Not many months later Sr. M. Isidore was recalled to St. Joseph's, Emmetsburg, and after a brief sojourn at the Mother House, was transferred to Cincinnati, where an extensive Orphan Asylum, and several Schools, were in charge

of the Sisters. Our Sister gave efficient aid in the various duties as long as she remained in that city. While living in Cincinnati she had the pleasure of visiting New Orleans in company with other Sisters, whom urgent business required to make the journey. The trip was made entirely by water, on one of the fine passenger steamboats, which in those days afforded a very pleasant mode of traveling, railroads being yet in their infancy. It was in the winter time, and she often described her feelings of pleasure and surprise, on awakening one morning to find herself in the land of flowers, whereas the previous evening she had closed her eyes on a dreary wintry landscape, having been carried during the hours of darkness, by the swift current of the Mississippi river, into a more genial clime.

It had always been the desire of Sr. M. Isidore to enter a community, where the obligation of the vows is perpetual. She became a Sister of Charity, out of deference to her father, who would not consent to her becoming a member of any other Order, in the hope that sooner or later his beloved child would return to him. But she, in all those years, never relinquished the hope of passing to an order where the vows are for life. Though very happy as a Sister of Charity her associations pleasant, and duties congenial, she could not rest satisfied. The sacrifice was not complete. Years passed, and it seemed as if her long cherished desires were not to be realized, as she received little or no encouragement from persons whom she consulted, from time to time, on the subject. But while in Pittsburgh, she laid the matter before the saintly Father Neumann, afterwards Bishop of Philadelphia, and he assured her that the desire came from God, and that it was her duty to correspond with the grace. Circumstances favored her wishes. When she met the Sisters of Mercy, she felt that her lot lay with them. The similarity of duties attracted her, and the holy vows, "till death," gave the fulfilment to her fervent aspirations. She made known her intentions to Rt. Rev. M. O'Connor, and as he had been acquainted with her for several years, and esteemed her as a good religious and one that would be a desirable acquisition to the Sisters of Mercy, he did not hesitate to recommend her application to Mother Xavier Warde and the Sisters. The preliminary arrangements having

been made, the necessary permission given by the authorities at Emmetsburg, and the term of her annual vows having expired March, 1846, Sister M. Isidore entered our community April 9, 1846, and on May 5 received the holy habit, retaining the name by which she was so well known. After a novitiate of one year and some days she had the happiness of accomplishing her soul's desire, by pronouncing the irrevocable vows, May 15, 1847.

During the time of probation, our Sister gave many proofs of humility and charity, which were all the more edifying, as she had already served many years in religion, both in the relations of subject and Superior and was in this respect senior to the greater number of her present companions. Mother M. Xavier Tiernan, now her novice-mistress, she had known as a gay young lady in the world. Her knowledge and experience of the customs of the country were of great advantage to the young community. By her advice, Rev. Mother was induced to make some changes in the culinary department, affording a more generous bill of fare, rendered necessary by the change of climate, as up to this time domestic affairs had been arranged on the same plan as in Ireland. The first change committed to the mature novice was the care of the refectory, which she kept as the Rule enjoins, "in perfect neatness." The writer remembers calling at the Convent (Concert Hall), to see Sister M. Isidore soon after the latter had received the white veil, and of being taken by her to the refectory, which was in the basement, to get a glass of water, as the day was warm. It was afternoon, and the apartment was in order, tables ready for the evening meal.

The many years that dear Sr. M. Isidore lived in the Community were fruitful in good works. She filled the office of Local Superior in several of the branch houses; St. Xavier's and Mercy Hospital were several times at intervals under her care. In 1851, the Asylum for small boys was opened in Birmingham, as South Side was then called, in an old fashioned mansion house, near St. Michael's Church, on the site where now stands the Franciscan Convent, and St. Michael's Orphan Asylum. S. M. Isidore was appointed to organize the establishment, and she remained at its head for some time. Here the sisters had many difficulties with which to contend. Pov-

erty, want of room, and the many inconveniences incident to new undertakings, not the least of which was the scarcity of water, the pump and the *rain barrel* being the only means of supply.

As stated before, S. M. Isidore and companions, in 1853, went to the Infirmary in Washington, D. C.

In 1855, it was deemed necessary or advisable to make St. Xavier's the Mother House, and the change was effected the August following S. M. Isidore's election to the office of Mother Superior. During her term of office many desirable subjects entered and happily persevered. At the expiration of her term she retired from the responsible position of Mother Superior. The Mercy Hospital was the next scene of her labors; here she remained for some years; and was a true mother to the sick and poor; indeed, her heart went out in sympathy to every form of suffering.

Afterwards S. M. Isidore was appointed Superior at St. Anne's Convent, Allegheny City, and here she spent the remaining years of her active life. Here as elsewhere she gave proofs of her zeal, taking a lively interest in all the duties, giving aid and encouragement to the Sisters in their various charges. The visitation of the sick was a favorite duty; her kind and cheerful manner brought happiness to many a poor sufferer.

Sister's health having become impaired, at the close of the August Retreat, 1873, it was arranged for her to remain at St. Xavier's, where she could have the advantage of exercise in the open air when she desired it. Sister had always been fond of taking long walks; sometimes when living in the city she would go out early in the morning, and after a stroll, return home in time for Mass.

Here, in the peaceful Convent of St. Xavier's, were passed the closing years of her life, loving and being beloved, until after a short illness, her sweet soul passed to our Lord, April 2nd, 1885. Her death occurred on Holy Thursday, and the funeral took place on Holy Saturday, which that year fell on the feast of her holy patron, St. Isidore. May her bright spirit of unselfish charity lead us to emulate, in some degree, her many virtues.

LETTER FROM S. M. ISIDORE TO S. M. ELIZABETH STRANGE

VIVANT JESUS ET MARIE!

PATRONAGE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER, 1878.

*Pax tibi! My ever dear Sister in Xt.:*

Your holy feast-day will soon be here, and from the depths of my soul I wish the peace of God to be ever with you in life, but above all in *death*. Soon it will be five and thirty years since first we met. You were then young and strong, full of life and spirits, afraid of none but God, and I believe love for God had more to do with your good behavior than fear. I remember well your first night in Coal Lane. Long after we had gone to bed, the merry laugh could be heard till nine o'clock; then came the Litany of the Saints.

Next morning away to St. Paul's, dark as pitch; the dear travelers came back covered with mud, and I remember one Sister saying, "Was it not strange, my Lord said so much about the smoke but never mentioned the mud, and I really think the smoke is a luxury compared with the mud."

O my dear Sister, when I remember the privations endured by the seven dear Sisters who founded the Order of Mercy in the United States, I am grateful to the good God Who sustained them, and taught them to endure mud, smoke, cold and hunger for His sake to sow the seed, that has been so abundantly blessed.

And you now, instead of resting, are as anxious and untiring in your zeal for souls as if your early life had to be atoned for. Deo gratias. Continue, my darling Sister, and do not let those who have gone before you think that their prayers for you are unavailing, for they pray for the zeal of God to animate you to your latest breath. Do you know I am often at a loss when renewing my Vows, how to fulfil "the service of the poor, sick and ignorant." God knows all.

I have to conclude sooner than I wish; the dear Sisters will leave in the morning. Accept, dear Sister, the united affection of the dear Sisters here, and please present our affectionate love to Rev. Mother and each dear Mother and Sister as if named.

Assure yourself of the devoted affection of your old sister,

S. MARY ISIDORE.

The following communications were received by Sister M. Isidore Fisher referring to the Sisters' work at the Infirmary, Washington:

GEORGETOWN, April 21st, 1855.

*Dear Madam:*

It affords me great pleasure to send you by order of the board of Directors of the Washington Infirmary, the inclosed extract from my report as Curator for the year ending April 1st, 1855.

The report was unanimously adopted and you will be pleased to accept the accompanying extract as conveying the sentiments of the entire board.

With my best wishes for your long continued health, happiness, and usefulness, and also for the kind Sisters associated with you in your work of benevolence, I am, Madam, with great respect,

Yours very truly,

GROFTON TYLER.

Extract from report of Dr. Grofton Tyler, Curator of Washington Infirmary, for the year ending April 1st, 1855.

The Sisters have not only given entire satisfaction in their domestic management, preserving order and neatness, and exercising a judicious economy, with untiring industry in the discharge of all the duties devolving upon them, but have manifested also a continual spirit of self-sacrifice in their kind, constant and efficient attentions at the bedside of the sick. I recommend that the board convey to them in writing the high appreciation they entertain of their uniform fidelity and disinterested benevolence.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Washington Infirmary held on the 4th of May, 1857, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved by the Board of Directors that we entertain the highest appreciation of the services of the Sisters of Mercy in the Infirmary, and hereby express to them our entire confidence in their fidelity and attention to every duty during the past year, with our thanks for their interest, more than official, always manifested by them for the welfare of the patients and prosperity of the institution.

Resolved that the Curator be requested to communicate the above resolution to the Sister Superior.

ALBERT THOS. FRED'K MAY,
*Curator Wash. Infirmary.*

### SISTER M. FLAVIA BYRNE

The death of S. M. Flavia Byrne occurred within a year after S. M. Isidore's. She had been associated with her in hospital work at Washington, D. C.

S. M. Flavia (Maria Byrne) entered the Community Dec. 8, 1854, at the Washington Infirmary, D. C., and made her Vows in St. Xavier's chapel, July 30, 1857. After years of strenuous work with boys in the class-room, and patient suffering from bronchial trouble, she was relieved by death, Dec. 29, 1885.

"A traveler from childhood, her home was in many different places—now in the hospital close by the sick bed—now binding up the wounds of the soldier who fell in the Civil War; then sitting for hours in a school-room hemmed in by little children—in every duty she was content.

Her aim, her thoughts, her sole effort seemed to be to increase her stock of divine gifts. Where her Treasure was, there was her heart. Living the life which God requires, she was ever faithful. There was nothing narrow about her. Every one was her neighbor. She now lies cold in death, but her memory will be forever green in the hearts of those she trained in the knowledge and service of God."

AN OLD PUPIL.

### DEATH OF A WELL-KNOWN SISTER OF MERCY

At early dawn on Monday, March 26, there passed to her reward a Sister of Mercy whose noble and beautiful character calls forth sublime praise wherever her name reached.

"Mother Liguori" McCaffry, Directress of St. Xavier's Academy, is dead!

Who, of the hundreds of young lives she guarded in girlhood, though they be scattered over the world, will not feel the hot tears start to their eyes at this announcement!

Who, among the parents and friends unnumbered, who have trusted their household treasures to her firm, strong, yet gentle protection, will not feel that the world is less rich by the loss of this noble educator of youth!

Who, of the many that have been welcomed at the portals of the beautiful Academy of which she has been, for nearly a quarter of a century, the main-spring, will not sigh as they think of the gracious and dignified presence that has passed from its precincts forever!

To-day, the blue hills of Westmoreland stand sentinel around a household of mourning. The long corridors of St. Xavier's, that knew her step for so many years, are silent. The young faces of its hundred pupils who listened to her voice but one week ago are wet with tears, and not a heart among them but sobs out its grief for a tender mother, a wise guardian, a faithful friend,—and she, the devoted religieuse, the heroic woman, lies in the Convent community-room at the foot of the statue of Mary, her hands crossed meekly over her rosary, her grand face softened by a smile, and her majestic figure peaceful and serene in its sacred repose.

Around her kneel those who called her "Sister":—some of them were her pupils once, her novices, and finally her assistants, in the work of education. Their grief is too deep for words. Some of them remember her as their early co-laborer in the pioneer work of many years ago. For them the parting is but "a little while." Her venerable father bowed with his more than four-score years looks through dimmed and tearful eyes at the beloved face, which for the first time smiles no welcome to him. His two remaining daughters, in gentle, heart-broken resignation, gaze at the noble countenance of their cherished sister twice bound to them,—by religion, and by nature. These chosen souls, called by the same sublime vocation, to labor as Sisters of Mercy, they will indeed meet again! As they gaze, how vividly the past rises before them. For more than forty years has Sister Liguori worn the black robes of a Sister of Mercy, and in that time nearly all the high offices of her Order have passed through her hands. During more than half those years she has been the maternal and protecting Spirit of St. Xavier's Academy and few could have been so well chosen. Dignified yet gra-

cious, firm yet ever courteous, no one could fail to be impressed by the sweet religious majesty that sat upon her, and marked her like a queen. No parent left a daughter in "Mother Liguori's" care without a sense of relief, of security, that took the edge off the parting.

And the pupils who have lost her example and her watchfulness, in their deep, grateful sorrow may well refuse to be comforted. Stern to the idle and wayward, her approval was a joy to the diligent; no other encomium was desired. Always self-possessed, always the refined and high-bred lady, her presence was enough without uttering a word to preserve the strict and perfect discipline which has made St. Xavier's unrivalled as an Academy,—and many of its former pupils who read this tribute can recall even yet the sense of shame and misery they felt if they chanced to stand as culprits before the calm gravity of those penetrating gray eyes. How many young maidens has she sent forth molded into true, pure women to spread the odor of faithful virtues! They are scattered far and wide, they make some of our city's best ornaments; and they have returned after the lapse of years to lead their children to the sphere of the same beautiful influence. And so the good work of this noble woman has gone on until her life reached the western slope, and she faced its setting sun. Although failing perceptibly for many months, the routine of duty still claimed her, and only one week had parted her from the pupils who were so dear to her, and to whom every fiber of her existence was dedicated for the love of God and their souls. Calmly she faced the dread message of death. Strengthened by every Sacramental grace and blessing, while the voice of the Church was sounding above her, in fervent prayer, with a sigh of relief her freed spirit went to receive the crown and the palm of those who follow the Lamb in the glorious City of the Redeemed.

Sister Liguori has passed from our midst. Another little mound, another white cross in the Sisters' cemetery in the valley, will mark her resting place, but there will be a deeper and more telling memory in the hearts of those who knew and loved her, which the change of seasons will never touch, and which will live forever in her work. You, who are her friends, pray for her soul! Few there are who have not been

made better by being such; and the friendship so true, so pure, so elevated will not cease here, nay, our faith tells us, we should know

> "That 'tis in love such blows are given,
> To draw us nearer God and Heaven."

On Wednesday morning, the solemn funeral obsequies took place in St. Xavier's chapel. Black drapery hung from the walls on every side, but the white marble altar remained untouched, because of the rubrics of Holy Week, and its severe purity added to the impressiveness of the scene.

On a slightly inclined catafalque, in an open casket, rested all that was mortal of the beloved Sister of Mercy. Around it, in their whiteness and fragrance, lilies stood and drooped; pale rosebuds and white flowers were heaped up near, to die in sweetness beside the sacred remains of one so dear to God and man; a full sheaf of wheat, bound with a black ribbon, stood there to suggest the full, beautiful years of a life rich with virtue—all were gifts of love from sorrowing pupils and friends.

At half-past seven the weeping pupils filed slowly into their places, followed by many of the alumni, and the chapel was filled to overflowing. The Sisters' stalls were occupied by the sorrowing community, increased by many religious from Pittsburgh and Loretto, and four of the good Sisters of Charity from Greensburg.

As the mournful swell of the organ rose through the air, a long procession of clergy entered the sanctuary, where the Right Rev. Bishop Phelan, D.D., was kneeling in prayer. The vesting for Pontifical Requiem Mass began, and the magnificent ceremonial of the Church proceeded to the end, while the choir of Sisters sang.

At the end of Mass, Rev. Jerome Kearney ascended the steps of the altar, and with broken voice delivered a beautiful and touching eulogy. Every heart was moved, and sobs were heard, stifled by reverence for the holy place, but at the close, when the speaker, with touching pathos, bade farewell to the tender mother, the wise counselor, the noble woman, the true and faithful religieuse, a piteous wail of grief broke forth

from the sobbing pupils that would have melted the heart of a stoic. Clergy and religious alike paid the tribute of tears to the holy dead.

No one could gaze at the serene, majestic face—rising there among the lights and flowers like a sculptured image, and think of a life so beautiful and noble, without tears. Soon the funeral cortege was formed, and slowly proceeded to the cemetery, the clergy singing the psalms of the Church. On the wide porch, the pupils separated, and faced each other, and for the last time their beloved Directress passed through their midst, and again that burst of sorrow, that rose loud and heart-broken, from their young spirits pierced the souls of the listeners.

Soon the open grave was reached, and the precious relics of Sister Liguori were laid before her young sister, among the companions of her early years in religion. May her noble spirit rest in peace.

Among the clergy present were Rt. Rev. Bishop Phelan, Revs. J. Kearney, S. Wall, J. Farren, J. Hickey, M. M. Sheedy, W. A. Cunningham, J. Cosgrave, J. Nolan, J. R. Canevin, E. M. McKeever, Paulinus, O. S. B., Augustine, O. S. B., Killoran, with many others, from St. Vincent's Abbey.

LETTER FROM RT. REV. M. O'CONNOR, D.D., TO SISTER LIGUORI

*Dear Sister Liguori:*

Yesterday I said Mass at that famous Convent of Nocera, the place where Saint Liguori commenced his Order, and where he lived for nearly forty years. I naturally thought of you and Sister Alphonsa, who have selected him for your patron, and I prayed for you in that interesting place. I slept in a room just under where he lived for the last thirteen years of his life, and where he expired. They preserve yet his bed and other furniture, and they showed me the picture of the blessed Virgin, from which rays of light were emitted on his dying figure. I secured some relics, of which I send you one enclosed, and I will bring you one made up nicely. Don't forget to pray for me.

Visiting the dwelling-place of St. Liguori, one cannot but be reminded of his great devotion to the Blessed Virgin. Per-

haps, it was an inspiration to ask certain favors of the Virgin for the love of St. Alphonsus, who honored her so much and to ask his intercession for the sake of her whom he loved so tenderly. I would recommend the same devotion to you in all your difficulties.

Yesterday was the feast of the Most Holy Redeemer. It was a great favor to celebrate it at St. Liguori's residence. It is impossible to witness everything connected with him and not feel the nothingness of the things of the world; the importance of eternity.

I thought it but right to pen you a line from this place, with the relic of your holy patron. I feel better, thank God, as I go along, although my head is yet weak.

Compliments to all the Sisters, and pardon the prosy and abrupt style of this note. Believe me

Yours in Christ,

M. O'Connor,
Bp. of Pittsburgh.

Naples, July 20, 1857.

On May 7, 1889, Miss Katherine Drexel, daughter of the late Francis Drexel of Philadelphia, entered the Novitiate at St. Mary's, Webster Ave., preparatory to founding the order of the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament—Sister Katherine conformed in every respect to our horarium and the domestic duties of the house—She spent some time in the hospital to familiarize herself with the care of the sick, taught the orphans—and the children at the colored school. In due time, Feb. 12, 1891, she was professed. Archbishop Ryan received her vows according to the formula of the new institute—which on this day was established under the title—"Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament"—The Archbishop appointed Sister Katherine, Mother General of the Community.

In May, 1890, Bishop O'Connor died. From the beginning it had been his wish to place the Institute in its infancy under the special care of the Most Reverend Archbishop Ryan, whose zeal and devotion to the Indians are so well known as to need no mention here; and God in calling Bishop O'Connor to Himself at its very birth seemed to favor the accomplishment of this desire. Sister Katherine would have indeed felt un-

able to carry on the work at this time without the guidance of Bishop O'Connor had it not been for the reassuring words of Archbishop Ryan, who promised her his counsel, protection and aid. He more than fulfilled this generous promise. It was with a father's tender solicitude that he guided the faltering steps of the young community; it was with unwearied patience, despite his numerous cares, that he gave his time to its direction. No work has been begun, no rule written, or plan formulated without his approval and coöperation.

The gratitude of the Sisters to these two holy Prelates is fitly expressed in an inscription on the two sides of the altar of the Blessed Sacrament, in the Mother House at Cornwells. A panel on the epistle side bears in Latin the legend:

"TO THE MEMORY OF JAMES O'CONNOR,
BISHOP OF OMAHA,
WHO BY HIS COUNSEL, FULL OF PIETY, PLANTED THE SEED OF
THIS RELIGIOUS COMMUNITY, WHENCE THE FRUIT OF
CHRISTIAN FAITH WAS TO GROW FOR THE
SALVATION OF THE INDIANS AND
NEGROES."

The corresponding panel on the gospel side reads as follows:

"TO PATRICK JOHN RYAN,
ARCHBISHOP OF PHILADELPHIA
THE BEST OF GARDENERS, WHO, IN ORDER THAT THE CHASTE
SEED MIGHT PRODUCE ITS DESTINED FRUIT, WATERED IT
WITH MUCH CARE, AND DEDICATED IT TO THE
SERVICE OF THE HEAVENLY
BRIDEGROOM."

Besides the three vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience usual in all religious communities, the Sisters pledge themselves to work exclusively for the Indian and Colored Races. His Grace Archbishop Ryan appointed Mother Katherine first superioress of the new community, which then numbered thirteen members.

About the same time a site for the Mother House was

purchased near Philadelphia, and arrangements were made for a temporary novitiate at "St. Michel" Torresdale, the old homestead of the Drexel family. In May, 1891, the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament bade farewell to the community of Mercy, and went forth to lay in the silence and solitude of "St. Michel" the foundations of the new novitiate.

For many years Miss Drexel had felt that God was calling her in a special way to the religious life—to what Order she could not decide. For five years, Bishop O'Connor of Omaha, who was her spiritual director, had counseled her to wait. The Bishop was a man thoroughly devoted to the best interests of the Indians and most anxious to bring them all into the Fold of Christ.

Centuries ago the Indians had received the Faith from the early Franciscans and Jesuit missionaries, but in later days there had been apathy and neglect to foster the first growth, and where all trace of truth was not yet lost, it was weakened and corrupted.

Miss Drexel from a child had loved the Indians; her earnest prayers were for these poor pagans who knew not the good God; and when she grew older, and was able to dispose of the wealth Providence placed in her possession, she built schools and missions among them. The major portion of her income was given to support the Priests and Sisters already at work; she was continually striving to establish new centers of education in the various Reservations. Her heart was yearning to embrace the religious life, and if she had followed her own desires she would probably have chosen a contemplative community, and not as might have been expected an active one.

In January, 1887, the Misses Drexel were traveling abroad. While in Rome, Leo XIII. received them in private audience. Miss Katherine, in speaking to His Holiness, mentioned the great need of missionaries among the Indians, and in the simplicity of her soul begged the Holy Father to send some devoted missionary communities to labor among them. With the smile, for which he was remarkable, lighting up that singularly clear eye by which he seemed to pierce the future, and with a voice the tones of which touched the innermost

depths of Miss Drexel's soul, he replied: "Why not become a missionary yourself, my child?"

Coming at the moment when she was struggling between the interior promptings of the Holy Spirit and the prohibitory mandate of her director, this seemed, as undoubtedly it was, the voice of God Himself. Shortly after this, Bishop O'Connor announced to Miss Drexel what he believed to be the will of God in her regard. Divine Providence, he thought, wished to make use of her to form the nucleus of a new society for the conversion of the Indian and Negro races.

In obedience to the direction of Bishop O'Connor, Miss Drexel entered the novitiate of the Sisters of Mercy, in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, May 6, 1889. Here she hoped to prepare and fit herself for the work which God was unfolding. It was not long before Miss Drexel found herself joined by other members, and under the direction of the daughters of the saintly Mother McAuley, the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament began their novitiate.

This was a decided advantage. The Sisters of Mercy, in Pittsburgh, had in vigorous operation all the various works of mercy-schools (academical and parochial), hospital, asylum, home for working girls, visitation of the prisons, and also of the sick and dying. To the clear-sighted Bishop O'Connor, there could not have been a better community to serve as a nursery for the new foundation, since in it the exterior works of the active apostolate were fully exemplified, while the deep, interior spirit of prayer and recollection which characterizes the institute of Mercy, brings about that harmonious union of the active and contemplative elements essential for the accomplishment of the purpose which the new congregation of the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament had in view.—*Indian Sentinel.*

Mother Katherine has been a liberal benefactress to our Community, Pbg. She improved St. Mary's, Webster Ave., by adding a story to the old house, thereby contributing to the comfort of the Sisters by this increased accommodation.

The Right Reverend Richard Phelan is the fourth occupant of the See of Pittsburgh. He was one of a family of nine children, four of whom embraced the religious life. When Bishop O'Connor visited Ireland in 1850, in search of

students for the diocese of Pittsburgh, Richard Phelan volunteered his services. He came to the United States, completed his theological studies at St. Mary's, Baltimore, and was ordained in Pittsburgh by Bishop O'Connor, May 4, 1854. He served as vicar-general to Bishop Tuigg.

By a Bull dated May 12, 1885, he was appointed titular Bishop of Cybara, and by a Bull dated May 15, 1885, he was appointed coadjutor to Bishop Tuigg with right of succession, and was consecrated by Archbishop Ryan in St. Paul's Cathedral, August 2, 1885. He succeeded as bishop to the united Dioceses of Pittsburgh and Allegheny, Dec. 7, 1889. By a Bull dated July 1, 1889, the See of Allegheny was suppressed and the Diocese of Pittsburgh was declared to embrace the territory of what had been the two dioceses, as though no division had ever taken place.

## CHAPTER XIII

ON May 27, 1890, a telegram from Omaha to Mother Superior (Mother Sebastian), announced the sad but unexpected death of our never to be forgotten friend and counselor—Rt. Reverend James O'Connor, D.D., Bishop of Omaha.

James O'Connor was born in Queenstown, Sept. 10, 1823. At the age of fifteen, he came to America. He attended St. Charles' Seminary, Philadelphia, and finished his education at the Propaganda, Rome, 1842-1848, where he was ordained by Cardinal Fransoni, March 25, 1848. While in Rome, he was for a time the teacher of Cardinal Newman—then preparing for ordination. He was about twenty years younger than the Cardinal. In 1848 he returned to Pittsburgh, where he was appointed rector of St. Michael's Seminary—in 1849. His career passed as chaplain at St. Xavier's Academy, head of several colleges, and missionary duty. When at St. Xavier's he interested himself in the improvement of teachers and pupils. But few of the pupils and a less number of the Sisters who enjoyed the benefit of his instructive lectures and advice are now living. Bishop O'Connor went to Omaha in 1876.

In 1885, he became first Bishop of Omaha; but amidst the laborious duties of a western mission, his love and interest in Pittsburgh seemed never to diminish, as his many letters attest. The toil and exposure of the episcopate soon made inroads on his health and strength. His physician advised a trip to the south, and in December, 1889, Rev. Mother Austin Carroll begged him to accept their hospitality. The bright and sunny south—aglow with summer's richest gifts—seemed to revive him for the time. From New Orleans he went to Florida. On January 27, Mother Sebastian received a telegram from Father Colaneri, the Bishop's traveling companion, containing very discouraging news. On the 29th, Mother Sebastian and Sister Katherine Drexel left Pittsburgh for St. Augustine to bring the Bishop to Mercy Hospital.

Before leaving Florida the Bishop discussed the future of

Sister Katherine and her Order. The Bishop weakened daily and on February 5th Dr. Joseph Dickson from the "Mercy" left for St. Augustine to hold a consultation, resulting in an unfavorable decision. On the 10th he encouraged the Bishop to leave at once for Pittsburgh, which the Bishop and his party did on the 12th—arriving at the hospital on the 15th. On the 20th the Bishop sent for Mother Sebastian (Superior) and expressed his wish to be buried at St. Xavier's, designating where he wished his last resting-place to be.

On the morning of March 19, after his thanksgiving—the Bishop talked at length of the vanity of all earthly things; the necessity of prayer and meditation; and his own trust in the Divine Mercy; his regret for all his past "neglected opportunities," wasted graces; and his wish that if it were God's will he might begin again, with the knowledge gained by these months of introspection and reflection, but he bowed submissively to the Divine Will—"Not my will, but Thine be done." April 16, the Bishop accompanied by Dr. Coffman (Omaha), Father Colaneri and Peter (the nurse), left for Omaha. Here, two Sisters of Mercy, relieved by Peter, were in attendance until his death May 27. At his bedside when he expired were Fathers Colaneri and Smith, two Mesdames of the Sacred Heart, two Franciscan Sisters, and the two Sisters of Mercy, who had been with him from the beginning of his illness.

His remains were interred in a vault under the main altar of St. Philomena's Cathedral. The clergy and people disapproved of having the Bishop buried at St. Xavier's.

By a deed dated Jan. 25, 1890, Dr. McCaffry transferred to St. Xavier's a tract of land containing 13 acres 17 P., called the Geiger Farm, northwest of the grove. The consideration was $1.00 and support during his natural life. The Doctor died the following September in the cottage on the farm.

Soon after Bishop James O'Connor's death, Sister M. Teresa Burgoon was laid to rest.

Sister M. Teresa was born in Westmoreland Co., near Youngstown, Pa., in 1819. Entered at St. Vincent's, Sept. 8, 1845—was received Mar. 22, 1846—Professed, May 11, 1848—and died July 16, 1890—aged seventy-one.

This dear Sister for more than forty-five years edified the community by her sterling virtues. From her earliest years, she gave evidence of a rare spirit of piety. Her childhood and youth were passed in the seclusion of the family circle, shielded from the baneful influence of a worldly life. Her father was a pious Catholic, who, animated by a lively faith, gladly gave his consent to his daughter's becoming a religious. The necessary arrangements having been made, she entered at St. Vincent's, and received the cap from Mother M. Josephine Cullen. Soon after her reception, Teresa's father came to see her. In the meantime, as often happens in similar cases, she was suffering from an acute attack of home-sickness, which had so far shaken her supposed vocation as to make her desire to retrace her steps. Teresa thought she had only to intimate this fact to her father, to be told to get ready to return with him, but, no,—he told her very decidedly she must remain where she was, and this resolute answer dispelled the temptation, which never again troubled her peace of mind.

One day, while a postulant, her Mistress—Mother Xavier Tiernan—noticed something amiss in her dress—and remarked that she might offer it as a penance for any display of vanity in her former life. Teresa answered readily that at home she had only one good dress—to wear to church, for she never went anywhere else!

Sister M. Teresa was appointed for duty at the Mercy Hospital, soon after the opening of that institution, and the greater part of her religious life she remained there. In the beginning, owing to the few Sisters on duty, no one was detailed for night-watch. Very often Sister Teresa would arise in the night to give soothing drinks—or some desired attention to the patients—regardless of her own need of rest, after a day of unremitting labor. In time, as more help could be afforded, Sisters were appointed to remain up during the night that every necessary attention could be given to the sick, and any possible disorder avoided. For many years, Sister Teresa discharged this duty—during a part of the night—afterwards for the whole night. Sister Teresa had a little dog which kept her company during the lonely hours of the watch, keeping guard with her all the while.

Thus many years of meritorious duty came and went—

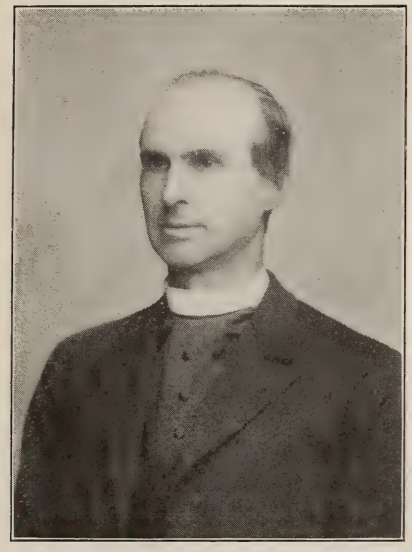
and by and by her health grew frail, and she became an inmate of St. Xavier's, where her declining years were spent. Consumption finally developed, and after an illness of some months, strengthened and consoled by the last holy rites, in the presence of the Sisters and sorrowing relations, she closed her useful and laborious life on the Feast of Mt. Carmel.

Sister M. Teresa was possessed of a strong, earnest character, very practical in her views; prompt to every duty; charitable and kind. Her devotion to the sick and poor was beyond praise; always solicitous for their welfare in every way. Many a death-bed she watched during the silent hours of the night, consoling the dying by her prayers and consoling words. She took a lively interest in all that concerned the Sisters and community: was most docile and obedient to Superiors; resigned and patient in sickness. In every period of her religious life she was a true Sister of Mercy.

With sincere sorrow we record the death, May 6, 1891, of Sister Mary Susan Loughran, an aged nun of eighty-five. Blind for years, her familiar form was a subject of edification for many years, as she patiently sat in the corner of the first pew in the Chapel—where the Priest every morning carried to her the "Consoler of the afflicted." Her departure for Heaven was like the drawing aside of a gauze curtain, which kept her from seeing God.

April 12th, 1891, Sister M. Seraphina Fitzgerald, Superioress of St. Andrew's Convent, Allegheny, died of pneumonia. Her remains were taken to St. Xavier's for burial.

July 16th, 1891, deprived the community of a friend in the death, in Pittsburgh, of Father Jerome Kearney, whose interest and friendship were constant during all the years of his priestly life. No lengthy interval ever intervened between his unceremonious visits to St. X.'s, and the sound of his cheerful voice in any of the halls or corridors was a signal for the pupils to gather round him for some enjoyment. Even when failing health prevented his visits to St. Xavier's he was still thoughtful of its interests, and one of his kind acts during his last sickness was the donation of the broad stone walk



Rev. Jerome Kearney

in the Grove, leading from the porch to the mound, above which stands the graceful statue of our Blessed Mother.

Jan. 8th, 1892, three lots and houses on Chatham St. were purchased from Andrew Sims for $10,900.00.

During March Pittsburgh was honored by a visit of two Sisters of Mercy from New Hampshire, Mother M. Gonzaga and Sister M. Paul Warde. The latter's mother was a pupil of St. X.'s. She is a niece of the late Dr. James Keogh, of this diocese, and grand-niece of the late Mother Francis Warde.

During this month, the 10th inst., we must record the passing away to a better world of one of our old landmarks—Mary Kuhn. She was buried in St. Vincent's Cemetery.

An innocent, harmless creature was poor Mary, and in her forty-seven years of employment by the Sisters she was a faithful servant. Her want of intellect made her laugh at many a joke, at her own expense, which the generations of school-girls at St. X.'s played on poor Mary, and her peculiar appearance cannot fail to provoke a smile from those who remember her. The old pupils will recall Mary with many a kind thought and word.

Sister M. Mechtildes's (Superior of St. Xavier's) feast day falling on Sunday this year, the celebration by the pupils partook of a somewhat sacred nature.

The day was quite pleasant, although the cold and snow prevented out-door amusements, but in the evening the young ladies had ample scope to make the time pass pleasantly.

The first feature of the evening was a Sacred Symphony from Rubinstein, by the orchestra, which was rendered in a very praiseworthy manner. Next on the program was a Vocal Selection, "Ave Maria"; Miss Lafferty's charming voice did full justice to the beautiful music.

This was followed by an address to Sister Mechtildes, delivered by Miss Rose Curran, whose earnest manner and full round voice seemed to please all present. "The Slumber Song," a very fine selection, arranged by Professor Lohman, of

Pittsburgh, came next, played with great expression by the orchestra.

While the orchestra was still playing, the curtain of the magic lantern was noiselessly lowered and the lights extinguished one by one, until the piece was finished and everything was in darkness and all awaited what was to follow. "The Life of Our Savior," which began with the "Flight into Egypt," followed by "Blessing Children," "Parable of the Lilies." Here Miss May McMullin with a sweet pathetic voice sang "Consider the Lilies How They Grow," which was admired by every one. "Mary Magdalen" came next in order, then "Christ's Agony," "Dream of Pilate's Wife," "Christ Leaving the Pretorium," "The Crucifixion," "Raboni," and lastly "The Ascension."

These pictures were most touchingly explained, while a soft strain of hidden music filled up the pauses in the speaker's voice. We never had an entertainment where religious feeling was blended with such elevated enjoyment. A sacred chorus followed, "The Priceless Love of Jesus," in which every girl in the school sang with her whole heart.

Every one was sorry when the "Maid with her candle" appeared on the screen saying "Good Night."

June 16, 1892, Sister M. Elizabeth reached the Golden Milestone of her religious Profession. In deference to S. M. Elizabeth's age, her years in religion—and the different offices she held in religion—she received at her Golden Jubilee the title of "Mother." The day was duly commemorated—Rt. Rev. Bishop Phelan celebrated pontifical Mass at 10 o'clock A. M. Bishop Mullen of Erie preached the sermon; he took a special interest in the occasion, as his acquaintance with the venerable Jubilarian dated back to the time when, with Bishop O'Connor, and his zealous band of students and religious, they crossed the waters of the broad Atlantic in the good ship *Queen of the West,* to aid in building up the then new diocese of Pittsburgh, in 1843. During the years that Father Mullen exercised his ministry in this diocese he was a kind friend to the community, and for many years was our Ecclesiastical Superior.

In the afternoon, the children of the school gave an entertainment, consisting of the Cantata, "Miracle of the Roses,"

# Mother M. Elizabeth Strange

Mother M. Elizabeth Strange
Sister M. Mechtildes O'Connell

Sister M. Liguori McCaffry

which was very creditably rendered by the youthful performers. The ceremonies of the day were closed by the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

1842 1892

PROGRAM OF EXERCISES

PONTIFICAL MASS AT 10 O'CLOCK A. M.

Rt. Rev. R. Phelan, D.D.

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Sermon,
Rt. Rev. T. Mullen, D.D.
Bishop of Erie.

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LUNCHEON, 12 M.

PROGRAM

Entertainment Given by the School Children
In Honor of Mother A. Elizabeth's Golden Jubilee

Overture to Norma, Bellini

Misses Sadie Walsh and Agnes Wenzel

Address, Miss Mary Boland

Cantata, Miracle of the Roses

Music by Luigi Bordese

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Dramatis Personae

Mignon, afterwards Elizabeth — Miss Nona Reed

Lady Clare, afterwards Landgrave of Thuringia — Miss Lula Minick

Mistress of the School, — Miss Alice Larkin

Pholoe, — Miss Josie McNamara

Graziella, a dumb girl, — Miss May Sweeney

Madeleine, a poor girl, — Miss Kate Fitzgerald

Jane, — Miss Bertha Burns

Anna, Scholars — Miss Mary Daschbach

Margot, — Miss Grace Daschbach

Milkmaid, — Miss May Vogel

Poor People of Thuringia and Attendants

SYNOPSIS OF THE MUSIC

Instrumental Introduction, Serenade.
Solo and Chorus, "Through the Forest Trees."
Cavatina, Mignon "Of all the Flowers of the Forest."
Margot, The Milk Drinkers' Song and Chorus.
Prayer of the Poor People.
Prayer of Elizabeth.
Air, Landgrave, " 'Tis the Privilege of a Landgrave."
Concerted Piece, Landgrave, Elizabeth and Chorus.
Romance, Madeleine, "My Name I Know is Madeleine."
Finale, Mignon and Chorus.

ACT I.

Scene 1. Scene in the woods.
Scene 2. Mignon and Graziella.
Scene 3. Enter Mistress with Lady Clare.
Piano Duetto, Ite sol colle o'Druidi, by Renard de Vilbae
Misses Sadie Walsh and Agnes Wenzel

ACT II.

Scene 1. Prayer of the Poor People.
Enter Elizabeth and Landgrave
Scene 2. The Miracle
Scene 3. Graziella recovers her lost speech
Finale, Mignon and Chorus.
SOLO AND CHORUS, All the Children
Benediction at 5 o'clock

LINES IN HONOR OF THE
GOLDEN JUBILEE
OF
MOTHER M. ELIZABETH STRANGE

MERCEDES

I

June—the month of fragrant roses; June—the month of birds and flowers,
With her sky of radiant sapphire, with her scenes from floral bowers,
Comes to us with rarest blessings,—blessings e'en we do not see,
Clustered 'round a glorious Festa,—'round a Golden Jubilee.

II

Not within the halls of princes, swept with hangings rich in gold,
Not within the world's gay mansions, glittering with wealth untold.
But within a Convent's precincts, where the Brides of Heaven stay,
Are these Fifty Years recorded, have these decades slipped away.

III

Fifty years of gentle labor in the gardens of the Lord,
Fifty years of toil that seeks not earthly glory or reward;
Fifty years of sowing, broadcast, Mercy's ever fruitful seed,
'Til the harvest in abundance, serves this mighty city's need.

IV

Scan the faithful scroll of History, opened at the long ago,
When the fields, that now are Pittsburgh, stretched to where her rivers flow,
When the churches, few and scanty, stood among the trees and grass,
And the roads were long and lonely, for the laborer to pass.

V

See that Bishop,—great O'Connor,—(dwells he in yon Heaven now),
Gazing on the whitening harvest, with a thoughtful, anxious brow;
"Who will teach these little children—keep these lambs from briers of sin?
And his great heart yearned to win them, yearned, like Christ to fold them in.

VI

Soon from Erin's sunny island, came a little Sister-band,
Led by him—that royal Bishop—here to work with steadfast hand.
From the cloisters calm and peaceful, came that valiant band of SEVEN,
Left their homes and lands behind them, here to gather fruit for Heaven.

VII

Would ye know the patient toilers who at once, unceasing wrought?
Would ye know whose hands have labored, yet no recompense have sought?
Lift your eyes to yon blue heaven, for this day they sure look down,
Smiling on the dear survivor who has reached her Golden Crown.

VIII

Yes! The last of those brave women, who, these Convent cloisters raised,
Who amongst us spent her life-blood, while the world in wonder gazed,
Through the by-ways and the high-ways, seeking out the humble poor,
Teaching them the Christian's lesson, how to labor and endure.

IX

Angels traced out every footstep in those years of long ago,
Through those hours of pain or hardship, heavy toil or fever low.
While the scoffer of the hour, in his frantic ravings strives—
Strives in vain to soil the beauty of those virgins' heavenly lives.

X

And those virgins pressing onward, ever finding labors new,
Gathering in their brave co-workers, strong to dare and swift to do,
As they wrought with love unceasing, challenging the world to gaze,
Looking upwards, ever upwards, caring not for blame or praise.

XI

Now the tree of Mercy spreading, casts its shade benign and blest,
From the Northland to the Southland, from the Orient to the West,
Still the tree doth spread its branches, planted by the band of seven,
One of whom to-day we honor,—six of whom look down from heaven.

XII

Client of Thuringia's Duchess—her—who spent her life and breath,
Giving bread and nursing lepers—dearest St. Elizabeth:
Dare we not with truest reverence, lift our voice and liken thee?
Near to that sweet Saint of Mercy, on thy Golden Jubilee?

XIII

Thou hast worn thy ring of bridal, through this long, long stretch of years,
Thou hast done the works of Mercy—helped the poor and dried their tears:
Thou hast made thy children bless thee, unto generations three,
And with love they gather 'round thee, on thy Golden Jubilee.

XIV

May these years that softly crown thee—half of earth and half of Heaven,
Golden light of coming sunset, silver glow of past still given,
Veil thee in such mystic beauty, through the years still lent to thee,
That our hearts may count it gladness to have seen thy Jubilee.

XV

May the poor, who love to name thee, may the holy, may the great,
Learn still more to love and bless thee, valiant woman, near to saint;
May thy name, dear Mother Elizabeth, written be in lines of gold,
'Mid the Jubilee of Heaven, where thy bliss will ne'er grow old.

XVI

Come ye angel bands about me, help to build a column white,
Let each year with snowy blossoms, honor her, we praise to-night,
Let these Fifty spotless roses, with rich fragrance laden down,
Typify these years of beauty, while I add their Golden Crown.

TABLEAU

The speaker has been surrounded by fifty little girls, in white, each wearing a broad, white satin sash bearing dates in golden letters from 1842 to 1892. Each held a spray of white roses. One held a white cushion on which is a crown of gilded laurel. As the speaker finished the last verse, the little girls advanced gracefully to a pyramid-shaped column of gilded wood, and marching to music, placed their roses, one by one, until the pyramid appeared a solid mass of roses. On the top the speaker placed the Golden Crown.

The Blessing of the new Abbot, Rev. Father Leander, O. S. B., brought us a number of visitors. Among them was Reverend Fathers Paulinus, Louis, Edward O. S. B., Father Keating, Father McCourt, some Benedictine Sisters, viz.: Srs. Adelaide and Cecilia Schaub from Chicago, and Sister Cecilia of the Notre Dame Order, Milwaukee, who is sister of the Abbot.

SISTER M. VERONICA EWING

With only two weeks' warning, stricken down by pneumonia, this dear Sister with all her gentleness and sweetness has passed away to her home among the Saints, a martyr to her love of the sick poor.

Her parents were Hugh and Henrietta Ewing, of Lancaster, Ohio. She was niece to Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman.

Her pupils of the first class, St. Mary's Academy, Webster Ave., will feel her loss intensely, and there is not one among the wide circle of those who knew and loved her who will not have a sad heart when the news reaches them. Her loss is a deep pain and a great loss to the Community of which she was so efficient and valuable a member, and her lovingly devoted family, to whom she was an angel, will be bowed down with grief.

Few were gifted as Sister Veronica was, in graceful sweetness and amiability of disposition; her pale spirituelle face with its large beautiful eyes and exquisite smile, has won many a soul to holy thoughts and holy deeds; and only the God to

whom she offered her pure and saintly life will ever know how truly she practiced the virtues of a religious.

Her Sisters could admire the casket, but few were allowed to see the precious jewel within.

Sister Mary Juliana McGuire, after only one day's severe illness, died at St. Xavier's on the night of Dec. 28, 1893, from the effects of the grippe.

For over forty years she had been a familiar figure at St. Xavier's, and in her early years was one of the props of the institution. Earnest, untiring, zealous, indefatigable, she filled one duty after another, until infirmity and age limited her sphere of action, and her spirit of prayer and good example alone remained to edify. Cheerful, kind-hearted and ever in earnest, she had always a smile for the pupils, an interest in everything belonging to the institution. Nervous in temperament, nevertheless she was always in her place in the Chapel and at her post of duty—supervising the practice hours, and the day before her death was among the gayest of the Sisters trying to enjoy "Holy Innocents." Although death came suddenly, it was not until she had received the Absolution, and the Anointing of the Church, and the sweetest aspirations of a saintly, loving heart were on her lips when the cold touch that hushed them forever was laid there. Her last words were: "O Jesus! open wide Thy Sacred Heart and receive me into it."

In January, 1894, parties having charge of the sale of the Ursuline property on Fifth Avenue made a proposal to Mother Superior (Mother Stanislaus Fennessy), giving her the first offer. This offer having in due time been accepted by the Corporation the Mount was purchased for $158,000; repairs $12,000, and furniture $12,000, additional lots $8,450, made the total cost $178,450.

### THE FIRST MASS

At the Shrine of Mary, on the Beautiful River (the Ohio)
Celebrated—By Rev. Denys Baron, at Pittsburgh, April 17, 1754.

I

The sun flashed up on the Beautiful River,
Changing its ripples to ruby wine;

It danced and glittered with many a quiver,
It flowed as smoothly as poet's rhyme,
And the grand hills stooped to the River's flow,
—The Beautiful River,—long ago.

II

Deep, and silent, and heavy, and tall,
The forest swept to the water's edge;
The wild deer fled at the eagle's call,
The wild fox crept through the laurel hedge,
And the blue sky bent o'er the River's flow,
—The Beautiful River,—long ago.

III

And then in the light of the April sun,
In the glorious flush of the morning sky,
A wonderful scene on the shore is begun,
A scene half earth, half heaven brought nigh,
While the musical waves of the River flow
Past the wonderful vision—long ago.

IV

Red men bowed down on the humid sod,
With the dark-eyed soldiers of sunny France,
And the vested priest of the living God,
Lifts the Sacred Host to their rev'rent glance;
And naught breaks the hush but the River's flow,
That April morning—long ago.

V

'Tis the Holy Mass, in that wilderness,
And the leaf screened altar,—our Lady's Shrine;—
This virgin forest her name will bless
With a title brought o'er the stormy brine,
"Our Lady's Assumption," close to the flow
Of the Beautiful River long ago.

VI

But the Red men flee, and the warrior dies,
And the smoldering ashes seem to tell
To the moaning ruins as years roll by
That all is lost, and the name as well;
But Faith has a seed that the Angels know
Sowed deep, by the "Beautiful River's" flow.

VII

Sweet Mother of Mercy, 'twas thine, thine own,
This favored spot of a city's birth,
Ere the Stars and Stripes to the world were known
Or our cry of freedom woke the earth:
Thine was The Shrine at the River's flow
—The Beautiful River—long ago.

VIII

And thus, as the years roll on and pass,
We kneel at a sweet Memorial Shrine,
And our thoughts drift back to that First lone Mass,
When a stranger-tongue, called this chapel thine,
Where the Beautiful River seemed to bless
Mary's First Shrine in the wilderness.

GOLDEN JUBILEE OF THE PITTSBURGH DIOCESE
1843-1893.

In 1843, when Bishop Michael O'Connor arrived in Pittsburgh as her first Bishop, there were in the diocese thirty-three churches, and but fourteen priests to minister to 25,000 souls. There were only two religious communities, the Redemptorist Fathers and the Sisters of Charity (Emmetsburg). To-day, owing to the zeal, labor, and unremitting energy of her Bishops and Clergy, there are 268 priests (171 regular, 151 diocesan); 203 churches—with 60 in reserve. The Catholic population numbers over 220,000.

A memorial building, by the Bishop's direction, has been commenced, one much needed, which will supply a long felt want, and it is to be called in memory of this great anniversary.

"ST. JOSEPH'S PROTECTORY FOR BOYS"

PITTSBURGH

On the hills by the "Beautiful River"
She sits like a dusky Queen!
She trails her gown o'er the grimy town,
With a royal grace I ween!
Her foundries are roaring with fury,
Her mills are aglow with light,
But this dusky Queen, ever smiling, is seen
Through the fiery flames at night.

Her streets are like swarming bee-hives,
All seething with human toil,
But the smoke and flame and the crimson rain
Seem never her face to spoil!
Her hills are green on their summits,
With a river on either side,
And far away where her home-nests lay
She has palaces grand and wide!

She has parks and boulevards dainty;
  She has churches and houses of prayer;
She has belfries and towers, where sweet chimes ring,
  And gladness and joy are there.
She has children fair and merry,
  And women as lovely as dreams,
  She has churches and houses of prayer;
  O'er the hills where her beauty gleams.

Her Captains of Industry lead,
  Her rivers are crowded with wealth,
And the dusky diamonds she scatters abroad,
  She never handles by stealth!
She is as broad as her generous rivers,
  She is proud as her hills are high,
And the name of this Queen, or her glory, I ween,
  Is as grand as the stars in the sky!

SISTER M. PAULA CHRISTY

Elizabeth Christy was the eldest daughter of Peter and Catherine Christy, who were in their day pioneers of the faith in the diocese of Pittsburgh. Mr. Christy settled in Loretto, in response to an invitation from the Prince Priest, Reverend D. Gallitzin, under whose influence was developed that staunch faith and high moral rectitude for which Mr. Christy was remarkable through life.

There the subject of our sketch was born in 1831, and received in holy baptism the name of Elizabeth. She received in childhood the rudiments of a good education in the village school. When our Sisters opened their modest academy in Loretto, Miss Christy was one of the first to avail herself of its advantages, and was constant in her attendance until she finished her course of studies. During this time Eliza, as she was called, gained the esteem and affection of teachers and companions, and was regarded as a model of all maidenly virtues. At home, she aided her mother in the care of the family, giving such assistance in the daily routine of household duties as was in her power. She exerted a good influence on the younger children, teaching them by word and example to "avoid evil and do good," and in many ways contributed to their happiness. As the years wore on and the loved ones went their several ways, they always looked to Eliza for advice or encouragement, whenever the roads crossed, and her interest and prayers for their welfare never ceased.

Some time after Eliza left school a mission was given in the parish by several Redemptorist Fathers, among whom were Rev. Fathers Hecker, Hewett and Walworth, who later established the Order of Paulist.

Eliza attended the exercises of the mission faithfully, and was deeply impressed by the serious consideration of the eternal truths as suggested by the fervid eloquence of the missionaries. Having concluded their work in Loretto, the zealous Fathers went to Johnstown and opened a mission there. Not satisfied with one spiritual feast, Eliza went to Johnstown, and with great fervor attended the sermons and other devotions. This act proved that she was in earnest and realized the value of her soul; it also evinced her readiness to make any sacrifice God might require of her. This experience matured, if it did not determine, her vocation to the religious life. Not long after this Eliza told one of the Sisters that she desired to become a Sister of Mercy, and was encouraged by her to correspond to the grace. In due time, her vocation being approved by her confessor, and having obtained the consent of her pious parents, Eliza applied to Mother Superior for admission, which request was readily granted. Accordingly, Eliza came to St. Xavier's August 3, 1852, and received a hearty welcome from Mother Superior and the Sisters. The former, M. M. Gertrude Blake, had lived in Loretto several years and was personally acquainted with Eliza, and it gave the good Mother great pleasure to receive a postulant from that place—so dear to her. Eliza was accompanied by her brother, Richard, then a student near his time for ordination. Father Christy was a life-long friend of the Community.

I have heard one of the Sisters, who was in Loretto in the early days, speak of the many acts of thoughtful kindness received from Father Christy as a boy, such as going on errands and other helpful acts, which were gratefully appreciated by the Sisters in those days of poverty and hardships.

During the Civil War, Father Christy was Chaplain to Col. Sirwell's 78th Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers, and was highly esteemed for his devotion to duty and obtained national reputation under the soubriquet of the "Fighting Chaplain."

After the August Retreat, given that year by Rev. Dr.

O'Hara—afterwards Bishop of Scranton—when the Sisters dispersed to their various destinations, Sister Eliza was sent to the Boys' Asylum, in Birmingham, as it was then called, now known as South Side, where she taught a class of children —little girls. This class formed the nucleus of St. John's Parochial School, which was established some years later and of which our Sisters had charge for many years—the teachers living in the Asylum.

April 2, 1853, Sister Eliza received the holy habit with the name of Paula, in honor of the great Apostle of the Gentiles. When the two years of Novitiate expired, our Sister was admitted to the holy profession, April 29, 1855.

For some years following these important events in the life of the religious, Sister M. Paula's duties were confined to the class-room of some one or other of the houses, as directed by obedience, varied by the visitation of the sick, or other works of charity, all of which duties she discharged most zealously.

In course of time, Sister Paula was appointed Local Superior, which office she held in several Houses. St. Patrick's, St. Anne's, McKeesport, were under her care at different intervals of time.

During the division of the Community, 1876-1877, she held the important office of Mistress of Novices at St. Xavier's and after the reunion October, 1877, was appointed Bursar in the Mother House, St. Mary's.

As Superior, while vigilant in maintaining regular observance, she did not neglect the temporal interest of the House of which she had charge, but exerted herself to increase the income, thereby to promote the comfort of the Sisters, and be enabled to make such improvements in the different departments as circumstances required, as also to contribute to the support of the Mother House and the Community in general, and her efforts in this respect were rewarded with success.

Sister had a most tender devotion to the Sacred Heart and was a most zealous promoter of the League, and by her efforts induced many persons to become active members, who, in their turn, did much to spread the devotion. From her early life Sister Paula suffered much from rheumatism, which she bore with great patience, seldom omitting any duty on ac-

count of indisposition. One day she visited a Sister who was sick. On being told that the patient was suffering from rheumatism, she said, "Oh! you won't mind that when you get used to it," which seemed to show her own spirit of endurance though it did not bring conviction to the other.

And so the years, laden with good, passed all too rapidly, and the time came when our Sister became too infirm to discharge any laborious or responsible duty. During the latter part of the year 1893 she was appointed to give such assistance as she was able in teaching the children in the Orphan Asylum, but ere many months she became too enfeebled to attend to any duty, and gradually grew worse, until January 12, 1894, when she was called to her reward.

It was a peculiarity in this good Sister, that she could not believe that death was near, and made heroic efforts to keep up. She died about midnight on Sunday. That morning she had insisted on being present at Mass, which she did and remained to the end. During the day she did not seem to be worse than she had been for some time. But the end came suddenly, a surprise to herself as well as to the Sister who was with her. Happily, a few days before she had received the last sacrament, yielding rather to the earnest suggestions of others than being convinced there was any necessity for so doing. Doubtless her life-long devotion to the Sacred Heart earned for her this blessing.

The funeral took place from the Asylum, Tannehill St., Wednesday, the 14th. Rev. J. Bigham, Rector of St. Bridgid's Church, a near relative of the deceased, was celebrant of the Solemn Mass of Requiem. Rev. P. P. May, deacon, and Rev. E. Griffin, Chaplain of the Asylum, subdeacon. Rev. J. Conway of the Cathedral was master of ceremonies. After the last absolution, Rev. Father May preached the sermon. The music was rendered by the Orphans, in a manner that won the admiration of all present. In the Sanctuary were Rev. Fr. Kelly of St. Patrick's, Rev. Fr. Walsh of St. Bridgid's, and Rev. W. Kittell, Chancellor. A large delegation of relatives and friends, with the Rev. Clergy and Sisters, accompanied the remains to their last resting place in St. Xavier's Cemetery.

Rt. Rev. Bishop, having gone to Erie to attend the obse-

quies of Very Rev. J. Casey, did not return in time to be present at the Requiem Mass for Sister M. Paula, but he went with the funeral to St. Xavier's and was present at the grave and recited the prayers of the ritual.

### MONSIGNOR SATOLLI AT ST. XAVIER'S

The second of April is ever to be remembered as the day of the visit of the Apostolic Delegate, Francis Archbishop, Satolli, D.D., and will long be remembered as a bright star in the school year of '94.

Our mountain retreat was indeed a subject for the pencil of an artist, this bright spring day. The sun seemed to smile on us, and nature, just awakening from her lethargy, did her best to vie with the preparations that had been made within doors for our illustrious guest.

At 12.30 the pupils marched out through the Academy gateway, and arranged themselves along the boulevard reaching from the Convent to the "Lodge." The long line of youthful forms in the conventional uniform and wearing the papal colors—all in eager impatience for the arrival of the distinguished visitors—was indeed a pleasing sight. They had not long to wait. Soon the prancing black horses in shining livery were discerned coming towards us. As they entered the gateway and moved slowly down the long drive, the pupils saluted and waved their handkerchiefs, the Monsignor, hat in hand, bowing as he passed to the eager girls, who were anxious for the first glance of the noted dignitary.

At the principal entrance stood the Superioress and her assistants, who escorted him to the parlor. Here the members of the community were introduced by name to him and received his blessing.

After the carriages bearing the Roman Delegate, our Rt. Rev. Bishop and Reverend Guests had passed by, the pupils entered the Academy through the long piazza and then took their places in the Recreation Hall, which had been beautifully decorated for the occasion.

The walls were draped with yellow and white, the papal colors, mingled with those of our native land; the tall pillars were twined with evergreen and the stage was a perfect fairy

bower, arranged by the dextrous fingers of our efficient gardener, Mr. Thomas. Tall palms and graceful ferns, and flowering shrubs from the green house combined to beautify the scene. His Grace entered the hall escorted by Bishop Phelan, and followed by the Rev. Clergy, while the orchestra of the Academy played the Entrance March.

After our distinguished visitors had taken their respective places on the stage, the English Poem composed for the occasion by "Mercedes" was recited. Many flattering eulogies were bestowed on Miss Stella McMullen, whose graceful elocution brought out all the fine points of the poem; and it was remarked that the Mgr.—program in hand—followed every word with keen, unflagging interest, his speaking countenance and expressive eyes telling his thorough appreciation, even though the language was comparatively strange to him.

Immediately followed a French address delivered by Miss Mabelle E. Kates. Her voice was sweet, and her manner animated and most pleasing. We were very proud of our companion-graduates on this occasion, and do not hesitate to give them their full measure of praise.

A rich chorus of thirty voices, with piano and two harps, rendered the "Carnival of Venice" in delightful style—Misses Vilsack, Horner, Kates and Gertrude Clark lending their voices in the successive rippling solos. Miss Clark sustained a trill through a long line of melody.

Following this choice morceau on the program we find, "A few Words from Mgr. Satolli—His Blessing."

The Mgr. recognized his turn (so to say!) and arose to address us. In musical Italian his fluent words fell upon our ears, and his wonderful changes of facial expression and his flashing eyes enchained our attention for fully twenty minutes. It was a picture we shall never forget—that holy animated countenance and intellectual head—and through our lives the memory of it will dwell with us.

As he resumed his seat we burst out into applause, for although few were able to follow his words, all could follow his expressive countenance and earnest manner.

Immediately Rev. Father Graham, of Latrobe, arose, and the graceful, ready, fluent interpretation of the Mgr.'s words into English delighted and gladdened us. The hearty ap-

plause which greeted Rev. Father Graham showed how much the difficult duty of interpretation was appreciated, and how well he performed his task.

Again the Mgr. arose, and this time every knee was bent, and every head was bowed in silence as he stretched his hands over us in earnest benediction. After this favor, we saw His Grace turn to our own Rt. Rev. Bishop, on whose paternal countenance we read a pleasing omen, and were prepared for the next boon, which was "a free day!" Hearty indeed was the applause on all sides, and I am sure the Mgr's countenance reflected our pleasure.

The orchestra now gave its finest effort, a difficult and choice piece, the "Roman Emperor," which was played with fresh zest, the thought of the coming holiday lending fire to our earnestness.

At its close Mgr. Satolli and the visitors passed through the building, all expressing pleasure at the charming appearance of the various departments of the institution. Everywhere the papal colors were waving, and in the Senior classroom an engraving of the Mgr. wreathed with myrtle was framed in silver and placed in a conspicuous position. A smile of recognition lit up his face, and speaking in French, he said he had a later picture taken, a copy of which he left with his autograph upon it, as a mark of his pleasure at his visit to St. Xavier's.

The banquet was served in one of the Parlors, and as some of the "Seniors" were honored with a peep at the preparations, it may not be amiss to say that the picture was like fairyland. The marble mantel was banked with maiden-hair fern; in every corner of the room the pictures were wreathed with smilax, and the table was beautiful in shining damask, decorated china, cut glass and silver. The center piece was a crystal bowl of cut flowers—purple heliotropes, white lilies and yellow jonquils. This stood on a piece of Roman embroidered linen, while lone, delicate vines of smilax curved in and out among the rare glass and silver all over the table.

The menu cards were of celluloid, painted by the Sisters in purple and gold, or scarlet and gold, the lettering outside being "St. Xavier's Honored. Mgr. Satolli, April 2, 1894." while an exquisite little landscape or a cluster of flowers

adorned the corners. The cards were held together with ribbons of yellow and white, with the addition of purple for the Archbishop and Bishop.

Of course, I am not able to comment upon the menu itself, but I feel assured it was worthy of the occasion, and I must here quote a graceful and charming act of the Monsignor. When a beautiful three-story cake, handsomely decorated, was about to be cut, he smilingly said: "This is my feast day cake; I send it to the young ladies!" And we discovered that the Monsignor had actually honored St. Xavier's on his patron's day—St. Francis of Paula. It is not necessary to tell how this substantial proof of a kindly heart was appreciated by the young ladies, when the cake was carried in state over to the Academy.

About four or five o'clock the carriages began to arrive to take the Monsignor and suite to St. Vincent's Abbey. The pupils filed out of the front door, kissing His Grace's ring and receiving a smile and blessing, while our Rt. Rev. Bishop stood near with kindly words and a recognition for every one.

This latter part of the day was the more enjoyable, as it was more informal, and the Monsignor had the air of a father among his children. As the Apostolic Delegate entered his carriage, all the pupils took their places again on the boulevard, and a long line of farewells and waving handkerchiefs told their adieu to the Holy Father's representative.

Our friends among the clergy who were present were Rev. Fathers Farren, Graham, Boyle, McTighe, Lawrence, O. S. B., McDonnell and Rev. Antonio Isoleri, of Philadelphia. These gentlemen also entered their carriages and passed out of the Academy gates while the sunshine glittered on the western mountains.

We watched the various conveyances as they disappeared behind the hills on their way to St. Vincent's Abbey, and the much talked of day was at an end.

Monsignor Satolli has made a lasting impression on all the inmates of St. Xavier's and his visit here is regarded as a special blessing bestowed on this institution, and a great and rare honor. The fact of his Rt. Rev. Bishop meeting him, and sharing in his honors as though he were specially proud

of his diocesan institutions is a subject of joy and delight to his children.

Should these humble lines reach the eyes of His Grace, we beg him to receive the thanks of this "mountain-girdled convent in Westmoreland fair" for the honor of his visit, and also for the rich, beautiful wishes and blessings that his magnificent address bore to the hearts of all at St. Xavier's. For the Monsignor himself, we wish "Multos annos."

June, 1894, saw the Novitiate moved from St. Mary's, Webster Ave., to Mount Mercy.

On the feast of St. Juliana, June 19, 1894, the Sisters, five in number, appointed by the Superior of the Community, Mother M. Sebastian, to open the new Convent and Academy on Fifth Avenue, set out from St. Mary's Convent, Webster Avenue, late in the afternoon, to fulfill this mission. The little group consisted of Sister M. Neri Bowen, as Local Superior, Sister M. Hilda Gallagher, Directress, Sister M. Loyola Knox, Sister M. Isabel Dunn and Sister M. Anastasia Donahue. They were accompanied by other Sisters not intended for the mission, but of these the greater number were obliged to return to Webster Avenue the same evening, for the reason that beds had not been provided for their accommodation.

Arrived at their destination, the Sisters received a kind welcome from the Ursuline Nuns, several of whom had remained at the Academy on Fifth Avenue, to await the coming of the Sisters of Mercy.

The good Ursulines then proceeded to their new home, a fine property, which they had purchased on Winebiddle Avenue.

As evening approached, the small community of Sisters of Mercy felt quite desolate in their great, empty Convent, and their discomfiture was further increased by the discovery that the city had turned off the lights, on being notified of the withdrawal of the Ursuline Nuns.

However, they resolved to make the best of things, and so laughed and chatted merrily, as they arranged, on a dry goods box, the frugal supper which they had brought with them from

St. Mary's, and proceeded to take their evening meal seated on dry goods boxes, by candle light.

Presently, to their astonishment and delight, the Rt. Rev. Richard Phelan appeared at the door of the refectory, accompanied by the Reverend John Conway.

The arrival of the Bishop should not have surprised the Sisters, since they constantly experienced the affectionate and watchful care of this kind friend and Father, interested in every event, joyful or sad, connected with the Community, ever rejoicing or sympathizing with the Sisters, as the occasion demanded.

After some animated conversation, during which all the details of the "moving" were related to the Bishop's amusement, his Lordship proposed that, as it had ever been a custom among the Sisters of Mercy, to have each Convent blessed, on their taking possession, he would now, assisted by Father Conway, perform this ceremony.

Accordingly a procession was formed—the Reverend Bishop, holding the asperges, and Father Conway carrying a large vessel of holy water—taking the lead. Then followed two Sisters, bearing candles, the only available means of light in the emergency. After them came the rest of the community.

Down long winding corridors, in and out of gloomy cells, the procession passed, until every apartment, even of attic and cellar, had received the blessing of Holy Church.

The ceremony being over, the Bishop declared that it was time for the Sisters to retire, and so, after giving them his blessing, he and his companion departed, leaving the community quite cheered and comforted. Thus passed the first evening, at the Academy of our Lady of Mercy, as the institution was to be henceforth called.

A week later, the schools having closed for the vacation, a number of Sisters, many of them novices, came from St. Mary's, Webster Avenue, to assist in getting the house in readiness for the opening of school in September. What busy days, and yet how full of gladness, were the long summer months of that first vacation at Mount Mercy Academy.

On the day following the close of the annual retreat, August sixteenth, Mother M. Regina Cosgrave, accompanied by

Main Entrance.

Mt. Mercy

her entire Novitiate, arrived at the Academy, a division of which was to be set apart as a Novitiate.

Like children, the young Sisters roamed over the sunny swards, and rested in shady dells, gathered vegetables from the well stocked gardens and plucked delicious fruit from the heavily laden pear trees, and Mother Regina, whose kind heart was ever alive to the interests of her children, shared in their innocent joys and pastimes.

Towards the end of the first week in September, the Academy of our Lady of Mercy was opened for school. The number of pupils enrolled during the month was very great, and many of the young ladies, coming from the various day-schools taught by the Sisters, were students well advanced in the branches usually taught in the higher academic institutions.

For thirteen years Sr. M. Hilda filled the position of Directress of the Academy, laboring with indefatigable energy for the good of the institution and the advancement and well being of its students. With the efficient aid of Sister M. Jerome, as prefect of studies, Sister Hilda succeeded in establishing the school on a basis of superior excellence. Friends, many and influential, came to her assistance. Mr. William Hooveler, whose daughter was a student in the Academy, founded and thoroughly equipped a fine chemical laboratory, in which all, from the huge table with its great pneumatic trough, to the minutest capillary tube, was of the best quality that could be procured.

Four years later, Mr. Dawson Callery, whose daughter and sons attended the school, furnished a large gymnasium with all the modern appliances considered essential for the proper physical development of the child. For several years, Mr. Callery bore the entire expense of conducting this department of the school.

The reverend Clergy of the city gave encouragement and support to the rising Academy, assisting in the work of examinations, and presenting medals and other prizes for proficiency to successful students.

Much creditable work has since been done in the Academy of Mercy and, at present, the school is on a superior footing, but it is doubtful if the work of early years has ever been surpassed in excellence.

Sister Hilda's efforts were not confined to the intellectual and physical training of her pupils. By every means in her power she strove to amuse and entertain them in their hours of recreation, sacrificing for this purpose every leisure moment. And, above all and before all, she devoted herself to their religious instruction; in which pious work she was encouraged and ably assisted by those devout and learned Priests who, as Chaplains and Confessors, attended to the spiritual wants of the institution. To one of the Carmelite Fathers was first committed the office of Chaplain of Mount Mercy. This charge was later transferred to the Reverend James Canevin, who was appointed resident Chaplain by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Phelan.

On account of the crowded condition of the building at the time, the accommodations afforded to this good father were not all that could be desired, but being truly a man of God, he bore with patience all inconveniences, in consideration of the good he felt he was accomplishing in the schools.

The Community of Mercy is deeply indebted to this learned Priest for the translation from the German made for their benefit of "An explanation of the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary." This valuable book, published in 1897, has been since an immense source of profit and edification to the members of the Community of Mercy.

Father James Canevin, on account of ill health, was, to the regret of Sisters and pupils, forced to relinquish his good work at the Academy, and the Carmelites in 1898 resumed the charge, the Reverend Father Paul Ryan being appointed Confessor and Chaplain to the Academy.

In all sorts of weather, in sunshine or storm, through pelting rain, and drifting snow, this good father, although somewhat disabled from an attack of illness in childhood, journeyed each day from his monastery on Center Avenue to the Academy of Mercy—the ascent to which is extremely difficult to one suffering from lameness. Never can the Sisters be sufficiently grateful for the services of this kind, self-sacrificing priest, whose charitable labors in their behalf were continued for three years, until terminated by the appointment of the Reverend Stephen Walsh, by Bishop Phelan, as resident Chap-

St. Anthony Park

lain and Confessor, which office he still happily holds in the Academy of our Lady of Mercy.

## OUR LADY OF MERCY ACADEMY

### LEGEND OF OUR SCHOOL COLORS—THE BLUE AND THE GOLD

A sweetest school legend we're often told,
Explaining why we wear the blue and the gold;
Why 'mid all the rainbow colors, seven,—
Two only are ours—fair hues of heaven.

It is said that each convent school can claim
A bright winged angel, bearing its name,
Who, hovering over it, guards it with care,
And chooses two colors which it shall wear.

Our titular angel first sought to trace
In the morning's pure sky, fair hues to grace
The school of his care—and the bright gold ray
Well suited his choice, but not the dull gray.

He waited till clear noonday skies o'erhead
With clouds light and airy were softly spread.
The blue he deemed fair, but fickle and light
He thought, was the cloudy and changing white.

He sought when the sunset gilded the earth
And heralded gladly a new night's birth,
And again he admired the molten gold,
But not the gore crimson which round it rolled.

"I will soar," he said, "to the mighty dome
Which vaults over my radiant, lasting home,
And there among pure celestial hues,
I'll find rarest colors from which to choose.

Ecstatic, he gazed on the vision sweet
Where Mary was throned—the moon at her feet.
'Round her brow twelve stars sent their bright gold hue,
With grace fell her mantle of purest blue.

"Sweet Lady," he said, "my convent shall wear
Your colors; like thee they are pure and all fair.
In blue, a sweet hymn of truth shall be sung.
Gold speaks in eloquent charity's tongue.

And though since that day the long years have rolled,
Still blend our true colors—pure blue and gold;
Our sweetest reminders ever to be,
That Mary will guide us over life's sea.

GERTRUDE.

## CHAPTER XIV

### APRIL, 1895—THE GOLDEN JUBILEE MONTH AND YEAR OF ST. XAVIER'S

LET us rejoice and be glad. At this memorable epoch in the annals of the institute the very air seems afloat with reminiscences of half a century. A few, very few, still live "to tell the tale" of the struggles and triumphs of the early days of St. Xavier's. Maryland's soil now covers the silenced heart which conceived and executed the heaven-born thought of its foundation, and of all names linked with the Academy in its infant period, one more than any other is held in grateful memory, the revered name—Bishop Michael O'Connor.

As we open the book of "fifty years," what a record is contained between its covers. The Cross, it is true, shadows many of its pages, but it is the Cross of Him who "chastens whom He loves," and Alma Mater's noble bark, guided by that Divine Pilot, has sailed triumphantly during the past half century, under skies both bright and clouded.

### A GOLDEN DREAM

I sat near my window one calm, peaceful night,
Watching the stars in their pure glittering light,
And my eyes were flooded with memory's tears,
As I dreamed a sweet dream of the bygone years;
Came before me my youth, with its rosy ways,—
The season of girlhood—its halcyon days,
And remembered faces arose from the past,
As I thought of those years, too joyous to last,
And I knew not why fond memory would stray
To a dear Convent home now so far away.

I saw it again as in bright days of yore
When I sipped from its fountains sweet draughts of lore;
Its grove, where God's sunlight so peacefully smiled,
Where many bright hours of my youth were beguiled—
The chapel, where school-girls found solace so sweet
In heart-lifting prayer at the Saviour's feet.
And e'en the small taper before the pure shrine,
Where watched the Master—the Prisoner Divine.
The pure marble altar—the dear surpliced saint—
All made sweet pictures for memory to paint.

1845.
1895.

I saw the old class-rooms, the porches and halls,
Faith's statues and pictures which smiled from the walls.
Then I said, "Each star in yon glitt'ring array
Shines over St. Xavier's, my home, far away."
I envied them even, those calm guards of night,
Their watch on that home from the realms of light,
I called as I gazed on the radiant sphere,
"Bright stars, as you shine on my school home so dear,
Bear me a message—some whispering words say—
Oh! speak to my heart of that home far away."

And lo! I then thought through the night's silent air
Came one silv'ry ray with a wonderful glare.
It shone through my window and flooded the room,
And my spirit grew bright—all gone was its gloom.
Then sounded like soft lute-notes the calm silence broke,
I thought 'twas the tongue of an angel that spoke.
"Fifty years! Golden years!" the voice seemed to say,
"Since your loved Alma Mater's dear natal day;
And this is her bright year of radiant gold—
The home of your girlhood is now growing old."

Then I knew why those thoughts my spirit had weighed,
Why mem'ry to dear Alma Mater had strayed,
For the hearts of her children, both far and near,
Now fondly turn to her on this golden year.
I gratefully mused on her course so long run—
Her full half a century's work nobly done—
And I thank my God that I had lived to see
My dear Alma Mater's Golden Jubilee.
Then I said, "Lord, still send your blessings untold
On St. Xavier's, my school home, now growing old."

GERTRUDE.

### A REVERIE

Rev. Regis Canevin

The historian of the Sisters of Mercy in the United States records that Sister M. Josephine Cullen with five Sisters to aid her, began St. Xavier's Academy in the month of April, 1845. The world has aged fifty years since then. Reckoned as a portion of the world's duration, fifty years measure but a short span; counted out from the brief course of a lifetime, as human life runs in this age, or as the first epoch of an institution and its mission, a half century of time recedes into the past marked by important events, replete with tender memories, and radiant with splendid achievements.

The foundation of St. Xavier's was among the first stones

in the structure of the Diocese of Pittsburgh. Though the elements and time have wrought changes, and waste and ruin, in the material edifice, the living organizations, which gives St. Xavier's being and moulds its form into a center of religious and intellectual culture, has endured and grown stronger, and enlarged its circumference. Hundreds of pupils have had their day within its circle, and have there been trained to be what God intends a Christian woman should be, an ornament and support of grace and strength in a society which sorely needs the power and virtue of Christian womanhood.

The past of St. Xavier's is a pleasing retrospect. Its humble beginning and early struggles beset with anxiety and fear; the strange various ways in which friends were won, and gifted young women attracted to the austere life and ceaseless work of the order of Mercy; the manner in which difficulties were overcome, or outlived, shows the watchful and persevering providence of God, that has guarded the seed and ripened the harvest for the sowers of 1845.

To those who have known the Sisters and their Westmoreland home since its, and our, own first years, St. Xavier's has scenes to fill the eye, and voices which speak words which pen cannot make intelligible to those who read but do not feel the language of the heart.

> "There are more things in heaven and earth than we
> Can dream of, or than nature understands;
> We learn not through our poor philosophy
> What hidden chords are touched by unseen hands."
> "And who can tell what secret links of thought
> Bind heart to heart? Unspoken things are heard,
> As if within our deepest selves was brought
> The soul, perhaps, of some unuttered word."

The peaceful beauty of the spot, the ample fields around the spacious buildings; the deep green pastures of hill and valley; the well ordered grove with old stately trees extending friendly and umbrageous branches over the well worn walks; the clear salubrious air in which the sunshine sheds full light upon the scene, and brings out every bright and tender hue of vernal landscape; the many mountain barriers that meet the clouds and close in the prospect to the East; these are some of the pictures which linger in the minds of those familiar with the charming site on which the Academy is built.

Attractive and dear as these recolletions are, they give way to the more cherished memories of those holy persons whose lives and prayerful work, in the process of fifty years, become treasured traditions among those who reverence devotion in a sacred cause.

One after another of the pioneers has been laid to rest. One, I believe, of the five who stood side by side with Mother Josephine has had her life lengthened out to see this day.

May God pour down His benedictions and spiritual joy upon her! She can bear testimony to the saintly character of the companions who have gone before her. Their hearts were consecrated to God's honor, and from their Master's throne they now behold and pray for the earthly home of their love and sacrifice. Their names are dear to those who knew them, and their resting place among the old trees in the convent graveyard is a frequented shrine. From the first grave that was dug, to where the sod was broken latest, the simple cross, more eloquent than marble monument, revives the virtues of these saintly heroic women. The fame of their deeds cannot make much show in history, because their lives were barren of great things, though rich in small ones. The round of days for them was confined to the circle of the convent, and humility protected them from the dreams of world-wide reputation. They loved to be obscure. In themselves they were weak, solitary, and almost unknown, yet their efforts have been fruitful and enduring. The Sisters who have labored in any way during the past fifty years for St. Xavier's were the instruments of God in a great work. Their own human infirmities were absorbed in the strength of soul which came to them from on high. Let us pay this tribute of love and veneration to those who have fought the good fight. Life to them was a discipline of routine duties, of happy obscurity and inward peace, of orderly dispensing of good to others, who came within their influence, morning and evening, of a growth and blossoming and bearing gruit in the house of God, and of a blessed death in the presence of their Sisters.

The graves of the anointed dead in St. Xavier's cemetery tell us of the wisdom and happiness of those who risk all for God, and make Him the sole hope and sole aim:

"To serve the living and true God, and to wait for His Son

from Heaven, Whom He raised from the dead, Jesus, Who hath delivered us from the wrath to come."

REMINISCENCES

Grace Mercedes McElroy

During this month of sunshine and showers, the smiles and tears of Nature, the Golden Jubilee of St. Xavier's Academy will be celebrated. Fifty years ago the band of Sisters of Mercy took up their abode among the hills of Westmoreland county, and for fifty years they have labored in the cause of religion and education. Trials manifold have been theirs, but courage overcame every obstacle, and now St. Xavier's reigns among the first Catholic institutes of the land, honored and beloved by all who know it; holding a fresh, green spot in the memories of all who have gone out from her walls. Long years of noble work crown her with the love of myriad hearts, better and brighter jewels than any the earth could afford.

Each year of all the fifty, when the June roses nodded, and the summer winds breathed sweetness and fragrance over the groves and hillsides, the graduates, released from the bondage of study, went out from their school life into the world, bearing with them never fading memories of the lessons taught in the sunny class rooms, in the chapel and in the grove of their Alma Mater. All these young girls have taken places in life's ranks. The crown of wifehood and motherhood rests on many of the brows which wore the coveted laurel of commencement day. Who can doubt that St. Xavier's is often remembered when lessons of truth and purity must be retold to their lisping little ones? Others of those laurel crowned heads were bowed to receive Christ's invisible crown of lilies, under the veil of seclusion, but in the cloister's quiet, the picture of the school girls, St. Xavier's is not less loved and familiar than to the daughters of the world. Many are now repeating their oft learned maxims to the present students, with the same dear scenes about them as in youth, and the same beautiful examples of earth's most heavenly life filling their days.

The seniors of fifty years ago had the same thoughts and

feelings which actuate the hearts of the girls of '95. They wished that the months would speed on to bring the summer days and the loosing of a student's ties. They counted the days, the hours, until that last moment would arrive when the valedictory would proclaim them free from study; they stretched forth eager hands to grasp the honors which rewarded their labor, and they, too, found that the cup was not one of complete joy. On that last day their eyes would fill up as they looked at the places they could no longer claim; when teachers and friends bade good-by with a new tone which meant no return; and when the valedictorian painted the bright picture of school life, gilding the trials and telling the sharp truth that the farewell was forever, their girlish anticipations took on a tinge of regret, as my own did in '89, and yours will, Seniors, when '95 brings its rose laden month, and you put away your books and take your gold cross and leave St. Xavier's and school-life forever. In those hearts, old now, and nearing their earthly end, the charm of St. Xavier's still is alive and vivid; the rare pictures which surround the beautiful home, the other rarer pictures of life and work presented in the classes, all are remembered with joy, that her arms are still open to all these departed daughters of bygone years. They are not few; if they could pass in procession before her eyes the faces would be changed, many of the heads crowned with silver years, the blooming cheeks withered, but her heart would hold them all with love.

One picture arises before us as we look back, roused to life by this Golden Jubilee. The rare sunlit days, when the gold of the perfect day flecked the class-room floor, and gilded the brown of the fields—when the mountains reared their mist-veiled heads in the distance, shutting out care and strife from our ken; the wide fields, the distant cool green woods, the familiar walks, the dear class-room, and the dim lighted chapel, where the rich light streamed, touching caressingly the Blessed Mother and the marble altar, as if the sun would fain give of its beauty to them. Among the dearest, the grove, with its sun and shadow and whispering trees, and the tall poplars, which only succumbed to age a year or two ago, nodding and tapping at the class-room window, seeming to tell of love and beauty outside our world. With these comes the other heart-picture of the

lessons learned, the example shown, the books conned and the friendships formed, never to break; the all-strengthening knowledge of the truth of that world which awaits us all.

Is there a heart which will not wish joy on the festal day? or a single voice which will be raised dissentingly to this faint tribute from a daughter, who would fain embody the praise of all St. Xavier's daughters in one great song, which would tell what love and memory is? The history of that Convent home in the mountains is a subject worthy of better thought than can come to life in my heart, now thrilling with the memories which throng about the dear name, and taking me back over the years which have passed since I was a school-girl, living in a mystic world of books and fancies, indulging dreams of what the future would bring, and living in the shelter of St. Xavier's walls. The long years of work, which brought it from the small beginning to its present proud position, the pages of lives which have been written and folded and turned, all are for thought, rather than words, and all are set as jewels in the crown of fifty years which she wears this month. I can only voice my wish for the future—my "anniversary hope," which I am sure is that of every girl claiming St. Xavier's as a one time home:

May the dear head of our Alma Mater gain in dignity and glory as the years go on; may her hands be filled to overflowing with the blessings she so generously bestows on her children, and may her loving heart, never yet unkind, never lack in love for us, her daughters. In fine, may her festive day give a light, not to shine alone on her anniversary and pass away as the twilight fades, but continue with a glow which will last for all time, clothing her in the light of a Golden Jubilee.

GOLDEN JUBILEE BELLS, 1845—ST. XAVIER'S—1895

"Fifty years!" the bells now sing.
What strange message in the ring,
As within the convent walls
Mellow-toned, their music falls.
Hear them say in joyful sound:
"'Tis St. Xavier's golden round.
Chime we then in merry glee:
'Happy golden jubilee!'"

Memory wakes the hours forgot,
Passed within the hallowed spot.

And the joyful ringing tone
Sends fond thoughts to days long flown.
Life's bright season reappears,
School-times laughing sunny years—
As the bells in chiming glee
Ring their song of Jubilee.

Listen! In the glad refrain
Hear we not one minor strain
Moaning for the pioneers
Of St. Xavier's early years?
Moaning for those friends of old
Forms once ours—in death now cold?
How their mem'ry calls for tears,
As the bells chime: "Fifty Years!"

Sadly calls that minor lay:
"Early makers, where are they?
Do they hear the chiming glee
Of the bells of jubilee.
Faithful toilers of the past,
You, who first the good seed cast,
Now all gone! Your work is done,
Rest in peace! Your crowns are won."

Yon white cross now marks the spot
Where, within the grassy plot,
Bordered round by hedge of green,
Side by side their graves are seen.
Where the willow bends its head
As in reverence to the dead;
And low night-winds moan their lay,
There they wait the reck'ning day.

They have heard the Master's voice
"Well done, faithful ones, rejoice!
Through life's way My cross you shared,
Now receive your crowns prepared."
And from holy courts above
They look down in peace—in love
Praying still—those dear ones gone,
While their life-work yet goes on.

Father, hear them! Oh! guard still
Dear St. Xavier's from all ill.
May her aim Thy glory be,
And her watch-word: "All for Thee!"
And when we, still workers here,
See death's gloomy shades draw near,
Call us, Lord, to come to Thee;
Give us lasting jubilee.

Sister M. Austin McK.

## 1895

### HUMOROUS REMINISCENCES

### A Former Pupil

How shall I venture on a subject which so many pupils and friends of dear Alma Mater are handling so gracefully at this period of her history? I am aware that just and well merited tributes are now being paid to her—tributes of gratitude for her fruit-bearing lessons; for her persevering fulfilment of duty; for the fostering care with which she leads her children from their first entrance into her halls till their time of graduation and for everything which any appreciative and grateful pupil must hold dear. So, while I leave the envied eulogium for more capable pens, I shall take this opportune time for viewing the retrospect from a humorous point, and recalling some of the "Merrie old times" at St. Xavier's.

It occurs to me that probably the favored contributors at this period may have forgotten or neglected to bring back from the past the happy memory of four seemingly important factors in the exterior make-up of St. Xavier's some years ago.

Can any former pupil repress the smile, or more probably the enjoyable laugh, as they bring to remembrance "Old Mr. Kuhn," in school-girl parlance always called "Daddy"; "Jimmie," the dairyman; Thomas McLain, the man-of-all-work, known and liked by the pupils as "Old Tom," and last, though not least in importance, the original and only "Mary Kuhn." All four have paid their last debt to nature, and under the soil their earthly tenements await the sound of Gabriel's trumpet. But they will be recalled in happy remembrance as long as those who once enjoyed their honored acquaintance live to repeat their names.

Far down in the old past can be seen the aged and feeble form of the totally blind Mr. Kuhn, his cane sweeping the walk from side to side as he tried to feel his way through the grove, whose beauties he was not permitted to see. But never was he left alone when happy school-girls were enjoying their outdoor exercise. Games and amusements were abandoned

for the time as soon as the venerable form was observed, and there was usually a race, as each tried to be first to lead "Daddy" for a walk. Nor did they unwillingly deprive themselves of part of the recreation for the charitable task of reading to him in the picturesque little summer-house, known by the school-girls as the "temple."

It sometimes happened that the partially imbecile man of four score and ten either discovered, or imagined, that some mischievous juveniles were having fun at his expense, and then, to the amusement of the pupils, "Daddy" would be seen feeling his way to the part of the building occupied by the Sisters, to notify the "Board," as he said, that they were harboring some troublesome characters. The result of his charges was usually a salutary lecture to the young offenders on "respect for the aged," "compassion for the afflicted," etc. Many years have passed since death claimed the eccentric old man, but his name is an old and sunny memory in the lives of the former school-girls.

Poor weak-minded James, the dairyman, familiarly known as "Jimmie," comes next on the list. To speak of this odd specimen of humanity recalls a stooped form and thin visage, crowned by a few scanty locks, which the frosts of eighty years had whitened. Jimmie's world was the pasture-field,—his subjects, the cows, over which he ruled in kingly supremacy until his death.

Among Jimmie's many peculiarities, his gait and posture more than anything else brought him into popularity. Like the publican in the Gospel, he seemed afraid to "raise his eyes to Heaven," inclining his head until it reached within about two feet from the ground. When in the chapel, in his desire of assuming a very reverential posture, head and knees almost met. Jimmie had his own strange views of piety. He looked on the garb of the Sisters as something before which he must genuflect; and it was no unusual thing to see him prostrate on the ground, and hear the Sister to whom he was paying the undesired homage, ordering him to take another position, as she assisted him in gaining his ordinary posture. One venerable religious, herself nearly an octogenarian, who possessed a great sense of the humorous, would, when she saw him throw his full length before her in sudden reverence, chidingly say

to him, "Now, James, as a punishment for this act, get up and stand as erect as any straight man." Jimmie, who regarded any disobedience to the Sisters as a flagrant act against religion, would immediately seize his cane and rise from his humble position, and it was amusing to any looker-on to see him endeavor to take the attitude to which he was so unaccustomed. Among the many graves in St. Vincent's Cemetery, one, unknown to most persons, now contains the formerly crooked form of innocent "Jimmie."

Poor old Tom! Tom, with the roguish eye and large, open heart! Can any of his old friends think of him and not feel all their mirthful risibilities working in full play? Possessing the genuine wit and humor characteristic of his race, he heartily enjoyed all scenes of school-girl mischief, and the actresses in them were Tom's prime favorites. A certain roguish twinkle always showed itself in his good-natured brown eyes, when he witnessed any tricks on the grounds or in the Academy, as he was performing his domestic functions. Frequently, as he passed one whose mercurial nature amused him, he would say to her in a low and patronizing tone: "I have some apples hid away for you."

Tom left St. Xavier's several years before his death, but still worked for the Sisters, being employed as errand man at the Convent on Webster Avenue, Pittsburgh. As that was the Novitiate of the Order at the time, it sometimes happened that when a young candidate, recently received into the community, was quietly walking on the corridor, Tom's ready eye quickly recognized one of his old acquaintances at St. Xavier's, and his significant "I remember you," accompanied as it always was by the comical eye-twinkle, told his meaning more plainly than it could have been given by many explanatory words.

Pessimism was to Tom an unknown creed. He viewed everything in a sunny light. Years, toil and disease might be working on his aged frame, but Tom, according to his own statement, was always "first rate." When his last sickness overtook him he was removed to the Mercy Hospital, where he received the kind attention which his fidelity deserved. But to the end of his career, to all inquiry regarding his condition, he gave the happy reply. A former friend visiting him just before his death, bent over the dying man, with the kind query:

Mary Kuhn, well known to former pupils

"Are you suffering much, Tom?" The languid eyes, in which the glaze of death had usurped the place of the former merry twinkle, were raised to the questioner, but the old time reply rose naturally to his lips. He was, he said, "First rate." In another hour his immortal spirit had left its earthly prison.

And now to turn to the never-to-be-forgotten Mary Kuhn. Pupils of recent date, as well as those of former days, will remember Mary, as the world has been going on only three years since her guileless spirit fled from it to a better home. Nature had given her neither physical beauty nor quickness of intellect. She possessed a form and physiognomy which probably only Mary Kuhn possessed, and her style of dress was peculiarly her own. During the months of summer and early autumn her costume consisted of a flaming colored calico dress, with plain, full skirt reaching to the top of her shoes, which were neither an imitation of the "Cinderella slipper," nor noiseless casings for fairy feet, but were intended to withstand all injury from ruts and stones of the country roads. A rounded cape of the same material as the dress was an indispensable part of Mary's attire. Whether at work or praying in the chapel, she never appeared without the much admired cape. In winter the material of the costume changed to a bright colored flannel, though the style of making was never altered.

But the crowning part of Mary's attire was the black lace cap, ornamented with trimmings and bows of lively hues. No empress was ever prouder of her royal diadem than was Mary of this part of her outfit. To gain a place in her innocent heart it was only necessary to present her with a bright ribbon to beautify her cap, and Mary's broad laugh was sufficient payment for the generosity of the donor. Her sphere of duty was limited to the poultry-yard and spring-house, and there her knowledge of the world ended. Feeding her chickens, carrying her pails of milk, Mary's life passed more happily than the lives of many whom the world calls "gifted."

Some years ago kodak pictures were a fad at St. Xavier's, and while in the midst of her feathered friends, Mary's portrait was taken. A painter might gaze on his finished master-piece with a more artistic and intelligent eye, but not with greater pleasure than she did on this first representation of her ungainly figure. She closed an innocent life in March, 1892, and

many feelings of regret followed the hearse as it moved from the Convent grounds, bearing to St. Vincent's cemetery the mortal remains of faithful Mary.

Though these reminiscences may not be of a character to afford sentimental theme for the soaring pen of the poet, it is sometimes pleasant to think of those who helped to amuse us in the "good old times," and if any who enjoyed the happy acquaintance of the forementioned "quartette" can hear or read the names of its members without an inclination to smile, their spirits must be clouded, as was the life of a certain English king of whom historians tell us that after his one great sorrow, "He never smiled again."

### ORGANIZATION OF THE ST. XAVIER'S ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION

In the annals of St. Xavier's, Thursday, December 3, 1896, the feast of St. Francis Xavier shall be recorded as a day red-lettered in deepest dye. It marked the consummation of a project, long talked of, but never before put into definite shape —the formation of a "St. Xavier's Alumnæ Association." Many have wondered that this institution which for fifty-two years has been sending its students to swell the ranks of the true Christian women of the world, should not before this date have banded them together in a society, which would occasionally afford them the pleasure of a reunion in the home of their school days, and when the matter was proposed to the former pupils, it met with happy response. For weeks previous to the "great day," notifications speeded their way to all parts of the Union, giving surprise to many recipients, and pleasure to all. Some disappointed ones wrote their regret, that they could not be present on the occasion, but asked the honor of being enrolled in the society. Nearly one hundred and fifty affirmative answers reached St. Xavier's, and during the three days preceding the memorable "third," the conveyances rolled over the rustic pike, bringing the delighted former pupils,—from the graduate of June, '96, to the student of yore, who carried off the unpretentious honors of the first years of the Academy. On Wednesday, the second, St. Xavier's pre-

sented a scene never before witnessed within its venerable halls. Former pupils who had not met for thirty or more years, were happily interchanging greetings. All were school-girls again, forgetting in their excitement that time had robbed them of the title. It was certainly a delightful eye-feast, to witness the ranks moving processionally and in order to the refectory—not, of course, in the silence of school routine, for the merry laugh and voice but added to the pleasure of the scene. The moving pairs were made up of a motley collection—from the wee minim of the present day, to the matron whose school years are a long past memory. Mother and child were in the same ranks, and the beaming faces of all indexed the acknowledgment that they were all real daughters of St. Xavier's. The banquet over, general dancing was enjoyed in the Distribution Hall for about two hours, when a preliminary meeting of the former pupils was called, Rev. J. F. Regis Canevin presiding. Officers for the new association were nominated, and a constitution and by-laws drawn up. The next morning at half-past eight o'clock, the chapel was crowded to its fullest capacity, for the Mass which was celebrated by Rt. Rev. Bishop Phelan. A singular circumstance made the singing particularly touching. The members of the Choir of St. Xavier's, twenty years ago, after this long lapse of time, again met on the organ gallery and blended their voices in the hymns of those bygone days. Some of them are now fulfilling the high mission of the true woman of the world; others lead the cloistered life of the Sister of Mercy. Two missing members sleep the untroubled sleep of the just, in the convent cemetery. At the conclusion of the Mass, the old hymn to St. Francis Xavier was chorused by the pupils of the past and present. As it has been said that Christmas would not seem like Christmas without "Adeste," it is also said that the annual celebration at St. Xavier's in honor of its Patron Saint would not be complete without this familiar hymn, the words and air of which have rung through the halls, unchanged, since the early existence of the Institution. Mass was followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

During the day meetings of the new-formed Society were held, during which officers were elected, official matters discussed, and colors for the Alumnæ pin selected. Our Blessed

Lady's colors—blue and white—were chosen. The deceased pupils were feelingly spoken of, as unseen helping members of the new association. An annual meeting of the Alumnæ is to be held at St. Xavier's, but its date has not been determined.

The ladies expressed their appreciation of the kindly and active interest shown by Rev. J. F. Regis Canevin, in the formation of their Society, and also spoke their gratitude for the beautiful tribute he paid to their Alma Mater.

A program was arranged for the day suited for a convent stage performance—tasteful we hope, though not too aspiring. Our drama takes us back far into the old years of England, when in the fifteenth century Margaret of Anjou passed her troubled, admirable existence. Varied with music, orchestral and vocal, we hope our performance may meet the approbation of this appreciated assembly. To give pleasure, not to gain plaudits, is the aim of our school-girl efforts.

Rt. Rev. Bishop, by your never-failing presence at this, our annual entertainment, you have greatly gratified and encouraged us. Our appreciation of your interest in ourselves, and our school, we couch in the simple words: "We thank you."

Rev. Fathers and kind friends, accept also our thanks for the favor of your presence to-day.

A word to the many former pupils gathered here for the laudable purpose of organizing a "St. Xavier's Alumnæ Association." Fully do we appreciate the motives which draw you together to-day—to prove your allegiance to your old school home, to aid in its interests, and to reawaken girlhood friendships. We trust that in coming years our names shall be enrolled in that band, cemented by the double tie of love and loyalty—love for St. Xavier's, loyalty to its interests. May the principles of truth, honor and faith, implanted in their minds during their school days here, be the distinctive mark of all the members of the new-formed association, and may it be said of them always and truly: "By these shall they be known."

The next number on the program was the first act of the historical drama, "Margaret of Anjou." The parts were well sustained and the court costumes rich and elaborate. The characters were personated as follows:

Margaret of Anjou.....Miss Bessie M'Cook
(First Appearance, Daughter of King René)
(Second Appearance, Consort of Henry VI)
Henry VI. of England.....Miss Charlotte Hugo
Prince Edward, at the age of ten.....Miss Edna O'Brien
Prince Edward, at the age of eighteen..Miss Eleanor M'Cook
Lady Isabella.....Miss C. Fraunheim
Lady Yolande.....Miss Agnes Scanlon
Lady Anne Nevil.....Miss Bessie Jordan
Lady Margaret de Roos.....Miss Margaret Wittmer
Lady Mary Dacre.....Miss Bessie Heyl
Lady Mary Beaumont.....Miss Mayette M'Williams
Lady Anne de Pole.....Miss Dorothy Joyce
Lady Elizabeth Woodville.....Miss Grace Lynch
Lady Suffolk.....Miss Mabel M'Intosh
Pages {Miss Lola Berry / Miss Nina M'Williams
Duke of Gloucester.....Miss Alice Moran
Duke of York.....Miss K. M'Caffrey
Duke of Suffolk.....Miss Rena Cook
Earl of Salisbury.....Miss Agnes Blair
Earl of Warwick.....Miss Fannie Reeves
Earl of Oxford.....Miss Mayme Rutledge
Louis, King of France.....Miss Nannie Kearney
Lady Bona, his sister.....Miss Mary Jones

Our Rt. Rev. Bishop, as is his kind custom, honored our celebration with his genial presence. The following members of the clergy also favored us: Rev. Fathers Farren, Tahaney, M'Keever, Cosgrave, Grace, Cunningham, Graham, Canevin, T. Devlin, O'Connell, Ward, Wertenbach, Coyle, Shanahan, Faughnan, Lynch, Conway, Doyle, Rea, Oster, C.S.Sp., and Fathers Vincent, Raymond, Jerome, Alcuin, Daniel, Leo, O.S.B.

Two Sisters of Charity were present, also a large number of Sisters of Mercy from the different branch houses of the community, the principal object of whose coming was to greet the many old pupils who congregated to form the Alumnæ Society.

DIED AT ST. XAVIER'S ACADEMY, AUG. 17, '95, SISTER M. JUSTINA CREIGHTON

The above record tells of the closing of a young and edifying life; it recalls the memory of a nature self-sacrificing, charitable, habitually cheerful. Of a genial, sunny temperament, Sister M. Justina's kindliness of heart was mirrored in the countenance which seemed always smiling for those around her. While in the midst of active duties during the past winter, the dread destroyer of youth, consumption, laid its fatal touch on her, but none who, in the early spring, regretfully noted the imprint of declining health on the pale face, thought the end was so near. Only two weeks before her consoling death it became painfully evident that the relentless disease was about to finish its work. While the prayers of the Sisterhood echoed around her dying bed, and with the bowed and weeping forms of her aged parents near her, Sister M. Justina, on the morning of Aug. 17, resignedly gave her soul to the God to whose service she had years before given her life.

Her funeral took place on Monday, the 19th. Solemn high mass was offered for her in the Convent chapel. Rev. P. Jerome, O.S.B., was celebrant, assisted by Rev. Fathers Joseph and Maurice, O.S.B., after which the remains were conveyed to the convent cemetery.

A peace which seemed born of heaven threw its spell over the mournful scene, as the funeral procession, consisting of the clergy, the Sisters and sorrowing relatives, followed the remains to their last resting place, and all felt that the prayer in the hearts and on the lips of those who mourned the early dead, had already been answered. O compassionate Lord Jesus, grant her rest and peace!

SYNOPSIS OF REV. REGIS CANEVIN'S LECTURE, DELIVERED AT ST. XAVIER'S ON WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY, 1898

"I intend to speak this evening of 'Patriotism.' We hear this virtue spoken of as though it were something that belonged to soldiers and politicians, and should not enter into our daily life, but 'Patriotism' is not merely a sentiment, nor a passion, it is a natural result of religious obligation which teaches every

one to love his country. Next to the father and mother to whom we owe life itself the sacred duty of each man should be to give his country love and devotion. It is the great Christian law which teaches every man to love his neighbor as himself. There is nothing so hideous to the world as treason and there is nothing so hateful in the sight of the Church as a traitor to the country to which he belongs whether by birth or adoption. The State has a claim on us in the natural order. We are patriotic because we live in the State. It would be just as unnatural for a child not to love her home as it would be for her not to love her country."

Here the speaker dwelt on the designs of God in creating our first Adam.

"From the first man came the family, from the family came the people, from the people came the State. From the scattered country farm-houses grew up the village. From the village came the town, from the town came the city, and from the city came the State. Of these people in their love of Country came the religious labors which were carried on in the middle ages by those who were men of the Church. Without religion there would be no laws because without God, Justice and Honesty and other virtues would be merely names. As a great orator says, in speaking on this subject: Without God no Commonwealth.

"And so without religion no civil state can exist. Some seem to think that school-girls have nothing to do with Patriotism. They have much to do with Patriotism. Women have deep feeling, and have made heroines for their country's sake. It seems to me, and to many, if our women had a share in the power of electing our legislators, there would be far less hypocrisy; it would be, I believe, a greater and truer government.

"Let us see what religion has done for our Country!

"The Catholic Columbus braved the awful perils of the sea, and landed on the shores of this country of ours.

"His first Christian purpose was to plant the Cross and take possession of the continent in the name of Christ and the Church. Other Catholic explorers landed on Cape Cod 122 years before the *Mayflower* sighted Plymouth Rock.

"Ponce de Leon twenty years later explored the everglades

of Florida. The Catholic explorer Champlain planted the Cross of civilization in the country near the lake that bears his name. Father Marquette was the first to sail down the Mississippi.

"If you take your geography and pass from Canada over to New York, to the lakes, and down the Mississippi, you have the first great landings of these early pioneers of our Country. And then pass away from Florida by the Gulf of Mexico, and up the Pacific Coast, you have the two great routes of the early Catholic explorers made by men who with honor are the right explorers of the Country."

Here the Lecturer spoke of the right we Catholics have of loving our Country with a deep, undying affection. We Catholics, whose religion is marked throughout all the early boundaries of this great land, in the names of our saints and festivals. Our predecessors in the faith and early explorers left the mark of their doctrine and practices wherever they went. Religious Orders, the Jesuits and Franciscans, nuns and priests, and Catholic gentlemen, these were the examples who bore privations, trials, and sufferings; they cemented charity, and began good citizenship in the colonies where persecution for the faith or religion of its members made the new soil a land of sorrow. No wonder we Catholics should be patriotic. But there is no better way to be patriotic than by being good Christians.

Here the Speaker noted the great power of religion on the public conscience, on the lives and morals of public men.

In this part of the lecture there were some stirring words.

He finally concluded by referring to the hero whose birthday we were celebrating, the immortal First President of the American Republic, and he quoted the words of Gladstone—That if the world had placed pedestals of honor for the greatest men who had died within the last hundred years, and there was one loftier than the others, "I would," said he, "declare that that place belonged by right to George Washington."

The speaker concluded amid a tumult of applause from Sisters and pupils who had listened breathlessly from beginning to end.

We are conscious that we have given but a sketch of this particularly fine lecture, but its sentiments and the lessons it

intended to convey are indelibly engraven on our hearts, and we will never cease to thank Father Canevin for the horizon of patriotic possibilities he placed in our power!

Father Morgan Sheedy (Altoona, Pa.), also gave a scholarly address to St. Xavier's Graduates, June 16, 1898.

REV. M. SHEEDY'S ADDRESS

Amid the plaudits of your relatives and friends, with the sympathy of the clergy and Rt. Rev. Bishop of the diocese, with the prayers and hopes of your devoted teachers, with the good wishes of all, to-day you cross the faint, impalpable line that divides the relative ideality of your Academic life from the practical reality of the life of which henceforward you will be a factor. In a few moments you will step from the stage on to the wider and broader stage of the world. From this instant your intellectual and moral being begins to undergo a change that words cannot aptly describe; a change that you will not really grasp until, after an experience of years, you gather up the tangled skeins of your life-weaving. Then, indeed, you will find that the warp and woof of your whole life were, perhaps, determined in mode and pattern unconsciously to yourselves.

To me has been assigned the pleasant task of welcoming you into the new life upon which you are about to enter. It is indeed a gracious task, because life is God-given, and the world upon which you are about to enter, though bearing the traces of human weakness and imperfection, is still beautiful and full of good. Minds and souls like yours see only its visions of dazzling splendor and brightest hopes.

You begin your new life at an epoch-making period in history, when the country is ablaze with patriotism; when every one is talking or reading of the war with Spain; when the bulletin boards and the scare headlines of the newspapers are eagerly scanned by every American for the latest item of information from Dewey or Sampson: you will soon find yourself filled with the noise, and din, and confusion of those around you, and you will begin to wonder at the sudden change that has taken place, and what has caused it.

The change is to be accounted for in your passing from the

relative ideality, as I have just said, of your life in this home of learning into the real, practical life of the world in which you are to live.

Now, what I am going to say to you is this: live as far as you can up to this ideal life that has been set before you here in this Academy.

You have been trained for a purpose, a definite end, an aim in life. Each one of you has a mission to fulfil, a work to do. For this work you have spent years of preparation in this convent-school. Now you go forth to renovate and save that part of society that may come within the circle of your influence. Your Cuba will be close to you, and you will have to fight; for what? for the good, the beautiful, and the true: things always worth fighting for. And you go forth armed with the principles and rules that make for virtue, grace, and high-living. The world in which you will move needs these. Your mind has been trained, and your heart cultivated on such things as St. Paul calls, in a well-known passage, "true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report." And these are just what are always needed to purify and renovate society. Those who possess them, belong to the highest aristocracy on earth—the aristocracy of intelligence, good-breeding, and virtue.

The woman who would be a social success must belong to this aristocracy. Otherwise, vainly does she inherit "All the blood of all the Howards," or possess all the money of all the Vanderbilts, or the beauty of Madame Récamier, or the genius of Sappho.

You have been, indeed, specially favored. What golden opportunities are within your reach. What a blessing to be living in this age, and to have for your teachers those noble women, who have dedicated their lives to religion and education! If the Greek philosopher could glory that he was born in Athens and had Socrates for his teacher, how much more reason have you to rejoice. Happy were those days of girlhood spent here, where the precious seers of virtue and intelligence sown amidst such pleasant surroundings, and by such worthy hands, to ripen a few years hence in a rich harvest of glorious deeds and beautiful lives. You must keep on growing, growing in character.

Here is another thought. Let me remind you that there is

a controlling law of the science of character, which, like all other sciences, is not magical, but profoundly reasonable. If we fix our thoughts on things that are beautiful, and true and just, as yours were fixed on these things daily in the Academy, then your lives must become beautiful, true, and just. That is the law fixed and unchangeable. In some realms of observation, we all admit the truth of this doctrine. Do you remember how Wordsworth speaks of "beauty, born of murmuring sound," that had passed into the face of the cottage-girl he painted? Is that a poet's fancy, or does it contain an essential truth? Do those who live amid the flow of streams, in the quiet retreat of mountains, and fragrance of woods and fields, really absorb into themselves something of the loveliness and beauty they look upon? Unquestionably they do. To dwell among strife and clangor is to be attuned to them; to dwell amid calm and beauty is to be saturated with their fine essences. I have been reading recently the excellent life of Tennyson by his son, and discovered why the beautiful singer sought remote solitudes for his abode. It was because only in fruitful silence, only in the contemplation of calm and lovely things, that his calm and lovely verse could grow into its immortal beauty. Think upon beauty, live with it, love it, and fix your mind upon it, and beauty will leaven your whole mind and nature into the image of itself. That is the inevitable law. It is the truth that Shakespeare teaches in his pathetic image of "the dyer's hand subdued to what it works in"; it is the great truth St. Paul teaches to which I referred.

"Where are the old calm faces we used to see?" asks a French writer. Outside of a convent they are indeed rarely to be seen. "Now," says the Frenchwoman, "we see only a dull restlessness and a restless dullness." Who has not felt the truth of that saying? How rare is it to see those faces that have the stillness as of hushed water in them, "the exquisite eyes of silent blessedness," the luminous beauty of a great peace!

Where are such faces found outside of the cloister? The calm faces are gone because the calm life that made them is gone.

We live in the throes of an intensely energetic age. If our faces are eager and anxious, we do but reflect our en-

vironment. It is said of John Keats that his face was the face of one who had looked upon a glorious vision; in other words, he had fixed his inward eye on beauty. One cannot have the face of a dreamer without dream, the quiet eyes of a saint without the discipline of a saint. You have examined some of the beautiful Madonnas painted by the great Masters; you have noted that all the different painters have aimed to give to the face of her, "who is our tainted nature's solitary boast," a heavenly, divine expression, because her eyes were ever turned upon Heaven's gift, her own, divinely begotten Son, and that divine, heavenly vision, the painter knew, must be reflected in her face. And so he has tried very hard to put it there.

So you must try to put the beauty of your ideal life into the material life you are now going to live.

Our ideals govern us; and what we think, we are; what we think most of, we most resemble. Whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report, keep mind and heart on these things; because on them the strong and beautiful character of true womanhood is formed, and to them it must be securely anchored.

Go forth to make others see the beauty and loveliness of Catholic truth and training, reflected in your lives.

And your victory as patriotic Catholic American women will be no less certain, if not equally as brilliant as that won by your countryman, Dewey, in the distant bay of Manilla. May none of you fall short of this, is our hope and prayer.

### A GOLDEN JUBILEE CELEBRATION

Josephine Howley, '97

The celebration of the Golden Jubilee of a Religious is one which not every one is privileged to enjoy, but the rare pleasure was ours on Monday the twenty-second of March. On that day Sister M. Agnes M'Caffry was celebrant of the fiftieth anniversary of her Religious Profession. The fact that for the first time in the long record of St. Xavier's it was the scene of the Golden Jubilee of a Sister of Mercy, made the day one of special memory. The affair was rather private, none having been invited except our Rt. Rev. Bishop, a small

number of the clergy and the Sisters of Mercy belonging to the Pittsburgh community. The day began with the grand service of Solemn High Mass, celebrated by Rev. P. Raymond, O.S.B. Father Vincent, O.S.B., was Deacon and Rev. J. F. Regis Canevin of St. Paul's Cathedral, Pittsburgh, Subdeacon. Rt. Rev. Bishop Phelan and some clerics from St. Vincent's Abbey were in the Sanctuary. It seemed indeed that heaven and earth were blending in jubilee on that happy morning, as the handsomely adorned chapel rang with the music of human voices accompanied by the organ and orchestral instruments. The many elegant adornments of the chapel were gifts from friends in honor of the occasion. They included the soft velvet carpet covering the aisles, the large chandelier suspended from the center of the ceiling and throwing out its graceful branches and crowns of electric light, candlesticks of burnished brass and silver, vases of onyx and fine glass, tabernacle brackets of carved brass with delicate pendants, gold vestments and altar lace, Benediction veil and fine lace alb, a handsome thurible and chimes, pair of onyx tables. Other gifts on display in the convent were a handsome piece of statuary representing the "Agony in the Garden," presented by our Bishop; a case of relics from Rt. Rev. Archabbot Leander, O.S.B., painted china, dainty ornaments, and pieces of artistic needle work. A handsome leather-covered library chair and fine table linen were also included in the display. Several clerical and other friends recognized the commemoration by the substantial offering of golden specimens of the mighty dollar.

Though five Masses were offered in our chapel, one of them by our Rt. Rev. Bishop, who also sang the blessing at the conclusion of High Mass, the pupils assisted only at the Solemn Mass and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, so we had some morning hours to give to the decorating of the hall for the entertainment we had prepared for the afternoon. Soon it appeared in its gala attire of golden drapery. At two o'clock the audience assembled and the strains of the "Jubilee March," performed by the orchestra, floated through the air. Scarcely had its notes died away when the full chorus of "Happy Golden Jubilee" was voiced by all the pupils. In the spoken congratulations which followed, feeling allusion was

made to the memory of the lamented Mother M. Liguori M'Caffry, Sister of the Celebrant of the Jubilee. Miss Bertha M. Burns was speaker, delivering the following:

"Many and varied have been the gatherings within the walls of this venerable home. They have sent back in ringing echo the glad note of the festal song; they have smiled in seeming delight on the cheering welcomes which greeted so many assemblies of pleased friends of St. Xavier's. The farewell of the valedictorian about to step from this stage to the world's vast arena, has fallen on them in minor cadence, but not till to-day has this Institution, though crowned with age, witnessed a scene such as this in which we now gladly participate. It is marked by a stamp of no ordinary character. Grouped in kindliest spirit are our Rt. Rev. Bishop, respected Fathers, Sisters, pupils and friends, to offer congratulations to one who now reaches the golden day which marks the fiftieth anniversary of her Religious Profession. The world sets at naught such anniversaries, for God's heroes and heroines receive from it no recognition. But where Religion finds an honored shrine, these occasions are hallowed festivals of which heaven is not unmindful; and we, as convent pupils, count it a privilege to share the joy of celebration, which shall afford for our future a sweet memory-picture of school days.

"Our congratulations, dear Sister, mingled with the good wishes of this respected audience, are yours to-day. The echoes of our Jubilee greeting which we voiced in music's notes but a few moments ago, still float through the air in lingering gladness. 'Happy Golden Jubilee!' rang in swelling chorus, and yet, did there not seem one chord wanting to the fullness of the strain? Did not gently steal through the halls of memory the voice of an absent one, who would so gladly have joined in the greetings of to-day? Yes; and the endeared presence is now missing—the presence of one who for so many years was for the pupils of St. Xavier's their guide, their friend, their Mother; whose name has been handed down to us, the present pupils, in loving benediction; whose calm influence still lingers in gentle halo over this home which was her dearest life-interest. But though her congratulations are missing, how many of heaven's descending gifts to-day are the response of Sister's pleading before the Great Throne—

the Golden Jubilee offering to her sister on earth, from one in heaven.

"God's blessings then, invoked by the blended prayers of the living and departed, are now yours, dear Sister, and may they sustain your remaining years.

"Happy Jubilee to-day; a happier and everlasting one for the great day of eternity, is the wish of all gathered here to congratulate you on this golden anniversary."

The program for the entertainment embraced selected recitations by Misses de Ham, Hugo, Heyl and Fraunheim—a fine vocal solo by Miss de Ham, a vocal duet by Misses Hugo and Fraunheim, violin solo by Miss Lola Berry, Delsarte pictures and quaint dances by the juniors, who in vari-colored drapery and provided with large clusters of golden roses, went through most fantastic and graceful movements. The playing by the orchestra surpassed previous efforts and was much applauded.

Through the entire day no flaw marred our enjoyment, and as evening closed the celebration, we all congratulated ourselves on having been participants of the unusual festivity of a Sister's Golden Jubilee.

## CHAPTER XV

The following letter explains itself:

April 8, 1896.

Mr. G. Barton.

*Respected Sir:*

In response to your circular of March 26th, Mother Superior desired me to give you the following brief account of the part taken by our Sisters in the service of the sick and wounded soldiers during the Civil War.

In the autumn of 1862, application was made by the authorities at Washington to our Mother Superior for Sisters to take charge of the wounded Soldiers in the Stanton Hospital, Washington, D. C. Accordingly four Sisters were appointed for the work, who prepared hastily and departed for the scene of duty, arriving at their destination November 26th. Finding that the Stanton, a long row of frame buildings, was not ready for occupation, the Sisters remained for a few days with members of the Baltimore Community, founded some years before from Pittsburgh. In a short time the new Hospital was opened and the Sisters repaired thither, and began their work by caring for one hundred and thirty wounded soldiers just from the front. December 8th, four others arrived from Pittsburgh, making in all eight, which number constituted the Staff of Sisters engaged in the Stanton Hospital at any one time, though of these some did not remain until the close, but were relieved as circumstances required by Sisters from home taking their places. These changes were not made without necessity, as the health of several was hopelessly injured by the pressure of labor which the duties entailed, as in addition to the bodily fatigue, incident to the care of so many patients, was added much mental anxiety, resulting from the responsibility attending the charge of grave cases, the successful issue of which depended much on the vigilance of the nurse.

Too much praise cannot be given to the officials of this

establishment for their careful supervision, attention to the patients, and their unvarying kindness and the confidence reposed in the Sisters. The Surgeon in charge, Doctor John A. Liddell, and his assistant, Doctor Philip Davis, deserve special mention. Abundant supplies of everything needful for the sick were most liberally provided in clothing, food, drugs, etc. As far as possible, no wish of the poor fellows, whether blue or gray, was left ungratified. This was a source of great satisfaction to the Sisters and lightened considerably their cares.

What has been said of the work of Sisters in other places can be repeated here—their labors were arduous and continual. After every battle, numbers of wounded were brought in and received from the Sisters unwearied attention day and night. As a rule the soldiers appreciated the word of the Sisters and regarded them as their best friends. Often, when conscious that all hope of recovery was gone, would they confide to the Sisters their last wishes and messages to loved ones far away, frequently were they called to write letters to absent friends; these and similar acts of kindness to say nothing of the words of sympathy and encouragement uttered to the poor sufferers worn out with pain of body and trouble of mind, made the day more than full, "pressed down and running over" of such acts as merited a reward from Him, who promised to note even a cup of cold water given in His Name.

While ministering to the poor shattered body, the soul was not neglected; many were the spoils gained by heaven, sometimes from very unpromising subjects. The Sisters frequently had the consolation of witnessing happy death-bed in many cases of persons whom, amid less favorable surroundings, might not have had this great blessing. Scenes like these more than repaid the Sisters for all their labors. Entire freedom of conscience was afforded; each patient was at liberty to summon the spiritual adviser he preferred. The Jesuit Fathers attended the Catholics. Reverend Fathers Wiget, Brady and Roccofort were untiring in their efforts to console the sick and fortify the dying with the consolations of our holy religion. The Sisters remained at the Stanton until the close of the War, when, happily, their services being no longer required,

they returned to Pittsburgh, where they resumed their usual avocations.

In Pittsburgh the West Penn Hospital was used by the government for a Military Hospital, principally for Pennsylvania soldiers, and here such sick and disabled were sent as were sufficiently recovered to bear the fatigue of transportation from Washington or other places, to make room for cases direct from the field of battle.

Our Sisters were invited to give their services here, which they cheerfully did early in 1863. In the Hospital the Sisters experienced the same courtesy from the officers as was extended to them elsewhere, every arrangement compatible with existing circumstances being made to lighten their duties. In both the hospitals a chapel was fitted up and Mass was celebrated daily when such convalescent patients as desired were at liberty to attend.

In Washington and Pittsburgh the members of the Sanitary Commission, ladies and gentlemen, gave very efficient aid towards alleviating the condition of the patients, by providing delicacies, reading-matter, and after every visit they made, leaving supplies in the hands of the Sisters to distribute at discretion.

The Sisters remained at the West Penn Hospital until peace was restored, and all the patients discharged or cared for in other institutions.

As we are speaking of the Stanton—where many pathetic occurrences were seen and heard—one may be given here—as related by Sister M. Regina Cosgrave to Sister M. Antonio Gallagher, after the return of the former from the Stanton. The story was recalled by the appearance of "Wooden Will" at Night-school, presided over by Sisters M. Regina and Antonio—called respectively by the boys—Sisters Virgilius and Altoona.

Sister M. Antonio (Mercedes) was transferred from St. Mary's, Webster Ave., to St. Xavier's, and as was the case on many occasions, she drowned their disappointment in rhyme.

## "FAR AWAY"

Dedicated to Sister "Virgilia," with the keenest sense of her inestimable value in the Chatham Institute—by her admiring coadjutor, Sister Mary "Altoona," now "Far away"!!

Where are now, the busy evenings,
I remember, oh! so well!
When I lit the "patent gas" lamps,
List'ning to the evening bell.
Where is now, the narrow entrance,
Narrow?—Yes, and steep, and high,
Lighted by the swinging plank door,
Or a patch of starry sky!

(Refrain)

Ah!
Times have changed, as all things change here,
Nothing in this world may stay,
So I'm far away from Night-School;
Far away! far away!

Where are now the youthful faces,
And the scraping footsteps loud,
Where are now the jostling elbows,
Where, oh! where, the motley crowd?
Where, the heads with locks untidy,
And the jackets out of trim;
Where, the hardened hands and blackened,
Where, the caps without a rim?
Ah!
Times have changed, as all things change here,
Nothing in this world may stay,
So I'm far away from Night-School;
Far away! far away!

Where is now the wit resistless?
Where, the laughter-lighted eyes,
Looking from the sooty faces
As from under a disguise?
Where—the queerest, oddest sayings
Ever heard by mortal ear?
Now, I struggle with the laughter
As I seem to catch them here.
Ah!
Times have changed, as all things change here,
Nothing in this world may stay,
So I'm far away from Night-School;
Far away! far away!

Where is Willie? Wooden mortal!
With his glistening teeth so white,
And his hands and face all powdered
With a something black as night!

Where is Tierney? Dennis?—Daniel?
Where is poor McGraw—so lame?
Where is Manning—white-haired Manning?
I've forgot his Christian name.
Ah!
Times have changed, as all things change here,
Nothing in this world may stay,
So I'm far away from Chatham;
Far away! far away!

Where's the gentle dark Directress
With her accents kind and low,
With her well-feigned holy horror
At their "Culpas"—don't you know?
And her coaxing, all resistless,
And the ways put forth to gain,
Where is she? And does she ever
Think of me, or say my name?
Ah!!
Times have changed, as all things change here,
Nothing in this world may stay,
So I'm far away from Chatham;
Far away! far away!

Where, too, is my tall brave Patron
With his footstep all unheard?
With his quick eye, seeing all things,
With his whispered pleasant word?
Where the Visitors who kindly
Came to bless the busy night,
With an interest—oh! so grateful,
And a smile or word so bright?
Ah!!
Times have changed, as all things change here,
Nothing in this world may stay,
So I'm far away from Chatham;
Far away!! far away!!

Where are they? 'Tis easily answered;
Where they always were before—
But I'm sure I'm quite forgotten;
Never talked of any more—
For I've left them far behind me,
Tho' I wished so much to stay,
Somewhere else I'm doing God's will,
Far away!! Far away!!

The story of "Wooden Will" opens in September in the famous Stanton Hospital, Washington, just after one of the dreadful battles of the day. Terrible and exciting is the scene. Ambulances full of wounded sufferers are drawing up. Men, pale, bleeding, shattered, are carried into the wards. Sur-

geons have labored all night. Attendants are ubiquitous, with bandages, lint, and medicine; and gliding between the long rows of beds are the Sisters, ministering to the poor heroes whose life-blood paid the price of a victory. How soothingly the gentle voice of whispered prayer fell upon the quickened ear of those suffering men! There are some of them still living, whose hair has grown gray; and yet their dim eyes glow and moisten at the name of the gentle Sister who nursed them back to life. But alas, for the vacant place in a thousand homes! Now many were not brought back to life! And here, to-day, how many "brave boys" are gasping their last, far away from home and kindred!

About midway in one of the wards lies a dying soldier, and a Sister of Mercy is kneeling beside the camp-bed, quietly praying. The attendants hush their footsteps as they pass the bed, but no one pauses; for the sight is a familiar one. The nun holds the little crucifix before an ashen face, and the prayers of his childhood—"Our Father," "Hail Mary"—fell on his ear. Among the first to be brought in from the field, he had made his peace with God, and his life is passing away with the waning sunlight. He is very young, almost boyish, and the features are as finely cut as a woman's. Short, pale reddish curls are tossed back from the forehead and brush the pillow, setting the white face in a sort of aureole. Around his neck is a string, and a small medal of Our Lady lies on his breast. His hand gropes for it. The Sister guides it, and the touch seems to rouse him from the stupor. Fixing his eyes on the Sister's face, he tries to smile a recognition. The stiffened lips form words:

"Get me—some one—from Pittsburgh."

"I am from Pittsburgh," said the Sister.

A glad flash shot from the dark eyes.

"Convent at—Cathedral?" he asked.

"Yes, my poor boy, that's where we belong. What can I do for you? You have friends in Pittsburgh? Tell me your message for them—when I go back."

A pleading look came into the large eyes, and a spasm of pain caught the corners of the mouth. The Sister lifted the medal and touched it there. He spoke again and with a stronger voice. "My wife Mary lives there—poor girl! She's

not much past eighteen, and our baby Willie is just born—I never saw him. God bless them both!"

He paused for breath, and the Sister moistened his lips; then a wan, faint smile came to the great eyes and pale face.

"Mary writes that the baby has two 'little fingers' on the left hand, and they want to hurt the baby. Tell her no cutting up that boy—no matter what they say——"

The smile died away. "Lord, help——" gasped the cold lips, as a gray shadow fell on the face. The Sister wept as she prayed. Swiftly the breath came—up, up, like the pulsing of the sea, fainter and farther away as the tide goes out; and the Sister thought of the homely tenderness of that boyish father, whose blood was draining from his crushed body, and yet whose death-agony was full of thought that no suffering should come to the misformed little hand of the babe he would never see. And as she gazed, the great pause came—the stillness we all have suddenly felt. The Great Judge was there, and the fate of a soul was decided before that awful, invisible court we all must face. Requiescat!

She closed the glazed eyes, and drew the sheet over the calm face, and sighed to think of the child-widow and helpless orphan boy. Alas, that he died without giving her a clew! How could she give the message of that pathetic blessing?

But the attendants carry away the dead; there is no time for regrets or fears. Again she stands by the suffering, and so the months pass. The war is over. Back to their convent go the Sisters, and only in reminiscences do we meet the scenes of the war. . . .

We are again in Pittsburgh. Twelve years have passed away, and the Sister who closed the eyes of the "Pittsburgh boy" is at her desk this evening in the convent school-room. She did not forget the dying message, but so far all search has been in vain.

The "night boys" are all there. They are rough, unkempt lads, with ragged clothes and bare feet; but all look reverently at the black-robed figure, who firmly and gently "points out the law" to each. There is silence in the room, and fifty earnest faces bend laboriously over copy-books, and hold the pen with perspiring effort. Suddenly there is a scuffle at the door. Up rise the heads. Two lads enter, dragging between them a

small figure who resists vigorously. Before they have advanced two yards, the small figure breaks away and vanishes. The two leaders looked dismayed under the grave eyes of the nun, as a voice is heard:

"Boys, what does this mean?"

The delinquents hang their heads a moment, and then look up shyly under the broadside of indignant glances from their fellows at the desks.

"Sister," said one, in a low voice, "it's Wooden Will."

"It's what?" inquired the Sister, with a puzzled look on her face.

"Sister, it's Wooden Will"—a little louder.

"Wooden Will? Who is that?"

"Sister, it's that boy." (Not for the world would these youngsters omit the sacred title "Sister." It prefaces every word, and finds entrance half a dozen times in every sentence.)

"That boy!" repeated the nun; "well, why doesn't he come in?"

"Sister, he wants to, but he's scared. He says you 'uns is like heaven in here, and he ain't fit," was the answer; "and he hangs round the door every night, and we pulled him in to-night to give him a show."

The nun's heart went out to the little vagrant, and she said sympathetically: "Why, he should not be afraid; he'll be very welcome. Can't some of you speak to his mother?"

"He ain't got one," was the quick response.

"Poor little fellow!" sighed the Sister, with great tenderness. "Well, then, his father or his friends?"

"Father dead, too. Wooden Will ain't got nobody but himself. But he's a Catholic all the same," was the reply.

"Now, boys," said the earnest voice of the nun, "this will never do; we must have poor Wooden Will here at school. Any boy that brings that lad to me by coaxing, or any other way that doesn't hurt him, shall get a beautiful medal of Our Lady. Now you must continue your writing."

In a moment all were silent again. The evening's work went on, but there was an uneasy look on the faces of the late-comers, which did not escape the eyes of the religious. Her experience of human nature in children told her where

the silver medal would go, and she stifled a smile of triumph at the hope of success so soon.

The last exercise was concluded, the last prayer said, when the late-comers made a "straight line" towards the door and vanished; soon, just as the last boy had gone, and the lights were nearly all extinguished, they reappeared, puffing vigorously, with the small figure, known as Wooden Will, between them. The mode of conveyance was slightly changed, however. One boy had the two struggling arms; the other, the two kicking bare feet; and laying their prize before the astonished religious, they stood with an air of triumph, in silence.

"Gracious!" ejaculated the Sister; and her companion came to her side, vainly striving to repress her laughter.

The little stranger being freed from the grasp of his captors, made a sort of revolution with his small person, and stood on his feet before the nuns; then, finding no escape, pulled off his cap, which had remained on his head during the whole scuffle. A pretty, pale, begrimed face appeared, lit with large, frightened brown eyes, and a halo of light reddish short curls around his unkept head. The Sister puzzled her brains a second—where on earth had she seen him before!

"My dear child," said she, "I am sorry you were afraid to come to school. You don't know how glad we are to see the boys coming to us. What is your name?"

"Will," was the half audible reply.

"What is your last name?"

"Ain't got none—only Will."

"Sister"—a voice came rather meekly from one of the two captors—"us fellows calls him Wooden Will, 'cause he sleeps under the wood piles; and, Sister, which of us two fellows gets the medal?"

Roused to a sense of the state of affairs in this direction, the nun opened her desk and presented each of the proud and happy lads a good-sized silver medal of Our Lady, which they received with all the dignity of conscious worth; and, holding them tightly in their hard hands, quickly took their departure, leaving Wooden Will at the mercy of the two religious, with an uneasy look on his face.

"Now, Will," said the Sister, gently making him sit down, "I want you to tell me something about yourself; for we are

your friends, and we want to help you to be comfortable and happy. Have you had your supper?"

"Never get any real supper," murmured Will.

The Sister made a sign to her companion, who left the room, and returned in a short time with a bowl of milk, a piece of cold chicken and ham, buttered rolls, and some clear, trembling jelly in a small glass dish. Will's brown eyes changed their expression as the viands were placed on a desk before him, and at the first word of command he laid siege to the plate. The nuns moved around the room attending to various duties until he finished; and, as his restraint seemed somewhat removed, he was ready to talk.

"Do you 'uns keep little fellers all night?"

"Not here, Will," was the reply. "Where do you live?"

"Don't live nowhere."

"Where do you sleep at night?"

"Under wood-piles, or on the ash-heaps in the rolling-mills."

"Where do you get your meals?"

"Don't get no meals."

"I mean where do you get your breakfast and dinner? Do you board anywhere, or haven't you any relatives or friends?"

"Ain't got no relatives. Sometimes old Peter used to let me drive his cart; and I get a dime blackin' boots, and I buy a sandwich; or I sell papers, and buy a cup of milk. Don't board nowhere; costs a feller too much. Do my own washin' too; my other shirt is buried down on the river-bank in a box. Never had no friends—I mean friends what lets you into their houses and keeps you. The fellers is my best friends; they often give me a lift when I get a pain here."

And the poor child placed his hand on his chest, and coughed a short, dry cough—an emphatic comment on these enlightened days of Christian charity and humane societies!

"But, my child," said the Sister, on whose face the deepest sympathy was manifested, "did you never have any home or friends? Where did your mother die?"

"Can't mind it much, it's so long ago," said Will. "I ain't got one that owns me—no aunts or uncles or granny, or any one."

"Poor boy! How old are you?"

"Near twelve, I guess."

"And what about being in the rolling-mills? Surely, you've had better places."

"Don't like no places where folks kicks yer and calls yer names, and every place I was at they did that; so I scooted, 'cause when I got right scared, the blood used to come up in my mouth."

"Poor little fellow!" sighed the nun. "Do you know your prayers?"

"What's them?"

"Your prayers! Why, 'Our Father' you say when you speak to God——"

"God? Yes, I know lots of cuss words."

"O my poor child! Don't you know 'Hail Mary, full of grace'? You're a Catholic, are you?"

"Yes, I know 'Hail Mary, full of grace.' I say that every day, and twice on Sunday." And he repeated the "Hail Mary" perfectly.

"Do you never go to church—to the Catholic Church?"

"Ain't got no clothes good enough to go to church; sometimes I sneaked in when church was out, and it was awful solemn and heavenly, like this place here, with pictures and lots of things, and a jolly little fence with carpet inside, and big chairs and something like a big white monument, only too long for that; and, Lordy!"—here Will's enthusiasm made him forget his fear, and he waxed eloquent as his eyes sparkled—"Lordy; but the gilt that was on that monument! And the big candles! And the gay crocks of roses and flowers! Lordy! but it took my breath away, and I used to hunker down in front of it and look at it all, until I felt as if there wasn't no bad people out in the street to kick or to cuss, and as if I could lay there till I was dead." Then the brown eyes looked wistfully into the Sister's face for a minute, and he went on: "I use to watch you 'uns goin' down street, never speakin' nor smilin', but kind of solemn; and I would have come in here like the other fellers, but I wasn't fit. I want to stay here, 'cause you 'uns talk so kind."

"But you are fit, my poor child; and you shall come every night, and you may stay here to-night if you wish. I will get you a nice bed, and to-morrow you can run errands for us,

and make fires, and do anything you are told; and we will teach you your prayers, and your religion, and how to read and write, and how to be a good man some day. Are you sure you have no home, no friends, no place you would like better?"

"No sir-ee—ma'am!" said Will, emphatically.

"Well, then, we will find you a corner to-night, and to-morrow we will talk more." Then she whispered a few words to the Sister, and the latter left the room.

"Willie, can you bless yourself?"

"Don't know."

"Can you do this?" and the Sister made the Sign of the Cross.

"I saw some of the fellers do it," and he lifted his left hand to try.

It was a peculiar-looking little hand, and as the Sister's eyes rested on it, she saw it had a sixth finger. A swift rush of thought brought her back to that death-bed scene in the hospital in the war-time. She seemed to see it all again, and to hear the painfully uttered words of the dying soldier lad, who had told her of his boy Willie, whom he had never seen. Could this be the boy? Might she now give the dying blessing that so often came before her mind like an unfulfilled duty? Here was the sixth finger, that seemed to her like the sign of recognition; and then the resemblance that puzzled her when she first looked at Wooden Will. Again she observed the large brown eyes, the delicate, feminine features, the pale reddish short curls. Was his mother's name Mary?

All this time the boy looked steadily into her face as if he were reading his fate.

"Will," she said, "did you ever see your father?"

"No, ma'am. My father was killed in the war! he died in the Stanton Hospital. It says so in the front of the book that was my mother's."

"What else is in the book?"

"Nothin' only, 'To my wife Mary, just before the battle'; and right below that is, 'My dear husband died for his country in the Stanton Hospital.' Old Peter giv' me the prayer book afore he died, and he said to keep it, 'cause it was all my relatives left me."

"Who was old Peter?"

"He knowed my mother, I guess. He was an old feller that had a cart; he's dead. The book ain't much, 'cept it was my mother's."

"And when did your mother die?"

"She died afore old Peter. It was a good while ago. I can't mind it. I've been on the street with the fellers since I could walk a'most. I keep my mother's book buried in the box with my other shirt, on the river-bank. I'll get it for you 'uns to-morrow."

"My child," said the nun, tenderly taking the little misformed hand in hers, "God who lives in Heaven, where I trust your dear father and mother are, sent you to me to-night. I was in the Stanton Hospital, miles away from here, nursing the soldiers during the war, and your poor father was carried in bleeding and wounded. When he was dying he requested me to take his blessing to his wife Mary and his little Willie, who was not long born. He said the poor baby had a second 'little finger' and it was his dying wish not to hurt his child or have it cut off. You are the perfect picture of your father, my child; the resemblance has puzzled me ever since I looked at you when you first came in; and when I saw this poor little hand, and heard you say your father died at the Stanton, it all came back to me, and I feel that God has brought you to me in answer to my prayers. Your brave father died nobly, and his last words were of you and your mother, with a prayer to God for his soul."

### SISTER MARY ANNE HUGHES

This saintly Sister was highly venerated in the Community for her uniform practice of more than ordinary virtue, during her long career of over fifty years, died Mar. 10, 1896.

Rose Hughes was born in Ireland, but when quite young was brought to this country by her parents, who came out during the first quarter of the century. Her father settled in the beautiful mountain region of Bedford Co., Pa., where the scenery is of that lofty nature which inspires noble thoughts and high aspirations. There Mr. Hughes supported his family in the primitive, patriarchal style, which distinguished the pioneers of that day, men of hardy frame and resolute will

inured to brave the frosts of winter and the heat of summer, in the pursuance of their avocation. They felled the forests and prepared the land to yield the succors of life. Mr. Hughes was a fervent Catholic and a strict observer of the laws of the Church. In those early days when the Churches were few and widely scattered, it was not an easy matter to be present at the Holy Sacrifice on Sundays, to attend which often entailed a long journey over roads difficult of travel during the greater portion of the year. In our time we can but faintly realize the obstacles Catholics then had to surmount in order to comply with their religious obligations. We must admire the ardent faith that enabled these generous souls to persevere in the practice of their religion and transmit the sacred heritage to their children. Such tried fidelity must have been pleasing to God, and obtained for them and their children many graces. Mrs. Hughes was a worthy helpmate to her good husband, one of those valiant women who looked well to the ways of her house. This happy couple were blessed by God with a large family of children. Several of the daughters became religious in different orders, and the sons emulated the example of their father, and became honorable members of society, an honor to the race from which they sprang. Several of the grandchildren are to be found in the ranks of the clergy and religious of to-day.

Rose was the oldest daughter, and from her childhood was remarkable for piety and obedience to her parents. As soon as she was old enough she assisted her mother in the care of the family, and began that life of industry and usefulness that characterized her whole career. She made her First Communion with great devotion, and doubtless at that time of special grace our Lord spoke to her heart and claimed her for His own.

Rose Hughes made application to Mother Superior to be admitted into the community, and her petition being favorably received, she entered, Feb. 10, 1846, at St. Vincent's. Here and at St. Xavier's she spent many happy days of her blameless and edifying life—and shared in all the hardships of the early years. In those days the duties were laborious and the comforts scant, but these circumstances did not deter this good postulant from taking up the burden with a willing heart, and

devoting her energies for the benefit of the community to the best of her abilities. Doubtless her fervor led her to desire, as her portion, the hardest tasks and the least share of comfort. That she and her good companions persevered in spite of many difficulties, proves that they were blessed with good vocations, and were faithful to the grace. Sister Rose from the outset of her religious life was a model of regular observance and of strict attention to every duty. She received the holy habit April 8, 1847, and the name of Anne, her patroness being the mother of our Blessed Lady. Two years later, Aug. 15, 1849, she made her holy profession. Sister Anne went to St. Xavier's when the Sisters removed from St. Vincent's, May, 1847, and here she remained twenty-one years continuously serving the community in the most laborious charges. The dairy, bake-house, and laundry were the scenes of her active industry, sometimes one, very often all these departments were under her care, all of which she discharged with scrupulous exactness, in the true spirit of obedience, poverty and charity. She was most kind and obliging, always at the service of any one who desired her assistance. Sister exerted a very good influence over the workmen employed about the premises, having at times charge of their quarters, and seeing to their comfort. She frequently took occasion to remind them of their duty to God, in her simple, earnest manner, and her advice was received with respect, and generally put into practice; by these means she did a great deal of good.

In August, 1867, when the Mother House was moved, Sister Anne was sent to St. Mary's, Webster Avenue, where she passed the remainder of her days. Meanwhile her health had failed, so that she was no longer able to do the heavy tasks of yore, nor was it required of her. Many Sisters had entered, with willing hearts and ready hands anxious to take their part in discharging the domestic duties: also improvements were made from time to time in the different departments to the great saving of time and labor. At St. Mary's, Sister M. Anne continued to devote her care to the comfort of the Sisters.

Many were the charges that fell to her lot, none of which were laborious, but were such as generally required daily attention in their fulfilment. She was an expert with the needle,

and spent much time mending; being a great observer of poverty she was careful to repair sheets, clothing, etc. It gave her pleasure to sew for the Sisters, making and mending habits, or any articles of clothing they might need.

For some years previous to her death, Sister suffered much from rheumatism, which made her quite lame—but the attacks were not so severe as to prevent her moving about, though it cost a painful effort to go up or downstairs. Gradually she grew weaker, her memory often failed, but nothing serious seemed the matter, until one morning in the latter part of Jan., '96, she rose as usual, to go to Mass, but becoming suddenly ill, was obliged to lie down. The doctor was called in, and he gave his opinion that Sister had had a slight stroke, which he feared might be the forerunner of serious illness. Hearing this, Mother Superior thought it prudent to have the last sacraments administered. When this was proposed to the dear patient, she was filled with joy, at the thought of going to our Lord. Rev. Father Regis Canevin heard her confession, and gave her Holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction, which Sr. M. Anne received in full consciousness and with great fervor.

However, she rallied, and lived a few weeks longer; was able to sit up, but never went downstairs. The day before her happy death, she sat the greater part of the day in the Study-Room, which is on the same floor with her cell, and it was hoped that she would be left to edify the Community for some time longer. But these hopes were not destined to be realized. The next morning, Wednesday, March 11th, several of the Sisters as they passed her cell, on their way to the chapel, seeing her quiet, concluded that she was sleeping, and passed on, fearing to disturb her. After Mass, Sr. M. Gabriel, who was infirmarian, went to see her, and found that she was dying. Mother Superior and Sisters were hastily summoned, prayers for the dying commenced, and in a very few moments, without pain or struggle, the soul of our dear Sister was released from bondage, and entered into the rest prepared for the faithful servants of God—a beautiful death, closing a life of humility and charity. There was but one opinion expressed among the Sisters, when commenting, as is usual in these events—and

that was, unqualified praise of the virtues of the dear deceased. All reverenced her in life, and extolled her in death.

The remains of the venerable Sister were laid out in the Community room, just under the shrine of our Blessed Lady; a little altar, with crucifix, candles and flowers were placed at her head—a small table with statue of the Blessed Virgin at her feet. Though in life her features were plain, in death her face was fair, with the beauty of holiness; all who saw her were impressed with the feeling that they were gazing upon one whose soul had been met by Our Lord, with a smiling countenance, and called "Blessed" by Him, because through life she had been "Merciful" in word and deed. The evening before the funeral Rev. J. R. Canevin paid a touching tribute to the memory of Sr. M. Anne, expatiating on her singularly blameless life, recalling some incidents of early days, when as a child, he had known her at St. Xavier's. The interment took place Friday, March 13th, in the quiet cemetery at St. Xavier's, where so often in days long gone the dear departed had offered prayers for the repose of the loved companions, who had with her borne the burden of the first years, and who had preceded her to rest. Father Killoran and the St. Xavier's Sisters met the cortege at the School House. Father Killoran with the cross-bearer, and Rev. Clergy, followed by the Sisters, went to the Cemetery. The day was cold, snow covered the ground as with the vesture of purity, emblematic of her whose earthly tabernacle was deposited to sleep in peace until the final reunion in everlasting life. Mother Superior, Mother M. Mechtildes and several other Sisters accompanied the remains to their last resting place. Rev. J. R. Canevin and other of the reverend clergy evinced by the presence their respect for our beloved Sister.

To dilate on the virtues of Sr. M. Anne would require more space than this simple sketch can afford; suffice to say that she was a good religious, which includes all that can be said by way of eulogy. Still I cannot forbear to mention her spirit of charity, which included within its circle *all,* and excluded *none.* She seemed not to be able to discern a fault in any one. Her spirit of prayer, too, was admirable, her very appearance in the Chapel was an admonition to recollection, her intercourse with God seemed to be continual. She led a truly hid-

den life, unknown to all, save the Sisters. Her duties or inclinations never led her abroad. Several of the houses she had never seen, nor seemed to have any curiosity concerning them. The annual visit to St. Xavier's to make the retreat was the extent of her traveling. Still she was kind and affectionate, always glad to see the Sisters of the other houses, whenever they came to the convent. Beautiful Spirit! so hidden, and so true, may it find many imitators among us, may her dear soul rest in peace.

In Feb., 1896, Sr. M. Anne completed the fiftieth year from the day of her entrance. Mother Superior fearing that the venerable Sister would not survive until the anniversary of her profession, two years later, decided to keep that day as her Golden Jubilee, to the great delight of the Sisters who rejoiced to see Sr. M. Anne receive this mark of respect. Accordingly, the day was celebrated with High Mass, general Communion, and Benediction of Blessed Sacrament. Recreation from breakfast until night-prayers—a red letter day indeed.

### SISTER JOSEPH

The midnight silence of St. Xavier's Convent was broken by the voice of prayer for the dying, on Monday, May 18, 1896, as the soul of Sister M. Joseph Loughran, a former pupil of St. Xavier's, was passing into eternity. Her edifying death was preluded by weary months of suffering uncomplainingly endured. Many of the thirty-five years of her religious life were spent at St. Xavier's, so here she so efficiently and successfully presided over the studio.

She passed away in our Blessed Mother's month, and as the casket containing the precious remains was not far from our Lady's shrine in the chapel, the altar in its May-day beauty seemed to smile its acknowledgment of the services of her whose artistic taste had so often been evidenced in its decoration, when in former years she so long filled the position of sacristan.

The solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated by Rev. P. Jerome, O. S. B., assisted by Father Wolfgang, O. S. B., and Rev. P. Killoran. Besides the officiating clergy, her funeral

was attended by Rev. Jas. Cosgrave, Rev. J. Regis Canevin, of St. Paul's Cathedral, some clerics from St. Vincent's Abbey, Sisters of Charity from Greensburg, and Sisters of Mercy from our convents in Pittsburgh, McKeesport and Latrobe.

### WELCOME TO OUR BISHOP

St. Xavier's Pupils

Through the halls of memory, long will be heard the echoes of the welcome cry which rang through St. Xavier's as our dear Bishop on November the fourth appeared in our midst, after an absence of four months from American soil. We had for days previous been in a state of excited expectancy, and as the carriage appeared on the distant pike on the afternoon of his arrival, we all walked up the avenue leading from the convent to the gate, chorusing a glad welcome song to the triumphant accompaniment of cornets. The open air concert continued, while the carriage moved slowly down the avenue, to accommodate the pace of the school-girl pedestrians who surrounded and followed it. Arrived at the Academy, we walked processionally into the distribution hall, which for this memorable occasion was transformed into a bower of beauty. Smiling everywhere were the plants and flowers of all variety, from the stately palm which graced the stage to the varicolored chrysanthemums which peeped and laughed 'neath the bronze gladiators of the chandeliers. While sounds of the "Welcome March" rang through the hall and echoed through the corridors, the Bishop was conducted to the throne prepared for his reception.

Then followed the "Greeting Glee," the words and music composed for the occasion, and dedicated to "Our Rt. Rev. Bishop." The full chorus, "Loud Sound the Welcome through St. Xavier's," was sung with spirit, while the quintette was marked by a pathos according with the words:

"May He who guided safely your return to home and friends,
Still guide you till you reach the home where union never ends,
And may we, your children, when life for us has flown,
Then share with you that union near the everlasting throne."

After the conclusion of the last chorus, Miss Annie Dixon

advanced to the front of the stage and in clear and feeling enunciation delivered the following words of welcome:
"Rt. Rev. and very dear Bishop:

There are scenes in life on which it is pleasant to look and which it is afterwards a pleasure to recall, and one of these presents itself to us to-day—the scene of a reunion of father and children, after a separation long and wide. To-day, dear Bishop, we are gathered in joyous assembly to greet you on your return to our midst and though 'welcome' is a word to which during these recent days you have so often listened, that its repetition may seem to detract somewhat from its significance, by none is it more sincerely spoken, by none uttered with fuller, deeper meaning than by us—the children of this home as dear to you as to ourselves—old and loved St. Xavier's. Our hearts tell us that, as you journeyed afar, though other scenes, wonderful, strikingly grand, perhaps, claimed your interest and attention, our convent home in its quiet picturesqueness was often present to your thoughts. For, dear Bishop, as you visited institutions where, like ourselves, ardent, youthful knowledge-seekers are happily gathered in the sunny period of school time, did not your imagination unbiddingly stray to a more familiar school scene? this mountain-circled home—*your* St. Xavier's and ours.

To-day its old halls fling wide their doors to again receive you. From its every spot the glad welcome floats. 'Welcome' was the happy theme of our orchestra and of the chorus loudly sounded by school girl voices. It is the key-note to the joy of this glad meeting which, as we prayed in our greeting song, we hope may faintly typify our eternal meeting with you, our dear Bishop, at the foot of God's all holy throne."

The next number on the program was a brilliant piano trio, "Tancred," by Rossini, performed by Misses Rutledge, M'Cook and Jordan. This concluded, the little "Rosebuds" Julia Joyce and Florence Tisdall appeared on the stage and in quaint rhyme told the Bishop a secret they had for him. Of course, the loudly-whispered petition for the free day was granted. After another orchestra selection, the Bishop addressed us in a kind and fatherly manner, and if "the face mirrors the mind" we are assured he was pleased with our reception in his honor.

## CHAPTER XVI

Archbishop's House,
Logan Square,
Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 20, 1898.

*Dear Sister Antonia:*

Please to accept my thanks for your volume of "Mosaics" —the title a poem in itself. Singly, and in their mosaic concrete, they are very beautiful and worthy of your pen.

Wishing you and your community every blessing during 1898, I am,

Yours faithfully in D'no,
P. J. Ryan, Arpb.

### THE GOLDEN JUBILEE OF MOTHER M. STANISLAUS FENNESSY

Wednesday, February ninth, was a gala-day at St. Xavier's. For weeks the hum of preparation has been heard through the lofty halls of the Institution—for the occasion was a double one. The Patronal Feast which occurred December 3d had been postponed, and shared the glory of the Golden Jubilee—and all hearts were filled with the delight of the occasion. Festoons of golden hue were seen everywhere, mingled with smilax and flowers, blended with mottos in golden letters. The grand entrance was filled with palms and hothouse gems, and was a bower of beauty. The parlors, the corridors, and the very class rooms, told of the golden occasion, and the pupils wore long streamers of golden-colored ribbon on their left shoulder. All was offered as due homage to one, beloved by each and every one, within or near, the precincts of St. Xavier's, the beloved Superior, Mother M. Stanislaus! Fifty years of religious life, during which she has held every position of honor in the gift of her Sisterhood, have endeared her to all with whom she has come in contact, and to-day she rules, notwithstanding her years, one of the most important and extensive Institutions in Western Pennsylvania, and rules it with the love and respect of all who are under her.

The day began with the rarest, brightest, sunshine ever seen in February; the air was soft and mild as a May day! The guests were seen promenading on the long porch, or seated at the open windows. At nine o'clock the Solemn Grand Orchestral Mass began, "Coram Episcopo." The Benedictine Fathers, Rev. P. Raymond, P. Edward, P. Raphael, were the Celebrants, and on the throne erected on the Gospel-side were two Guests of Honor, Rt. Rev. Bishop Phelan, D.D., and Rt. Rev. Bishop Donohoe, D.D., of Wheeling, W. Va. The choir offered a splendid tribute. The organ was strengthened by the well known Orchestra of St. Xavier's, and a choir of thirty fresh girlish voices. Several of the solos were sung to harp accompaniment, notably the "Qui tollis" of the "Gloria" by Miss Jean Bell and the "Benedictus" by Miss Charlotte Hugo. A grand triumphal March with full Orchestra closed the ceremonies. The magnificent marble altar was dazzling in its decorations; white lilies and golden tulips predominating. The superb Communion rail of carved cherry and beaten brass held its place for the first time near the Chancel. The splendid decoration was a gift.

The Golden Rosary of Her Years
Has Slipped Time's Fingers Past,
The Angels Bore Them to the King,
To Crown Her Soul at Last.

GOLDEN JUBILEE

MOTHER M. STANISLAUS FENNESSY

February ninth
Convent of Mercy
Beatty, Pennsylvania

THE CHIME OF THE JUBILEE BELLS

Written
for the Golden Jubilee of
Mother M. Stanislaus
Superioress of St. Xavier's Academy
Pennsylvania

EXTRACTS FROM AN ODE BY MERCEDES

Chime out, sweet Bells
Across Time's wave!
Your music tells
Of fifty years of peaceful happy life,
Your echoes sound
A joy profound.
O! sweet Bells chime!
In golden triumph o'er the tide of Time.

Oh! golden Bells,
Chime on!—
With mellow call
Vibrations fall.
Upon the autumn's golden sheaves of life,
Upon the peace that cometh after strife.
Roll on, sweet bells!
The golden music of these Fifty years still rilling
The molten notes like angels' voices thrilling
With sweet accord!
Praise ye the Lord!
For her, whom half a century of love
Has flung ajar the Golden Gates above,
For her, whose Jubilee this day we sing,
And listen, while glad angels on the wing
Praise the Lord!

Oh! hail, thou faithful Spouse!
Sweet Mercy's Bride,
He, at thy side,
Smiles love upon thy brow so pure and pale,
He will not fail!
He tells the angels so, and list their song—
So sweet, so rapturous, so thrilling, strong,
Hush!—List!

"Thy holy years shall outlive mortal story,
Shall shine forever as the stars in glory,
These Fifty Years
Of smiles or tears,
Each one a precious record writ above,
Brings Heaven down
With golden crown.
To crown thee on the Heart of Him—thy Love!"
Ring out—grand Bells
The Chimes of Jubilee!

The Orchestra played a very fine selection and the curtain rose on the First Scene of the first Act of "The Heirs of Rockford." We give the entire Program here, by request, and trust it may prove interesting to all the friends and pupils of St. Xavier's who were not present.

CELEBRATION

A Double Festival

The Patronal Feast
St. Francis Xavier

THE GOLDEN JUBILEE

Mother M. Stanislaus

1848 February ninth 1898

GUESTS OF HONOR

Rt. Rev. R. Phelan, D.D. Rt. Rev. P. J. Donohoe, D.D.
The Heirs of Rockford

Mercedes
Dramatis Personæ

Mdme. Stanita Rockford of Rockford Hall.
A wealthy philanthropic widow.....Miss Alice Moran
Mrs. Stratford
Her Lady Companion who superintends her affairs
Miss Reilly
Morrison, Confidential Attendant.....Miss N. Howley
Mrs. Marie Riverton
Daughter of Mdme. Rockford, who lives in Louisiana
Miss E. Burns
Venus, Psyche, Twins, Colored maids of Mrs. Riverton
Elizabeth Donnelly, Anina M'Williams
Countess Lillian de Flachton
Daughter of Mdme. Rockford, who lives abroad. Miss C. Hugo
Baroness Katrine von Schuyler
Her Sister who lives abroad.....Miss M'Intosh
Mrs. Briarton, Beloved school-friend of Mdme. Rockford
Miss Grace Lynch
Mrs. Gray, Teacher of Kindergarten.....Miss A. Phelan
Everett Blackstone, Esq.
Family Lawyer to Rockford Hall .....Miss Kearney
Mrs. Everett Blackstone, his wife.....Miss Wittmer

Shortly after the Grand Mass, a somewhat informal meeting was held in the Sisters' Community room, on the Convent side. Space was limited, but almost a hundred Sisters and friends crowded together for the usual coronation on such occasions. The two Rt. Rev. Prelates occupied seats of honor and beside them the Jubilarian and the Mother Superior were seated. A sweet chorus of nuns sang the following words which in their simplicity went to every one's heart:

JUBILEE SONG

TO MOTHER M. STANISLAUS

All together,—gather round thee!
Hearts filled with glee.
As we sing in joyous numbers
—Sing this Golden Jubilee!—
Praise to thee, Mother,
For these fifty years of life,
Serving the Master,
Through the ways of joy or strife.

Fifty years of rain or sunshine!
How long it seems
Since thy girlhood's consecration—
When the future lived in dreams!
Oh! could we tell thee,
How the Angels smile on thee,
Bringing sweet graces,
On thy Golden Jubilee.

May the Sisters' loving wishes
Crown thee with peace,
May our prayers bring joy and gladness
Till the sunshine never cease.
Oh! may we ever
Dwell in love and gladness here,
No more to sever
From the hearts we love so dear.

When the Bridegroom comes to claim thee,
Ah! may'st thou be!
With thy lamp all trimmed and burning
Filled with happy Jubilee.
Then may thy Sisters
In the Blessed home above,
Join thee forever
In the heart of changeless love.

At the close of the song, one of the Sisters advanced and made the following address. It was quite evident that the words came from heart and soul. The stillness was breathless, and more than once a quiet tear stole down the cheeks of the listeners. Each one felt how true was every word, and each one echoed the speaker's congratulations and good wishes.

THE ADDRESS TO OUR BELOVED MOTHER M. STANISLAUS ON HER GOLDEN JUBILEE DAY

There is something tenderly beautiful in the thought that for Fifty Years,—five long decades of the chaplet of Time—a human heart has laid itself on the altar of God's Holy Will, and has meekly borne the fires of His dispensations!

There is something magnificent and heroic as well when we realize it is a woman's heart. One that came in its days of innocent, joyous, generous girlhood to offer itself to privations and denials, labors and fatigues, and counted it nothing! and to-day looks down the dim vista of half a century and again calls it nothing!

But we do not call it such! We who honor and love her, whose crown of golden years sits like a halo on her brow to-day, press round her and congratulate her, as only those can do who love and honor.

Dear Mother!—forbid us not—. The occasion is too joyous for us to be restrained. Not you alone, not we alone, but even Holy Church is glad, and celebrates this festive day!—and obedient to her spirit we gather here, and crown you and sing our pæans of joy. We hail you! that these fifty years have left no bitterness within your breast. We congratulate you that these fifty years have left no sadness in your soul, no vain regrets—No! The peace of heart that comes from long service of a good Master shines from your eyes, and dwells on your features.

Fifty Years! It is a long life itself—and yet you have lived it all for God. It is a sweet and solemn thought!

The world has unrolled page after page of its history in that time. Wars have been fought and ended, governments changed,—the mighty have fallen; magical results from occult physical forces, have been poured out on the world.

Science and Art have advanced to stupendous climaxes, and yet, for the faithful religious—the Matin and Vesper bell have sounded through the years, ever the same; the voice of obedience has sounded, ever the same; and the sacred and solemn rite of the Eucharistic Sacrifice has made of you a living ciborium, where high Heaven has worshiped the Eternal God!

No wonder our hearts thrill with the gladness on this occasion! No wonder we sing "Jubilate" and lead you with tearful eyes dim with joy, with willing hands glad to serve, and with joyous footsteps, filled with happiness to the feet of our beloved Father and revered Bishop, to crown you with the golden wreath of Jubilee—His paternal heart beats with ours to-day—for he has known you long, as a Father, a Bishop, and always a Friend, and his participation in this Jubilee festival is our crowning joy, because of the sympathy of his kind heart.—And though we pray for you many more years of useful life, we know that one day a call will come, a voice will whisper!—"The Bridegroom cometh!" and we pray that the gentle faces of those who guided your youth, so long ago as fifty years—those who stood by your side in maturer life—those who called you sister—friend—will smile, a welcome to that Home of love and light, where sadness is unknown—and where the tender, beautiful Eyes of your Lord will echo the wecome of His Voice!—

"Winter is now past,
The rain has gone and departed,
Arise! my love and come!"

Immediately after the address Mother M. Stanislaus was led to the throne of the Rt. Rev. Bishop, where she was crowned with a golden wreath. The Rt. Rev. Prelate spoke touchingly to the Jubilarian, who, with bowed head, knelt at his feet. A glad "Te Deum" burst on the air, and the good Mother received the greetings and congratulations of all present. The assemblage then dispersed in various directions. Luncheon was served at the Guest-house to Visitors, and at the Convent to a large number of the Reverend Clergy.

At 2.30 P. M. all gathered in the Hall of the Academy to witness the new play by "Mercedes," entitled "The Heirs of

Rockford." This was written especially for the occasion and was pronounced one of the finest if not the best that ever came from the pen of the author.

The Graduating Class of St. Francis Xavier's Academy.

Miss Gwendoline Rockford, Niece of Mdme. Rockford
Miss M'Cook
Miss Olivette Rockford, Her Sister.....Miss C. Frauenheim
Miss Cordelia Briarton, Daughter of Mdme. Rockford's friend ..... Miss Jordan

Other Members of the Class

Berenice .....Miss K. M'Cook
Ruth .....Miss Mercedes Vilsack
Preciosa .....Miss Dorothy Joyce
Elsie .....Miss Mayette M'Williams
Edith .....Miss May F. Frauenheim
Mother Alexina, Directress of Academy.....Miss Heyl

Little Pupils of the Kindergarten

Winnie ..... Mamie Wilson
Effie ..... Flavia Head
Susie ..... Louise Wilson
Clara ..... Annie Huckenbach
May ..... May Vaughn

Fairies

Sunbeam .....Margaret Burns
Sparkle ..... Clara Stein
Twinkle ..... Marie Moorhead
Mischief ..... Florence Tisdall
Snowflake ..... Julia Joyce
Ruby ..... Grace Vaughn
Crystal .....Beulah Swormstedt

SYNOPSIS

Opening Words ..... Miss Agnes Baird

ACT I SCENE I

Study Hall at St. Francis Xavier's Academy
The Call to Rockford. Departure of the Trio.
Jubilee March ..... St. Xavier's Orchestra

ACT II SCENE I

Grand Salon of Rockford Hall on its Lady's Fiftieth Birthday
The Golden Jubilee Greetings.
The Kindergarten. The Jubilee Chorus.

Accompaniment by Miss Kaylor.

Violin Solo ..... Miss Lola Berry

Accompaniment by Miss Stratman

ACT III SCENE I

A Boudoir. After the Festa. Revelations.
Ingratitude.

SCENE II

The New Will. The Eavesdropper. A Heart-attack. Death.
Jubilee Overture ..... St. Xavier's Orchestra

ACT IV SCENE I

A year is supposed to elapse.
Rockford Hall in Mourning. Suspicion.

SCENE II

The Sleep-walker. The Fire.
Waltz ..... St. Xavier's Orchestra

ACT V. FINALE

Time: Eleven o'clock at night.
Attorney Blackstone's Home. The Houseless Ones.
The Confession. The Reparation.
GRAND CHORUS. Accompaniment Miss M'Cook

GOLDEN JUBILEE GREETING

The following exquisite lines were written to Mother M. Stanislaus by her early friend and companion, Mother M. Vincent M'Girr of Chicago, who a few months ago celebrated her own Golden Jubilee. The sentiments are touchingly beautiful:

Dear gentle heart, though far apart,
My soul to-day thine own is meeting.
In love and prayer, it flies to bear
The homage of a humble greeting.

Full fifty years of smiles and tears
Have shed their calm effulgence o'er us.
Since you and I, in days gone by,
Began the shining path before us.

Our spirits heard His tender word,
Who bade us follow, ne'er to leave Him;
Young love was brave, we freely gave
The little all we had to give Him.

Ah! since that time of rosy prime,
Some days, perchance, were not so cheery;
Sad tears were shed for loved ones dead,
While hand and heart have oft been weary.

But never yet one mean regret,
Proved recreant to that first warm feeling;
Nor cloud could blight the heavenly light,
His beauty and His love revealing.

All through the years one Face appears
Divine with smiles that nought estranges,
One Heart we call our own, our all,
However friend or fortune changes.

Be His the praise, for His the grace,
Upholding weakness by His power;
His priceless love, all gifts above,
Has been our sweetness and our dower.

Oh! His the grace and His the praise
That life can tell so fair a story,—
That floods of gold we now behold
To bathe our sunset all in glory!

How oft the notes from warbling throats
Grow thrilling sweet as daylight closes!
And evening skies with radiant dyes,
Outbeam auroral tints of roses!

'Tis thus that now we speak the vow
With deeper joy and love more tender;
Our sunset gold, a thousand fold,
Is richer than our morning splendor.

Archbishop's House,
Logan Square,
Philadelphia, Pa., Apr. 21, 1898.

*My Dear "Mercedes":*

A thousand thanks for your kind and beautiful "welcome" as well as for the Pallium poem and the volume of "Wild Flowers" (second edition). I am glad to learn that the flowers have borne golden fruit for the cause of charity and that time has not withered this fragrant bouquet.

With kind regards to your Sister and all the members of your Community, I am,

Yours sincerely in Christ,
P. J. Ryan, Arbp.

I send you my blessing and, what is better, the Pope's, as he gave us power to impart it. As I cannot do so personally, I venture to interpret (perhaps too liberally) the permission by sending it. As His Holiness is also a poet and has entwined the laurels of Apollo around the tiara of St. Peter, I hope he will not be offended at this poetic license.

P. J. R.

LETTER TO THE MISTRESS OF NOVICES FROM S. M. ELIZABETH STRANGE

St. Xavier's, Beatty,
Apr. 13, 1898.

*My dear Mother Bernadette:*

Most sincerely do I congratulate you on your seeing the twenty-fifth anniversary of your final consecration to our dear Lord by the Vows of your holy Profession, and what a happiness it is my dear Sister to have walked faithfully in the "narrow path" for a quarter of a century! Certainly those are highly favored who are called to serve Him and ever to spend their lives in His divine service.

To-morrow, please God, our united prayers will be for all our dear Jubilants. I will ask for you, dear Sister, grace not

only for your own sanctification but also for the young plants under your good care, that you may lead them on happily and holily, so that a healthy growth may enable them to become good and useful Sisters of Mercy. I know, dear Sister, you leave nothing undone for this end, and I feel assured God will continue to aid your efforts by His light and grace.

Now, I will ask you for a "Hail Mary" from each of them and *their Mother* for an old friend who promises a Rosary in return, and who begs you will regard her as

Yours ever affectionately in Xt.,

SISTER M. ELIZABETH.

## SISTER M. CHRISTINA NEWNAN

May 20, 1898

Miss Clara Newnan accompanied Mrs. O'Gorman when the latter came to Pittsburgh, to witness the profession of her daughter, Sister M. Gonzaga.

Miss Newnan's intention in leaving her home was to enter the novitiate and so dedicate her life to the service of God. With several other devout young ladies, she donned the somber garb of the postulants, was given the cap by Rev. Mother Warde, and was thus initiated into the first grade of the religious life, June 17, 1848. On Dec. 18, the same year, she received the white veil and the name by which we knew her, for the many years she was with us. While a novice, Sister M. Christina had a severe attack of smallpox, at that time prevalent, which left no other mark on her face than changing the expression of her countenance. This trial she bore with patience and resignation to the Divine Will.

Sister M. Christina had the happiness of making her vows with five other fervent novices Dec. 26, 1850. For several years after her profession, Sister M. Christina assisted in school and other duties, as circumstances required. In the early fifties, she was stationed at Loretto. Here she discharged the duty of Local Superior, at the same time giving assistance in the classes and teaching music. It seems that at that time, when requiem Mass was sung in the Church in the absence of the Choir, the Sisters came to the rescue and furnished the

music, Sister M. Christina being organist and singer. Rev. Father Albinus, one of the early Passionist Fathers, was assistant pastor then. It is said that, as might happen occasionally, the choir would be out of harmony, and then Father Albinus would say aloud, "Bad, Christina, bad!" This must have been discouraging, but our Sister had a fund of simplicity and she did not seem to mind this reproof, but continued to give her services in simple faith, as long as circumstances required.

Sister M. Christina was for some time in Allegheny, engaged in St. Peter's School. At one time she had charge of the school for colored children, which had been opened by Rev. F. Treacy in a house near the Orphan Asylum, Tannehill Street. The children were taught by two Sisters who went from the asylum every morning. Sister M. Christina remained in charge until the school was closed for want of means to defray the expenses. For some time Sister M. Christina lived at the asylum and taught the orphans; and here ended her work in the classes. Her health for a long time was very delicate suffering from bronchial trouble. Later, she became an inmate of the Mother House, and here the last days of her usefulness were spent. The many adults who from time to time came to the convent for instruction were objects of her zealous care. She also had charge of the League of the Sacred Heart, and spared no efforts to promote devotion to the good work. The last few months of her simple and uneventful life were passed at St. Xavier's, where obedience located her after the August retreat.

The following months her infirmities continued to increase, until May 20, 1898, when she was called to her reward. Of all her sufferings, none but the good Master, her Divine Spouse, can form an idea. She bore up as long as worn-out nature could, and when on Ascension Thursday she received Extreme Unction, the Sisters did not think the end was so near. She was laid to rest in St. Xavier's Cemetery on Sunday, May 22. A heavy rain made the procession a sad and dreary one, but it did not deter the faithful friends and Sisters.

The following letter is to Sister M. Christina from Bishop Michael O'Connor, S. J.:

*Dear Sister:*

Your favor was duly received. I need not say that I am glad to hear of your being well. Sister Agnes was surely mistaken very much in saying that I would not remember you. I have forgotten all you refer to about your father, but taking it on your word, I don't know but that the advice, as you gave it, was good enough.

I am glad to find that your hopes of happiness in the religious life are realized. But even if they were not as satisfactory for the moment, the great thing that we are advancing to eternity with well-grounded reasons for hoping that it be happy, should be sufficient to make us rejoice in the selection made.

Continue to pray for me and I will do the same for you and believe me,

Yours ever faithfully in Xt.,

M. O'Connor, S. J.

Baltimore, Feb. 27, 1866.

### SR. M. CLARE KIRK

Died June 24, 1898

Sister Mary Clare Kirk passed from earth June 24, 1898. Thirty-three years given to works of mercy, faithfully and perseveringly performed, were a fitting preparation for the precious death of this dear Sister. Her late years were spent at the Mercy Hospital, Pittsburgh, where her dominant characteristic, a holy and unflagging zeal in the cause of good, was manifest in her care of the sick, and her untiring energy in all that concerned the interest of the Institution.

Patience, tender piety, and longing desire to be united to God marked her last sickness, and were an edifying sermon to those who witnessed her suffering. Her dying request to the attendants near her death-bed, "Turn my face towards the altar in the chapel," told of her loving confidence in Him Whom she was so soon to meet as her Judge, and as her thoughts rested on the Sacramental Presence, in the Tabernacle, her pure spirit gently passed to the better life.

The morning of the funeral, Solemn High Mass was cele-

brated. Rev. W. Graham of Latrobe was celebrant, assisted by Rev. J. Cosgrave of St. Brigid's Church, Pittsburgh, as deacon, and Rev. P. Killoran of St. Vincent's as sub-deacon.

In the sanctuary were Rev. P. Raymond, O. S. B., Rev. J. Ward, Chaplain of Mercy Hospital, and clerics from St. Vincent's.

SILVER JUBILEE GREETING TO SISTER M. TERESITA CREIGHTON, NOVEMBER 19, 1898

How often a little word may carry with it a history either of darkened or illumined pages! The truth of this appeared in full realization to-day as the brief salutation: "Happy Jubilee!" passing from heart to voice was echoed by these convent walls, for though but two short words compose the greeting, it floated through the air freighted with wealth of meanings. As a cheery messenger, it carried its well filled treasury of good will, wishes, hope and prayers; it spoke its consoling story of fidelity to youthful promises and of the happy completion of twenty-five years of service in God's blessed cause—years of triumph on which the world can lay no claim; it sounded the note of congratulation from so many who rejoice with you, dear Sister, on this glad occasion of the Silver Jubilee of your religious Profession, and who are grouped here to-night to repeat the greeting in its full significance. Many pleadings for your welfare found anchor to-day in that sacred haven where prayer finds its answer—the Sacred Heart of a listening God. O may that haven be yours, when earth's years shall have melted into the ever-enduring years of the great hereafter.

S. M. A. McK.

On Jan. 12, 1899, Sister M. Borgia Dougherty, a venerable Sister of Mercy, was laid to rest, having died on the 10th inst.

She was the daughter of Charles and Hannah Dougherty, of West Alexandria, Washington Co., Pa. Professed in 1852, she had been half a century in the convent, had been foremost in all heroic services to the orphans,—the wounded soldiers in the Stanton Hospital,—the schools and the many works of mercy in Pittsburgh. Finally, fortified by the Sacraments

of the Church, she folded her hands to rest, until the great day when the Divine Master will call those who have served Him faithfully to enter the Kingdom prepared for them.

### SISTER M. JOSEPHINE DEAD

#### One of the Oldest Nuns in This Diocese

Sister Josephine, a Sister of Mercy and Local Superior of the Convent connected with St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Church, at Liberty and Seventeenth Streets, is dead. Before entering the order, her name was Alice McCaffry. She was one of the oldest nuns in the diocese of Pittsburgh, having spent 48 years in the convent. She was 67 years old, and her death was due to pneumonia, which resulted from an attack of the grip.

Sister Josephine was one of three sisters who entered the convent. Sister Liguori, who died at St. Xavier's Academy, near Latrobe, several years ago, and Sister Agnes, who celebrated her golden anniversary as a nun at St. Xavier's last March, were both older sisters of hers. The death of Sister Josephine leaves Sister Agnes, who is still at St. Xavier's, as the only surviving member of the family. Sister Josephine was professed in 1853. She was one of the few nuns in this country who were professed by a papal representative. Archbishop Bedini was visiting Pittsburgh on business connected with the Holy See at Rome at the time, and he professed her. The ceremony is usually conducted by the Bishop of the diocese.

The dead sister has been directress or superior in all the large houses of the Mercy order about Pittsburgh. For four years she was the superior at St. Aloysius' Academy, when that convent was located at Loretto. She spent about five years as superior at St. Ann's, Allegheny, and three years as Directress of St. Xavier's Academy. She came from there to St. Patrick's, where she had been for five years. She was regarded as one of the brightest members of the Order of Mercy, and was especially accomplished as a musician. She taught music in all the larger Mercy schools and academies until she was appointed to the position of directress, and then

her duties prevented her teaching, but she still maintained a supervision over the musical department.

### SISTER MARY ROSE HOSTETTER

Sister M. Rose (Mary Hostetter) was born in New Lisbon, near Canton, Ohio. Later the family removed to Canton of which place her father, Judge Hostetter, was a respected citizen. When about twelve years old, Mary's mother died. In time, Mr. Hostetter married Miss Shorb, a member of an old Maryland Catholic family, through whose influence and good example Mary eventually became a convert to the faith. To this great faith was added a call to the religious state, and after much opposition on the part of her father he reluctantly gave his consent, and permitted her to carry out her intention, though refusing to countenance the step by allowing her any means; but at his death he did not cut her off, but left her her portion of the estate. So did she thus early enlist under the standard of Poverty, and was always faithful to its teachings.

Miss Hostetter arrived in Pittsburgh January 6th, 1847, and entered the Convent, Concert Hall, the same day; received the white veil Sept. 29th, 1847, and, persevering through a fervent Novitiate, had the happiness to complete her sacrifice, Sept. 29th, 1849. Some years later one of her half-sisters followed her good example, who became a very efficient member of the Community, Sister M. Berchmans; this occasion gave great happiness to Sister Rose.

During her long religious career, Sister M. Rose discharged various duties in several houses. Some of her first years were spent in the Mercy Hospital, then in its first stage of usefulness, having been but a short time established. Later, she filled the offices of Local Superior, Bursar, and Mother Superior. While holding the latter office, in 1862, during the Civil War, application was made by the Government at Washington for the services of some Sisters to care for the wounded soldiers in the Stanton Hospital. The Bishop having given his sanction, the request was complied with; the Sisters were sent on within a few days to begin the work of Mercy in that place. After the expiration of Sister Rose's

term of office, she was located at the Mercy Hospital, where she zealously tended the poor sick, until her health disabled her from fulfilling longer this work of charity. She was recalled to the Mother House, and for a considerable time taught some of the Primary Classes in St. Paul's School—a work she loved and exercised with great advantage to her pupils. The last days of active duty were passed in the Orphan Asylum, Tannehill Street, where for several years she had charge of teaching a large class of little waifs, who in most cases responded to her zealous endeavors for their improvement. During this time she had a severe spell of illness, and with symptoms so serious that the last sacraments were administered. She was perfectly resigned, rejoicing in hope of being soon united to God, and when the crisis passed, and recovery was assured, it was with a keen sense of disappointment that she resigned herself to live—even to the shedding of tears. But she never regained health after this attack; her health gradually failed until being no longer able to continue her work in school, she was relieved of all duties, and retired to St. Xavier's, lingering in a state of great weakness for a long time. Finally softening of the brain rendered her quite childish several months before her death, which took place December 2, 1899.

Thus passed from our midst our venerated Sister M. Rose Hostetter, who for more than fifty-two years served our Lord with unwonted fidelity, and left us the legacy of her holy example. From the day of her entrance until old age, her efforts in the practice of virtue never seemed to relax. To speak of her love of poverty and spirit of mortification, it might be true to say they were her favorite virtues. Her preference seemed to be for the hidden life, ever averse to putting herself forward; even when she was superior, as far as was consistent with duty, she shunned notice. Self was always kept in the background. If any one had access to her share of clothing, they would have been surprised to see the pains she took to make her garments last by repeated patching, so that the original fabric could scarcely be recognized. Sometimes when prevented by attention to some duty from dining with the Community, and afterwards taking her meal alone, she collected the scraps of food, left by the Sisters, and made her

dinner on them—and in many ways she deprived herself of necessary comforts. Though severe to herself, she was far from being austere to others.

Her charity embraced each member of the Community, and indeed all outside of it who claimed her attention. While superior, she was most solicitous that the Sisters should be supplied with all that was needful for their comfort; and in sickness or sorrow, she evinced the tenderness of a Mother. As an instance of her careful consideration for the health and comfort of the Sisters under her care, we have only to mention, what often took place, while she was in charge of the boys' Orphan Asylum. At that time some of our Sisters residing in the Asylum taught in St. John's School—situated at some distance—and in bad weather these teachers were exposed to hardships, as the streets were unpaved. On such occasions Sister M. Rose, if the morning were inclement, sent them clothing, shoes, etc., so that the Sisters might be made comfortable during school hours; and on their return in the evening they would find a dry outfit awaiting them—provided by her thoughtful care, lest their health might become impaired. This is only one of the many instances that could be cited in proof of her motherly solicitude. While Bursar, in Sister M. Isadore's time, she looked carefully to the temporal interests of the Community, and effected much towards its prosperity, though at times her resources were limited. By good management, however, she contrived to make all ends meet. Many of the fine trees ornamenting the grounds at St. Xavier's were planted by her direction.

At the election for Mother Superior, May the 6th, 1861, the choice of the Community fell on Sister M. Rose—much to her dismay, and to the satisfaction of the Sisters. With humble submission to the holy will, manifested by the action of the Chapter, she accepted the unwelcome charge, and fulfilled its obligations to the best of her ability. She selected as members of her council Sister M. Scholastica Geoghegan, Assistant, Bursar, Sister M. Mechtildes O'Connell, and Mistress, Sister M. Xavier Maher—in whose faithful coöperation she placed implicit confidence. While holding this responsible position, she was always attentive to see that regular observance was strictly maintained, not only in the Mother House,

but in each of the Local Houses, visiting each occasionally to cheer and encourage the Superior and Sisters by her presence—in the performance of their several duties.

During her term of office, several improvements were made at St. Xavier's—then the Mother House,—the most important being the erection of the Guest House, situated outside the grounds, for the accommodation of visitors, parents of pupils, or others, where they are provided with meals, or kept over night, as circumstances require—and which has been of great advantage to the place. The entrance to the grounds was also changed—formerly the road led to the right, passing through the grove: this was changed so that the road kept straight from the gate, for some years, then making a graceful curve led on to the front of the House. At the same time a paling fence was put up, along the line of the road, which separated the grove from the outside, forming a boundary, thus securing perfect privacy. A hedge of arbor-vitæ was planted inside the fence, which for a long time was very ornamental, but after forty years or so these bushes became worn out, some entirely dead, here and there, so that they had to be removed, and were replaced by fine young privet plants, which we hope will flourish, and for many years to come beautify the grounds and delight succeeding generations of Sisters and pupils, as did for a long time their predecessors.

Though fond of silence and retirement, Sister M. Rose was most kind and cheerful in her intercourse with the Sisters at recreation, and other times. Her charity led her to help the Sisters in their work, esteeming it a privilege to assist in any way she could—particularly by sewing—making or repairing their clothing, as might be needed—a help much appreciated by those whose duties left but little time for such tasks.

It is noted that Sister M. Rose never omitted a Holy Communion—for which permission had been given.

## CHAPTER XVII

### DEATH OF MOTHER M. ELIZABETH STRANGE

THIS venerable and much beloved religious was the only one of the "Valiant Seven" who survived to a good old age, and by her presence kept alive the traditions of the first years of the foundation.

Hester Strange was born in Aylwardstonen, near Waterford, Ireland, May 24th, 1819, the feast of Our Lady, Help of Christians. The family of this favored child belonged to that class of heroic Catholic aristocracy which had kept the faith through long years of penal oppression. What her ancestors endured, in order to preserve their religion, and how they shared in the confiscations and spoliation of property, the heirloom of every Catholic in those days; their secret unseen sacrifices, for conscience sake, is known to God alone. That the daughter of this noble race was animated by the lively faith of her forefathers the story of her life will tell.

Hester received her education from private tutors, to whose lessons she faithfully responded, and when she finished her course of studies she was fully prepared to take her place in the refined society in which her parents moved. But ere long she heard the Master's loving call, to leave all and follow Him in the narrow path of the Counsels. Obedient to the grace, Hester generously turned aside from the bright prospects the world held out to her, and with the blessing of her pious parents, entered the Convent of Mercy, Carlow, December 21st, 1839.

She received the white veil and was given the name Elizabeth, June 24th, 1840. After the usual time of probation and preparation, she made her holy profession, June 16th, 1842. Two of her Sisters became religious in the same order, M. M. Rose and Sister Mary Aloysia.

From the time of her entrance, Mother M. Elizabeth was a model of regular observance, she is still remembered in Car-

low as having been most exact; she was noted for carefully utilizing every moment of her free time, in writing, printing, etc.; in those days, spiritual books were not so accessible as now, and the Sisters devoted much time copying manuscripts, etc., for the use of the community.

When in the fall of 1843 Right Rev. M. O'Connor visited Carlow and asked that a colony of Sisters might be sent to take up the work of Mercy in his far-off diocese, of which he was the first Bishop, the Superior after prayerful consideration gave a favorable reply to his request. Sr. M. Elizabeth was among the first to signify her willingness to form one of the favored band. Her offer was accepted, and in the same spirit which animated the rest of these zealous missionaries, she bravely sundered the ties which bound her to home and country, that she might labor for God's honor in the United States, "where the harvest was great and the laborers few," with a fervent zeal that never waned during the years of her long and useful life.

During her first years in Pittsburgh she assisted in teaching in the school in the city, and at St. Xavier's. Most of her active duty in the work of education was exercised in the latter place. She was fond of children, whom she attracted by her kindness, and her pleasing manner of relating stories and anecdotes for their instruction and amusement. In fine weather she delighted in taking long walks with the pupils, a pastime she always enjoyed. In after years some of these old-time pupils would recall with pleasure the happy hours they had spent with dear Sr. M. Elizabeth during these rambles.

In July, 1846, Sister M. Aloysia Strange died of decline quite suddenly, in Pittsburgh. This unexpected death of her Sister was a great affliction to Sr. M. Elizabeth, who had not the sad consolation of being with her at the end, being at St. Xavier's at the time.

Sr. M. Elizabeth filled the office of Mother Assistant during several terms, first with M. M. Gertrude Blake, then with Sister M. Isidore, and later with M. M. Sebastian, and for many years discharged the duties of Local Superior of the House.

Soon after our Sisters went to Buffalo, early in the sixties,

to open a House in that city, Sr. M. Elizabeth signified a wish to visit them, that she might assist them for a time in the various duties; the Superior willingly granted the coveted permission. Meanwhile, a favorable opportunity was afforded her of realizing her desires. Mother M. Philomena, Superior of the new House, having come to Pittsburgh to take home Sister M. Columba Kane, who was in ill health, and who died not many months later, M. Elizabeth accompanied M. Philomena on her return to Buffalo. Sr. M. Elizabeth remained in that city for a year or more, to the great satisfaction of the Superior and Sisters, to whom it gave confidence in the discharge of their various duties to have the benefit of the experience of one who had been so long in the Master's service, and it made their surroundings seem more home-like to see dear S. M. Elizabeth taking part in their daily duties of choir and school.

During the Civil War, while our Sisters were engaged in the Stanton Hospital, Washington City, Sr. M. Elizabeth paid them a short visit, going as companion with a Sister, who was sent to replace another who for ill health or some other cause was to return home. Sr. M. Elizabeth was greatly interested in the Sisters' work among the sick and wounded soldiers, Blue and Gray.

Early in the summer of 1873 Sr. Elizabeth accompanied M. M. Bernard, Superior of the Convent of Mercy in Providence, R. I., in a journey to Ireland, the first and only time our dear Mother visited the land of her birth. Her object in making this trip was to see her Sister, M. M. Rose, who was ill, and to have the consolation of being with her some time before the end. But to her grief and great disappointment, when she arrived in Cork, she was informed that her dear Sister had died several days before. This sad news gave a great shock to the affectionate heart of S. Elizabeth, who had undertaken this long journey with no other intention than that of seeing her beloved Sister. Two Sisters came from Carlow Convent, with whom she traveled to her old home, St. Leo's. Here she spent several weeks, amid the familiar scenes of her early life, meeting relations and old friends. While in Ireland, Sr. Elizabeth visited several Convents, and after spending several months abroad, returned home, and needless to say,

received a warm welcome from the Sisters, who had feared she might be induced to remain in the Isle of Saints. Several young ladies came with her to enter the novitiate, all of whom, happily persevered, and in due time, made their vows.

In July, 1881, Sr. M. Elizabeth and companion made a visit to the Sisters in Wilkes-Barre. This community, having been founded from Pittsburgh a few years before, so that on both sides this visit was the occasion of a happy reunion of old friends. The greater part of the time was spent in Towanda, where the Wilkes-Barre Sisters passed the weeks of vacation. The Convent here was an old-fashioned mansion, which had formerly been the residence of a family of wealth and refinement. The house stood back from the street, amid spacious grounds, and embowered by some fine old trees that had offered grateful shade to several generations. The dwelling was commodious, giving ample room to the Sisters who, during the year, taught the parochial school, and discharged the other duties of the Institute. The apartment that had been the library, made a very pretty chapel, with its decorated walls and stained glass windows.

On several occasions kind friends provided conveyances for the Sisters to take long drives and admire the beautiful mountain scenery about Towanda. All enjoyed these excursions, but none more than S. M. Elizabeth, who had a keen appreciation of the beauties of nature and of the beneficial effects of out-door exercise, either driving or walking.

Soon after the August retreat, the pleasant days of vacation drew to a close, and the Sisters left Towanda, to resume their duties in the different Houses. After a few days passed in the Mother House, Wilkes-Barre, Sr. M. Elizabeth and companion bade farewell to the Hospital Sisters and returned home, carrying with them pleasant memories of the days spent with M. M. de Chantal, and the Sisters of the Scranton Diocese.

Sister M. Elizabeth enjoyed uniformly good health. The only time that she was obliged to keep her cell was when she fell and dislocated her shoulder, which caused her much pain for some time, but after a few weeks she recovered, without suffering any bad effects from the accident.

About two years before her death her strength began to

fail, and her sight became impaired. Though suffering from debility, she was seldom absent from the spiritual exercises, while she edified all by her cheerful patience.

After the August retreat, 1899, she remained at St. Xavier's, where she could have the benefit of the fresh country air and walk about the beautiful grounds when she felt so inclined. Gradually the dear invalid grew weaker, until the latter part of January, 1900, she was so enfeebled as to be unable to leave her room. Her sufferings were intense, but were borne with heroic patience without sigh or complaint. In due time, the last sacraments were administered and received with deep devotion by the aged religious. Unreservedly resigned, with lively faith, she lovingly awaited the summons of the Master, whom she had served so long and well. Assisted by the prayers of Mother Superior, and the sorrowing Sisters, our beloved Mother Elizabeth calmly departed to our Lord Feb. 7, 1900, in the 81st year of her age, and 68th year of her religious profession.

The obsequies were celebrated in St. Xavier's Chapel, Feb. 9th. After solemn High Mass, Right Rev. Bishop Phelan gave the last absolution, and in a few eloquent words paid a fitting tribute to the memory of the dear deceased. Many priests were present in the sanctuary. Rev. R. Canevin, our present revered Bishop, with several other priests, carried the remains from the chapel to the house, as a mark of their respect and veneration for our dear Mother Elizabeth. The procession of Rev. Clergy and Sisters slowly wended its way to the cemetery, where beside the grave of her loved young Sister, Sr. M. Aloysia, who died more than fifty years before, she was laid to rest amid the deep regret of all present. While fully sensible that the change was a happy one for this devoted Sister of Mercy, we could not but grieve, that her presence would no more be seen among us to edify and animate us by her holy example.

Mother M. Elizabeth was endowed with fine natural abilities, her mind cultivated and her tastes refined, she wrote well, and spoke fluently. In the old times she contributed articles to the *Pittsburgh Catholic,* among other subjects, sketches from the lives of the saints, which were very interesting as well as instructive. She also translated some books, on spiritual sub-

jects, from the French, which formed a useful addition to the community library, at that time not too well supplied with such works. Mother Elizabeth was an accomplished letter-writer, and a faithful correspondent, keeping up communication with members of distant communities, old friends, here and there, as well as with those nearer home. She had a very affectionate and sensitive disposition; took great pleasure in promoting the happiness of others by every means in her power; always bright and cheerful at recreation. It has been noted that during her novitiate days she made good use of her free time; this practice she kept up through all her years: when not otherwise engaged she might be seen at her desk, writing or printing. Often she printed or painted small cards, with a verse of Scripture, or some pious maxim, which served for fast-day gifts to the Sisters or others.

Though for many years the senior of the community, Mother M. Elizabeth was remarkable for her spirit of obedience and deference to Superiors. She was a great lover of poverty and simplicity, most mortified and abstemious, always seemed indifferent to what was served at table. She never cared to do anything merely for recreation, such as taking a walk, unless at the same time to perform an act of charity, by visiting a sick person, or a family in affliction.

As a Superior, she was vigilant in maintaining discipline and fidelity to duty: at the same time she rejoiced to see the Sisters happy, and to have it in her power to afford them any reasonable indulgence. In times of sickness or trouble the Sisters could count on her tender, cordial sympathy.

Mother Elizabeth had many warm friends among the Rev. Clergy, while on her side she always manifested the utmost reverence and deference to the priests. Her spirit of prayer and recollection was that of the good religious habitually impressed with the thought of the Presence of God.

There is so much to be said in praise of this good Mother that we might fill pages speaking of her many virtues. In conclusion, we will quote the words of Right Rev. Bishop Canevin, which he wrote at the time of her death.

IN MEMORIAM

MOTHER M. ELIZABETH STRANGE, DIED AT ST. XAVIER'S, BEATTY, PA., FEB. 7TH, 1900

With the death of Mother Elizabeth, closes an eventful period of nearly sixty years in the history of our diocese. This venerated woman was the last of the Colony of seven brave young Sisters of Mercy which the Right Reverend Michael O'Connor established in Pittsburgh in '43.

These were the teachers of others; they formed the traditions of their order in this region, moulded the characters of those who entered the novitiate, and outlined the career of the institute.

Mother Elizabeth, or Sister Elizabeth, as she was then called, participated in the heroic struggles and was a daily companion of the unselfish and laborious women who opened the first convent of Mercy in the United States; and she had a great part in the success, respect, and affection which the followers of Mother McAuley have gained.

From a small and weak beginning, she lived to see the community multiply and expand itself with a singular fruitfulness of spiritual works and blessings, among all classes of society.

Irish by race and birth, she gave fifty-seven years of unspotted religious life and high Christian energy to the people, especially the poor, forlorn, forsaken, suffering or broken-hearted people who turned to her in their distress or sorrow.

She went among them, rich or poor, criminal or virtuous, clad in the black habit of her profession, as she was clothed in death, girt with the cincture of chastity, armed with the Rosary of Mary, all the affections of her heart nailed to the Cross of Jesus, and all the faculties of her soul absorbed in one ambition,—to forget self in the love of God.

We need not dwell upon her earlier years nor the place which her family holds in the religious and political movements of Ireland and England during this century. Her home life and school days were surrounded by opportunities most favorable to the cultivation of mind and heart.

She breathed in the pure air of Celtic honor, and the Catholic inspirations of Irish faith, piety and modesty. To us she

remains in memory a refined, tender-hearted Christian, a woman of graceful attainments and unassuming simplicity.

If any woman ever deserved a great and solemn expression of respect and affection from the friends of the Sisters of Mercy, especially from the older Catholics of Pittsburgh, because she served God and society, as we remember no other woman to have done in our time, that woman is Mother Elizabeth Strange.

Her fount of generosity, of prayer, kindness and love poured itself out on every side to priests and people. She wore herself out in that service. She was filled with love for the clergy of this diocese, and with profound reverence for ecclesiastical authority.

The most sacred scene that memory can call out of the past; the trials, adversity, sufferings, and deaths of many of the loved ones who are gone before us present the gentle figure of Mother Elizabeth. This woman who never raised her voice, who despised flattery, who walked the streets with eyes veiled and downcast, had more friends, and was more respected, among more sorts of people, than any woman of wealth and fashion.

Poor people came to her for alms and consolation, and their poverty was respected. The rich and educated thought themselves favored by her kindly greeting and helpful counsel.

The strong laborer, the failing invalid, the ignorant, neglected child, the newsboy, the tramp, the outcast, the convict, the scholar, the priest, the sinner, the saint, were on terms of intimacy and claimed a bond of sympathy with their ideal Sister of Mercy. A woman of incessant activity, her interest in public affairs never flagged; her manner earnest, her mind scholarly, her address simple, and so straight-forward, that it was impossible to mistake her motives.

The charm of humility was in her personality and in her conversation. There was no suspicion of others, no ill speech. Her opinions were expressed frankly and so gently as to disarm malice. The path of duty stretched out before her. Her feet fell within its lines until the last step was taken. In helping others she looked neither up nor down. All were equal, in the light of her mission of Mercy to all.

Her greatness was not so much in what she did as in what

she was. Her dress proclaimed her a Sister of Mercy before men; her religious virtues made her a Sister of Mercy in the sight of God. There was no affectation, but a deep and consistent desire after the nearest union with God. Others loved religion because they were attracted by its loveliness in her character. They saw before them a nun who never forgot the proper reserve of her state; nor wandered beyond the convent rules, as though her spiritual resources were not within herself and her duties, nor her sweetest converse with her God.

By her example, she taught those who lived with her, the sacredness of their vows; and made them aspire to the higher paths of the interior life by her unreserved obedience, poverty of spirit, and purity of heart.

Mother Elizabeth was holy and her work was blessed. The dust of the world never ingrained into her soul. The lesson of humility had been learned in the hidden school of Nazareth, and it became the power of her influence over others; and the strength of her soul over her body is the secret of the long endurance of her brave, patient heart, conquering sickness and enduring pain when others would faint and yield.

Her last years were especially touching, when, broken with toil and infirmity, she reluctantly withdrew from active duty, worn out with long service, to await her end in feebleness and retirement. Her death was as placid and serene as her life. No fear of sin, no stain of heart, darkened the vision of her faith, or shook the calmness and courage of her soul.

We do not lament her departure; she had done her work and gone to her reward. She can do more for those who remain at their work, by her intercession before the throne of God than by her prolonged presence on earth. Her body was carried out to burial in all simplicity. The Right Rev. Bishop spoke the funeral sermon and performed the last absolution.

The coffin was reverently lowered into the grave and the living Sisters turned away with sad but hopeful hearts, leaving Mother Elizabeth at rest in the cloister of the dead.

Wealth and worldliness may attract crowds and build huge sepulchres, but they cannot touch the heart of humanity and awake the gratitude and admiration of rich and poor, high or low, as the death of Mother Elizabeth has done. The majesty of her funeral solemnity came from the simple unadorned

likeness of her life to Christ, and her long fidelity to a Divine Master.

Before these lines on the death of Mother Elizabeth are finished, the news comes from St. Xavier's that Mother Stanislaus Fennessy is dead. The companion of Mother Elizabeth for fifty-four years now sleeps beside her in the grave. United in life, not separated in death, it is fit that they should be joined in this obituary. Two worthier Sisters of Mercy were never placed side by side. They were both animated by the same spirit. The flame of their religious lives were fed by the same fire of love of God and souls.

Rev. J. R. Canevin.

IN MEMORIAM

MOTHER M. STANISLAUS, DIED FEB. 14, 1900

Amidst a prayerful group of loving, weeping Sisters, who gathered around her dying bed,—with the solemn voice of the absolution, pronounced by the Rt. Rev. Bishop, the Angel of Death came to the humble cell of Mother Stanislaus and laid his finger on her eyelids, and opened for her

"The slow door
Which, opening to let in,
Lets out no more!"

and we who stayed weeping outside felt that the opening was for her an entrance into such joy and happiness that the eye has not seen, the ear heard, nor the mind of man conceived!

Since her death, her long religious life of over half a century seems to unroll like a fair scroll before us, and we go back year after year to the days of her childhood when, as a bright, sunny-hearted girl of fifteen, she came to the cloister with her innocent heart in her hands to offer its budding beauty to the Lord of the Lilies; and that innocence went with her to her death bed!

In the early days of the Order in Pittsburgh, when the sick and the poor and the friendless were far away from the young city's center, she trod weary distances, day after day, to comfort them.

To this day the memory of Sister Stanislaus is hallowed in

their hearts, and in the hearts of hundreds of others who knew her in the class room. Her earnest, emphatic manner as a teacher, her stern presence as a disciplinarian, her tender heart as a friend and guide, her example as a Superior—a living rule —as she was called, can never be forgotten!

Many of those who were her staff and her subjects had been her pupils and her loving children. We loved her, because her heart was with us; she leaned on us and showed herself a mother. We honored her for her mortified spirit which never could be induced to forsake the common life.

If she were ill or suffering, her greatest suffering was the trouble she thought she gave to others. Her heart was distressed if she fancied another was pained or hurt, and she gave herself no peace until the cloud had passed away.

A refined lady in mind and education, every one was courteously received, and she had the gift of making each think she was specially interested in her and her efforts.

Her beautiful gift of faith was contagious, and her spirit of prayer marvelous. Day after day she prayed aloud for the needs of others; a sick friend of the Sisters; special intentions and novenas for those who begged prayers; remembrances of the dead and dying; and most of all prayers of thanksgiving for favors from God through others.

She lived in the presence of God, and one almost felt her closeness to Him in her child-like faith. Her personality was a rare combination of Mother and Sister. All looked up to her and respected her as a mother, while none feared her, for they turned to her as to a sister, whose sympathetic tenderness in sorrow or trouble, was all theirs.

She respected each one's conscience and never acted the taskmaster or the spy. She did her duty before God, and expected each one to do the same. Hence the work of the institution was well done, and St. Xavier's flourished.

Her subordinates caught the contagion of her faith, her spirit of earnestness, her charity and good will. Her short illness did not prepare those who loved her for her end, while she, who was always ready, lay calmly expecting it. She heard the dying prayers for Mother Elizabeth rising to heaven during her agony, and it was wondered at that she was herself so calm.

And when that aged and holy religious had passed away, and we saw our Mother was sinking, hoping against hope, each one in the sad household hung on her every breath, as hour after hour passed. Graces uncounted poured upon her! The holy Sacraments, Benedictions, Masses and Communions, and last of all the indulgences of the great Jubilee, which belongs specially to this "Holy Year" of the Century.

A few hours before she died, Rt. Rev. Bishop Phelan said mass for her at St. Xavier's altar, pronounced over her the last absolution, and read prayers for the dying. She passed away consciously, amid every grace and sacramental, at noon, on Wednesday, Feb. 14, 1900.

Sad and heavy were the hearts that loved her! for one was gone whose place it will be hard to fill. Yet, not one would call her back, so convinced did each one feel of her beatitude with the Saints!

And as she peacefully lay among the lilies and white roses sent her by loving friends, she seemed to smile in her old-time way, on each one that knelt by her lifeless form to say a prayer. The white flowers were not whiter than her waxen hands and face, and the sweet smile of her countenance made one say, surely, "He giveth His beloved sleep."

In quiet majesty, the ritual of the Holy Church was performed over the remains. Our dear Rt. Rev. Bishop gave the funeral sermon which was beautiful in its literal description of her lovely life, and a long sorrowing train of surpliced priests, and white mantled sisters, followed her remains down the shadowed pathway, where we left her with the community of those "who have fought the good fight and kept the faith," and who have received their fadeless crown.

Peace to thee, dear Mother Stanislaus! Sadly shall we miss thy gentle presence from our midst but oh! let fall thy mantle over the home so dear to thy heart, and pray for thy Sisters, that we may meet thee at last in the Heaven, where our Spouse will come and crown those who have left all to follow Him.

LINES ON HONOR OF THE
GOLDEN JUBILEE
OF
SISTER MARY DI PAZZI RUSSELL

*1850—* *March Seventeenth* *—1900*

Sound the golden bells of Memory
Through the mists of smiles and tears,
Angel voices chant the music
Of our Sister's Fifty Years.

Like a sheaf of ripened harvest
Full and rich with golden grain,
Are these Fifty Years of labor
Stored where Saints and Angels reign.

Brave, and faithful, valiant woman!
Glorious be thy heavenly crown,
Half a century's work for Jesus
Sure, will bring His blessings down.

Let us honor thee and praise thee—
Pray thy latter days be given
Radiance, like the sunset glory,
Melting to the joys of Heaven.

Like the glorious Saint of Pazzi
May the Lord thy love requite
Till the Jubilee of Heaven
Bursts upon thy raptured sight.

And these Fifty Years' Espousal
Be the song the Angels sing,
Through the golden aisles of Heaven
As they lead thee to the King.

GREETINGS

In the lives of most of us events rarely come singly! There is a rush of many things together—and the mind is divided in its attention and gives but a scattered interest to the passing panorama. Even in the quiet lives of God's chosen ones, the rush and hurry to do much good—to accomplish many things for the Master—often bring to the heart the thought of the Savior's words to Martha, "Troubled about many things, when but one thing is necessary!" and we would fain pause and gather ourselves together so to speak, that we might rest in contemplation once more at the Lord's Sacred Feet.

But there is one event which comes alone in its grand and solemn beauty! The thought of half a hundred years spent in

religion! The thought of fifty years of life measured by a Sacred Rule; of a self-denying, self-sacrificing existence spent for others, out of pure charity and love of God!

It is a rare and beautiful occasion for those spouses, who have given such years to life's duties, in piety and goodness in the world; but to a strong and single-minded soul in religion, whose labors even yet have not ceased, it is an event worthy of the richest celebration. Hence, this Golden Jubilee day of our dear Sister di Pazzi, is one of universal gladness over the Houses of her Community, in the household where she lives and in the hearts of the friends who love her!

Hail to you, dear and venerable Sister! the angels surely sing to-day in Heaven, a canticle of joy! and we, on earth, who would do you honor, feel our hearts filled with emotion.

It is a long, long record! these fifty years of life as a Sister of Mercy! and to appreciate it, one must go back to the early days of the existence of the Order, in this growing and now important city. When the Venerable Bishop O'Connor founded our Order here, there were trials and sufferings for every brave candidate who joined the ranks. You were among these early workers, and there are those around you who can testify to the heroic labors that you counted as nothing in those years of fervor. Plague, pestilence, poverty, and privation! In the Hospital among the stricken and ever with the poor! Surely the Angels counted your steps! Then in the class-room among the little ones of Christ! how you loved and guarded them! How you poured into their young minds the beautiful truths of faith, and led them heavenward! Or in the gloomy prisons, among the convicts, how your heart ached for their terrible destiny, and how earnestly you wrestled, so to speak, for their immortal souls!

How you served the needy and the sick and helpless, and this day they bless you and shower benedictions on your pathway. And such has your life ever been—these fifty years. The martyrdom of the "common life" of the cloister has been yours, and you have never stepped aside for life's pleasure or its ease! Surely we may crown you to-day, with the heart flowers we offer you, and we may pray that your heavenly Bridegroom may continue to pour His blessings on you.

You have been honored with our favored Bishop's paternal

presence and warm recognition. You have been honored with the special blessing of our Holy Father—Leo XIII.—and through the length and breadth of your Sisterhood there are rejoicings everywhere because of this day of grace and jubilee. It is not often a religious may hope to labor for God in two such wonderful epochs as the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, and yet it has been your lot, and we congratulate you and rejoice with you. And yet, dear Sister, do you not find to-day chords in your heart that vibrate to a minor strain of memory! Where are the many companions with whom you began your noble and heroic career? Look around the Community here who call you "Sister," and recall the missing faces. Try to number the little white crosses in the valley at St. Xavier's, where the summer birds sing and the old trees wave, and do you not feel like one who stands upon the sea shore watching the white sails go down to the West—disappearing, disappearing,—one by one, until you feel almost gone yourself! Do we not all feel, as we glance back at the month just past, that a sadness, deep and heavy, blends with the golden beauty of to-day,—for there are those just laid to rest who would warmly grasp your hand and greet you with a tender smile, were they in our midst to-night. But they are of the Community in Heaven, and we would not wish them back, were it in our power to call them. They are praying for you—do not hesitate to think so.

The years are passing by almost imperceptibly, and ere long the decades will lengthen till the rosary be complete, and it will be time for the tired hands to rest, and the tired feet to pause, and the tired heart to listen for the call of the Bridegroom—who will welcome to His Sacred Heart His faithful servant, His beloved Spouse, and the golden harmonies of Heaven will make a never-ending jubilee, as the Angels echo His words,—"Winter is now past—the rain has gone and departed—arise, my love, and come."

In 1900 the Novitiate was moved from Mount Mercy to Webster Ave. Mother M. Regina, Mother Superior; Mother Irenæus Dougherty, Mistress.

S. M. DI PAZZI RECEIVES THE APOSTOLIC BENEDICTION

*Beatissimo Padre:*

La Madre Maria Sebastiana, Superiora nel Convento delle Suore della Misericordia nella cëttà di Pittsburgh degli Stati Uniti d'America, umilimente prostrata al bacio del Sacro Piede, supplica la Santità Vostra di concederle le due saguenti grazie:

La prima, di benedire con especiale benedizione una sua suddita, per Nome Suor Maria Maddalena Di Pazzi, tanto benemerita dell' Instituto, la quale. Nel di 17 del prossimo Mese de Marzo fesleggerà le aure nozze della sua professione religiosa; e di estendere tale benedizione alla supplicante insieme alle sue suddite.

* * * * * *

Che della grazia.

TRANSLATION OF THE APOSTOLIC BENEDICTION

February 12th, 1900.

Our Most Holy Father, Leo XIII., lovingly in the Lord, deigns to grant His Apostolic Benediction to all for whom it is asked.

Rinaldo Angeli,
Secret Chamberlain of His Holiness.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### 1900

A SANITARIUM is in process of erection at Sea Isle, N. J., by bequest of William J. Burns, for the Pittsburgh Sisters of Mercy—aged or delicate.

The new cottage occupied for the first time during the summer of 1900 proved a boon of invaluable benefit to the Sisters. The exterior resembles an old fashioned Meeting-house but the interior embraces all necessary conveniences. The musicians and poetesses, including the Misses Donnelly, Sisters M. Regis, Austin McKeon and "Mercedes," had many pleasant half-hour reunions.

In August, Eleanor C. Donnelly sent the following lines "To Mercedes."

"THE LIGHT THAT CANNOT FAIL"

To-day, when first we met—beside the Sea—
And clasping hands—looked out across the tide,
We watched two sails, like wild birds, side by side,
the gray horizon, float and flee.
High on the sands, the waves dashed angrily,
And sullen skies above the waters frowned;
But lo! afar, a sunbeam smote the lee,
And the dim sails with silvery whiteness crowned!

At closer range, those sails, perchance, were seen
All stained and weather-seamed (now white as snow),
So doth the dull and every-day routine
Of these, our lives, take on a silvery glow,
When *God's* dear light and grace upon them shine,
Transforming them with glory half-Divine!

GOLDEN JUBILEE GREETINGS
TO
SISTER M. ANGELA MCGREAL
1850—1900

While the echoes of the merry joybells still echo through the Christmas air, other joyous chimes send out their glad

pealings through these cloistered halls—the triumphant chimes of Golden Jubilee—chimes which we fancy angel hands might touch in reverent tenderness for in their joyous ring may be read the story of a life of lengthened years devotedly consumed in God's blessed work,—of a half century of time, filled with the precious duties of the Master's holy service.

How gladly do the hearts of the Sisters respond to-day to the calling of the joybells to welcome this day of Jubilee! the day whose rising sun brought to you, dear Sister, the golden round of your religious life. And in gladdest union, we are now gathered to offer you our sincere heart-wishes and congratulations. We congratulate you, that your chosen life-path has been the royal one pointed out by the sacred hand of the Savior, the path marked by His precious footsteps, and we joy with you that you have long and faithfully trodden it.

Protectingly has His blessing canopied your past years, and may it still radiantly hover over your remaining life, aiding you to reach in safety the sacred goal of your aspirations—the hoped-for "welcome" of the Heavenly Bridegroom. This, dear Sister, is the sincere prayer rising from the hearts of all your sisters in the united greeting,

"Happy Golden Jubilee!"

S. M. Austin McK.

On Friday, March 15, 1901, Sister Mary Gerald McCongely died at the Convent, Webster Ave., Pittsburgh, and was buried on Sunday afternoon in St. Xavier's Cemetery.

It is difficult to offer fitting tribute to a gentle, retiring, self-sacrificing Sister of Mercy such as Sister Gerald was.

Patient, earnest and forbearing, her life of thirty years in the class-room made her a teacher that her pupils love to remember. Her amiable, quiet smile, and low voice, were restful to the refractory and soothing to the excitable. She was one of those still natures whose very quietude revealed the deep waters of solid goodness and worth, whose friendship was a treasure beyond price, whose companionship a rock of help and encouragement, and whose unexpected sense of humor and mirth like a thread of silver ran gleaming through the every day sayings of common life.

Helpful to others, she was entirely forgetful of self, and

those who were privileged to know her innermost nature will mourn for a friend found rarely in a lifetime.

Although her illness was pronounced fatal from the beginning, she wanted to remain at her post of duty. She thought she could teach a little more, could bear her pain uncomplainingly a little longer, but when obedience bade her take rest from active labor, she gave up her will entirely to her superiors, and during six months of excruciating pain which she tried to conceal under a placid face, she made her preparation to meet her Divine Lord. Her last breath was a prayer, and her calm, holy face in death was a reflex of the blessed peace and rest that met her longing spirit in the eternal home where sorrow is unknown.

If it is true that those we love in God we never lose, Sister Gerald is our pleader and intercessor before the throne of God.

"Pure as an altar-light she passed away;
'Dear heart,' we said to her—'stay, O stay,'
And she said (sighing as she said it), 'Nay!'"

### ST. MARY'S COMMERCIAL HIGH SCHOOL

St. Mary's Commercial High School, with a two years' course, was opened in September, 1901, in the building erected for St. Mary's Academy and utilized for that purpose for years, at the corner of Chatham and Webster Avenues. The first class had 12 pupils, of whom 6 were boys and 6 girls. From the beginning, it was the settled policy to maintain a very high standard for entrance and final examinations, and time has proved the wisdom of this course. The success of the school, far beyond the hopes of the most sanguine, has been due to the quality of the material it produced, brains and ability being the only recognized standards. If pupils passed the examinations they got in; if they did not, they got out. From the start, the authorities of the school kept in touch with the business and commercial world, to better fit the students to enter commercial life equipped with knowledge that was denied the graduates of most business colleges. For this purpose, from 1901 to 1913, lectures and talks were given to the students by experts in many branches of commercial, financial, industrial and legal work, thus putting the faculty and

the students in close touch with the ever changing pulse of modern business requirements. It had the further advantage of enlisting the powerful influence of a group of wide awake young business men in the school itself, and opened up many opportunities for valuable positions in the business world to the Commercial School graduates. This policy has resulted many times in the entire graduating class obtaining lucrative positions long before Commencement Day.

This unusual success soon tempted pupils from other schools to enter St. Mary's High School, so that its student body is now recruited from the pupils of 25 parishes. The total registration to-day is 110 pupils.

In 1913, after the classes had started, the policy of the High School was changed, girls only being retained. Since this change of policy, it has not been possible to command the interest of the committee of business men, who formerly visited the High School. The success of St. Mary's now is due solely to the High School faculty, who, alone and unaided, are working under a tremendous handicap, in spite of which the record for 1917 surpasses that of any previous year, due to enormous business expansion incident to the war.

The first graduating class numbered 12. The class of 1916 numbers 59, an increase of nearly 500 per cent.

Since its beginning, 16 years ago, 576 pupils have graduated from it. Many of them have achieved extraordinary success in the business world, one has become a priest, several of the girl graduates have entered religious life, some of whom have returned to strengthen the faculty of St. Mary's, to maintain its sound traditions and its proud record of being the most efficient commercial High School in the City of Pittsburgh.

T. F. Coakley.

## 1901

### SISTER M. ATHANASIUS QUIGLEY

On Thursday, Dec. 7, Sister Mary Athanasius passed to her eternal reward and was buried in St. Xavier's Cemetery.

This gentle, guileless Sister had been for many years a member of the Order of Mercy, and had been a teacher in the

various schools of Pittsburgh and vicinity. After over forty years of service, her health failing, she was removed to St. Xavier's Convent, where her quiet, gentle amiability, her patient suffering, and sweet uncomplaining resignation made her loved by all.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Phelan, who knew her from childhood, visited her death-bed, and bestowed on her the Plenary Indulgence only a few minutes before she peacefully expired.

A solemn High Mass was celebrated in the Convent Chapel on Saturday morning, and the remains were borne to the little Cemetery. Rev. P. Killoran, Chaplain of the Convent, Rev. P. Ernest, O. S. B., Rev. P. Fridolin, O. S. B., Rev. Regis Canevin, and the Rt. Rev. Bishop assisted on the occasion; also Mr. C. Murphy of Baltimore, a cousin of the deceased.

### GOLDEN JUBILEE CELEBRATION

### M. M. EVANGELIST KINSELLA

### S. M. BAPTIST HEARN

### 1852-1902

An occasion of triumph, one whose repetition does not dim its glad significance, bands us to-day in happy union. In joy of heart, we gather our wishes and greetings on this day of heaven-lit jubilee, to congratulate you, to rejoice with you, dear Mother and Sister, on this golden anniversary of your religious profession. The strain of gratitude singing in your hearts to-day, finds echoing response in our own heart song, and may the many petitions wafted heavenward for the descent of rare blessings on your coming years find gracious acceptance in the answering heart of our dear Savior.

How truly may we hail this occasion as a day of triumph: of triumph on the completion of a half century of well-stored years, years replete with fulfilled promise; with unswerving fidelity in the service of a heavenly Master. Triumph sounded in the joy note of the congratulations and wishes with which the air of this cloistered home is alive to-day. Triumph blended with sacred strains sent aloft this early morn during the celebration of the altar's awful mystery, and triumph we

Sister M. Eulalia de Ham
Organizer and Director of St. Xavier's Orchestra

trust shall be the blessed welcome music, giving you entrance to the everlasting jubilee of the great Hereafter.

That your souls, dear Mother and Sister, may find this realization, when the eternal day dawns for you, is the prayer of all who delight to greet you here, and of those who, separated from you by miles of distance, greet you in spirit with sincere sisterly feeling on this happy feast—of Golden Jubilee.

### SISTER EULALIA IS DEAD

A figure as familiar at St. Xavier's as the Old Home itself has gone forever from its sacred precincts. One whose personality has belonged here for more than forty years; whose pupils in French and Music could be numbered by hundreds, has laid down her baton, has folded her tired hands, and closed her tired eyes and given up to God the spirit that worked so earnestly, so energetically, and steadfastly in His service.

Last Closing Day Sister Eulalia stood with her beloved orchestra for the last time. Her failing strength was visible to every one but herself. The tireless energy, the unflagging perseverance that led her through every difficulty to success, kept her up, and when the last strain of music died away, her exhausted condition revealed itself. She was taken to the Mercy Hospital, Pittsburgh, and from that time she slowly failed,—nerve by nerve,—until the night of April 5th, while the Houses of her Order knelt at prayer in their Chapels, and a few watchers knelt at her bedside, her spirit fled to her God and her soul found rest.

Her friends and pupils loved and revered her, while they admired her wonderful musical ability. Her Sisters noted and told of her unselfishness, her piety, her industry, energy, and self-sacrifice,—and as Rev. Regis Canevin so beautifully remarked in his touching and exquisite tribute over her remains, every one knew she had two great loves, Our Lord's Sacred Heart in the Blessed Sacrament, and her love for St. Xavier's! Here she labored for His glory until she had almost finished her seventieth year. For on her birthday she died!

As the casket containing her holy remains entered the mourning-draped portals of St. Xavier's, on Monday evening,

the sorrowing Sisters and the grieving pupils met the pall-bearers, while her beloved Orchestra, hidden from view, sent forth sad and touching strains of sweet music. Cornets, harp, violins, 'cello and organ blended in the sad welcome, until eyes wept tears and hearts throbbed painfully, while the casket, covered with lilies, was borne to the Choir in the Sisters' Chapel, to rest one solemn night before the altar that Sister Eulalia loved so well. And there, as she wished it, her old pupils came and knelt beside her; her Sisters prayed there, and her old home felt once more her presence.

On Tuesday morning, April 8th, 1902, the mountain landscape, the grove and pathways were fairy-like in draperies of snow, strangely beautiful and dazzling. In the midst of it the line of carriages followed the hearse down the familiar pathway to the cemetery, and amidst the dazzling whiteness of the softly falling snow which covered everything and wrapped even the casket in ermine, the mortal remains of Sister Eulalia were laid beside her Sisters in that long sleep that knows no waking. The deep voices of the assisting clergy blended in the beautiful "Benedictus," and the solemn tones were borne on the wings of the snow spirits up the hill to the Convent, where many remained watching.

The mass was sung by Rev. Regis Canevin; Deacon Rev. W. Cunningham; Sub-deacon Rev. Wm. Graham. Rev. M. Ward was Master of Ceremonies; Rev. P. Louis, O.S.B., and Rev. P. Ernest, O.S.B., with Rev. P. Killoran, were present in the Sanctuary. Many visiting friends and Sisters, together with members of the family, the Sisters of St. Xavier's, and all the pupils assisted in the Chapel.

Peace be to thee, dear Sister Eulalia! Amidst the eternal music of thy Heavenly home may thy spirit look down lovingly on the old home at St. Xavier's; and may thy intercession win for its inmates priceless graces, and heavenly benedictions. As we pass thy music room, shrouded in somber drapery, we will lift our sad souls to thy bright Home, dear Sister Eulalia, and find sweet comfort!

GOLDEN JUBILEE

JANUARY THIRTEENTH

1853—1903

ADDRESS TO SISTER MARY CAULFIELD

Once more the convent walls have echoed all day long to the sound of rejoicing! Once more glad faces and happy voices have told the story of a Jubilee, this time a Golden Jubilee, and now we gather together, and place the crown of our good wishes and congratulations on our dear Sister Mary, and pray God to bless her, and bestow graces on her soul that will flood her spirit with some of the joys of Paradise!

A Golden Jubilee is an occasion recognized in the Ritual of our holy Mother the Church. There are prayers and blessings of special import prescribed, and the happy recipient is considered worthy of the highest honors.

And is it to be wondered that such is the case? Fifty years of religious life in an active Order is granted to few indeed; and, dear Sister, when you look back to the day when the sacred veil of the novice was placed on your head, you will remember that there was a group of fervent and earnest postulants, that began together the religious career! The group was smaller at your holy Profession, and of those who knelt with you then, and made their holy vows, you alone remain!

There are little white crosses in our cemetery that bear their names and stories of their devoted love of their vocation, keep their memory sacred among us! but you alone of the little group celebrate your Golden Jubilee!

It is a sweet yet solemn lesson, and gives the tender, minor music to a symphony that is all joy!

It tells us that we are pilgrims and wayfarers in this beautiful yet wicked world, and that our mission is to do good, as we journey, to the poor, the sick, and the ignorant, and thus praise, reverence and serve Him, who has called us to the most sublime of all vocations—the religious life!

We have left all and followed His call! but the track must

be marked with many a trial, many a stretch of weariness and pain.

We were not promised a life of ease and delight, but the Cross was carried before us at our profession! and we were told we would find its shadow everywhere.

We were told, ere our vows were uttered, we were to espouse a crucified King, and we have recognized the truth of the saying!

Labor and toil and prayer are the portion of the Sister of Mercy, and if the Master grant her length of years, as He has done to you, dear Sister, it is but to edify your Sisters and increase your own merit!

May such continue to be the case with you, dear Sister! may it shine forth in your face, and glow in your words.

"The old calm faces we used to see," says a French writer, "are rarely met outside of a Convent! We only see in the world a dull restlessness and a restless dullness! The quiet eyes of silent blessedness, the luminous beauty of a great peace are not to be found in worldlings; they belong to the Convent walls!"

We can all realize this fact, and taking the lesson once more to our hearts make our years worthy of our holy vocation! Those years are passing swiftly! Ere long the decades of the life-rosary will be complete, and it will be time for the tired feet to pause, the tired hands to rest, and the tired heart to listen for the Bridegroom's Voice, and oh! with what a throb of joy will the faithful spouse listen to His words of music! the jubilee of Heaven, "Come, my sister, my spouse, enter into the joy of the Lord."

November 9, 1903.

*My Dear Sr. M. Neri:*

Too long have I delayed to answer your kind letter, but I know you do not think it a want of appreciation, for I think of you and pray for you, but the days pass so quickly, leisure moments for social correspondence are very few, duties fill in the hours in quick succession and you know the life of a Sister of Mercy is a busy one. The mortuary card announcing the death of dear Sister Stephana brought to memory recollections of our happy dear days of early religious life in this home and

the loved ones, who now reign in God's eternal kingdom. I am the only one here who knew Sister. She was always lovely to us and now I hope she will pray for us. I certainly will not forget her during this month of special blessings for the holy souls. We have three novenas of Holy Communion this month specially for them. I am sure the Community welcomed dear Mother M. Sebastian to fill the post of Superior again. I did not congratulate her for the honor is a heavy burden, but I congratulate the Community in having her for their Mother Superior. Do you think she will let you come to see us? We shall soon have the Jubilee of coming to Baltimore. How few remain to celebrate it! not one here. I feel like a stranger; my companions, where are they? Like yourselves we have sent many to Heaven of late. Thank God, all have left holy memories for our edification and we feel they will intercede for us with God. Sr. M. Evangelist has renewed her youth and is brisk at the city Hospital. Sr. M. Stanislaus at the Mount and Sr. M. Scholastica, singing, as of old. Sr. Agnes is up at St. Gregory's. Let us pray for each other until we meet in Heaven. With love,

Your devoted,
Sr. M. Alphonsus.

FINE EDIFICE NOW CLOSED

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL SERVICES END WITH SOLEMN HIGH MASS

THOUSANDS ATTEND

MANY PERSONS PAY CHURCH A LAST VISIT DURING THE AFTERNOON SERVICES AT EPIPHANY

Famous old St. Paul's Roman Catholic cathedral is closed. The last services were held in the historic edifice yesterday morning, May 10th, 1903, beginning at 10.45 o'clock and continuing till past noon. At 9 o'clock the first services in the new church of the Epiphany at Washington and Franklin streets, erected for the use of the cathedral congregation, were conducted by the Rt. Rev. Coadjutor Bishop Canevin. At 7.30 o'clock last evening the first vesper services were held in the new church, where from now on the downtown congregation will attend services.

Never in the long history of the old cathedral was such a great congregation assembled as at the last solemn high mass celebrated there yesterday morning. Although five of the regular Sunday masses were offered in the cathedral previous to the celebration of the solemn high mass, the building was crowded to overflowing. It is estimated that nearly 10,000 persons were present during the last services yesterday. Those who did not arrive early were satisfied to stand throughout the long services.

The Rev. Father Tobin during his sermon spoke of the great services the cathedral had rendered in a city like Pittsburgh and gave a brief review of the history of the cathedral and the downtown congregation, covering a period of over 100 years.

The music of the mass was furnished by the large cathedral choir and the famous surpliced boys' choir. During the mass John Corcoran, the sweet-voiced boy singer, sang a number of solos. During the afternoon the cathedral was visited by many persons. At 6 o'clock last evening the windows were closed and the doors barred, marking the passing of the handsome old building and an epoch in Catholicity in Pittsburgh and this diocese.

Among those who attended the last services at the cathedral yesterday morning and those who returned for a last look and prayer during the afternoon were found many who had known during their lives no other house of worship. These upon leaving the building turned at the great front doors to take a last long and sorrowful look as though to impress an indelible stamp of the interior of the old church on their minds to carry through life.

Not a few of the older persons at the church shed tears as they passed out.

Within a short time the old cathedral will be no more, as the wreckers will reduce the ancient pile the more quickly now that the building has been abandoned. For years St. Paul's cathedral has been known as one of the handsomest Gothic edifices in the world. Great European architects have consulted the Rt. Rev. Bishop R. Phelan as to the designer of the cathedral plans and the names of the builders.

The fame of the old Cathedral was so great as a Gothic

structure that for years Harper's old geography contained a picture of the building, which was reputed to be one of the world's finest specimens of church architecture.

It was partly for this reason and because of the many remembrances of the people of Pittsburgh with the cathedral that Bishop Phelan decided that when the present building was sold to have it duplicated in granite upon the new site at Fifth avenue and Craig street, Bellefield. The foundation of the new St. Paul's Cathedral is now being laid, and the new building will be an exact duplicate of the old, except that it will have a more handsome front and entrance than the present Cathedral. The cost of the new cathedral will be between $800,000 and $900,000. It will be completed in about two years.

The site of the present Cathedral was purchased by H. C. Frick about a year ago for $1,325,000, and is 242 feet square, being bounded by Fifth avenue, Grant street, Virgin and Cherry alleys. The new Church of the Epiphany will probably be used as a pro-cathedral until the new Bellefield Cathedral is completed.

# CHAPTER XIX

## OUR BISHOP, RT. REV. J. F. REGIS CANEVIN

ON Monday, December 15, 1902, news was received from Rome that the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda had unanimously decided to recommend to the Holy Father the appointment of Rev. John Francis Regis Canevin as Coadjutor Bishop of Pittsburg with the right of succession. Shortly afterwards the official briefs of his selection were received. These were his papers, the first designating him as Bishop of Sabrate in partibus infidelium, and the second confirming his nomination as Coadjutor Bishop of the Diocese of Pittsburg with the right of succession. On the death of our Beloved Bishop Phelan, his Coadjutor at once became the ordinary of this important see. He is now our Bishop. In consequence there loom up before our mind some of the sentiments expressed by the writer of this article on the occasion of his consecration, February 24, 1903. We then said: your boyhood days, your career in the seminary and your life as a priest fill us with hopeful joy as we anticipate the good results that must follow the filial devotion to duty you will ever manifest as the helpmate of our dear Father, who has guided us so successfully during the past eighteen years.

And certainly our hopes have been realized. Always the reverend, deferent assistant of his chief, never losing sight of the obedience and love owed to the superior of the diocese. Although crowned with the perfection of the priesthood, although appointed one of the vicars, although given full power to represent the Bishop and perform his duties, the same humble mien ever characterized this worthy priest and exalted prelate. He continued as heretofore to lead the same saintly life, to inspire all, both clerical and lay, with a higher conception of duty, a broader and clearer understanding of the value and holiness of virtue, and a truer and deeper comprehension of the obedience and respect due properly constituted authority. Ever loyal, ever devoted to his good Father and kind superior,

Rt. Rev. J. F. Regis Canevin, D.D.
Fifth Bishop of Pittsburgh

Bishop Phelan, he was at his bedside when the last summons came. He served him well in life, and his grief was great when Bishop Phelan was no more.

With such earnestness of purpose, such devotedness to duty, such sincere regard for the delicate proprieties always admirable when observed by the subject in relation to the superior, and with such constant unceasing, painstaking care to be the Alter Christus displayed, have we not the best reason to rejoice exceedingly that our lot as priests and people is cast into the hands of one so good, so worthy as is our Bishop now, Rt. Rev. John Francis Regis Canevin? May our dear Lord long preserve him to continue the great works of his great and beloved predecessor. His position is sublime, but the responsibility is awful. If confronted with it, the angels might tremble, yet poor weak man must take it, fearing lest he fall, lest he be crushed with its weight. But the good Bishop will no doubt remember for his support, joy and consolation, that he has now for his immediate superior a kind, considerate and noble-hearted Holy Father, the Vicar of our Lord who is truly filled with the spirit that will renew all things in Christ, who is mercy and love itself, and as his subjects, a body of priests, pious, zealous, indefatigable workers, the equal of any in the United States, ready in season and out of season to go to the ends of the earth to promote the interests of our Holy Mother, the Church. The conscientiousness of this will lighten his burden, otherwise unsupportable; will cause gladness to well up in his heart, when saddened by opposition and will help him to persevere like another St. Paul, who finished his course, who kept the faith and received the crown of justice.

Ad Multos Annos.

*St. Colman's Journal.*

FEBRUARY, 1903

ADDRESS FROM THE SISTERS OF MERCY OF THE DIOCESE TO RT. REV. REGIS CANEVIN, D.D., ON THE DAY OF HIS CONSECRATION, 1903

Beloved Father in God: Fitting it is, that the oldest Community of the Diocese of Pittsburgh should approach you, in respectful love and devotion, and offer you filial submission

and reverential homage on the occasion of your Episcopal Consecration.

Fitting and proper it would be in any case, but in our case it is a duty of such supreme pleasure and thanksgiving that words fail us to express properly our heartfelt emotions.

We have known you from the day of your birth! It was the honor of our earlier Sisters,—now in their heavenly rest, —to fashion your baptismal robe, and under our chapel roof to witness the sacred waters of Baptism poured on your infant head. From the sainted Sister of Mercy whose name you bear you learned the first rudiments of religion and education, and you have grown up before our eyes, one marked by grace for high and noble work.

As the years of your priesthood rolled by, and you became the prop and right arm of our venerable Bishop Phelan's declining years, the star of your destiny glowed brightly over your head, and the waiting Diocese pointed to you as one marked by Christ and His Vicar, to lift the heavy burden from his shoulders; to take the helm of this vast and magnificent Episcopal See, and guide it, as he has done, in all noble ways of honor and virtue.

Is it strange, Beloved Father in God, that the Sisters of Mercy of this Diocese, who know you so well, and value your worth so highly, should lay this tribute of fealty, respect and devotion in your hands, and praise God for the hour of your consecration? No! It is only "meet and just"; and we offer our congratulations, our good wishes, our daily fervent prayers, that the Most High God may sustain your spirit and give strength to your soul; that the Holy Ghost may guide you in every thought and word; and that the adorable Trinity may place Its seal on all your deeds, to make them worthy of your sublime dignity, in Time and Eternity!

And from the hearts of the Sisters of Mercy of the diocese, now become your children in Christ, echoes the beautiful greeting, so oft repeated, but never old, "Ad Multos Annos!"

### FIRST VISIT OF OUR COADJUTOR BISHOP—APRIL, 1903

Some weeks ago the girls were startled by the cry, "The new Bishop is here!" And sure enough the Rt. Rev. Coad-

jutor, in his accustomed quiet style, so void of ostentation and excitement, had given us the honor of a visit. The Sisters received him in the parlor, where he bestowed his Episcopal blessing. Shortly afterwards the pupils were assembled in the Hall, where the new Bishop allowed each one to kiss his ring, and then gave the benediction. He addressed the pupils in a charming little speech, explaining the meaning of kissing the Bishop's ring. Quite a pleasant sensation was produced when Bishop Canevin said, smilingly, that "they might be St. Xavier's girls," but he was a St. Xavier's boy, as he was born nearby, was baptized, instructed and made his first confession in St. Xavier's Chapel. This brought out prolonged clapping, and the kind and beautiful words the Bishop said of St. Xavier's enshrined him forever in the heart of every girl who listened to him that day. A coveted free day was given in the Bishop's honor, and the event of his first visit was a red-letter day in the annals.

So much has been said by the secular and Catholic press of Pittsburgh on the consecration of Bishop Canevin, and so intense have been the expressions of affection, good will, pleasure and devotion, that it would seem there was little more to say; but St. Xavier's has more to say, in its pride and gratification, and in its strong claim on the devoted young Bishop, who is elevated to the purple, and who is to rule the flock of which he was once the most obedient member.

In a happy home, on the sunny hillside, not far from this old Academy, the young Bishop first saw the light. His venerated mother, who dearly loved the saintly Sister Superior of St. Xavier's named the boy after her, and in St. Xavier's chapel, on a fair June day, while the Commencement exercises were being held in the shady grove near by, little Regis was baptized by a good priest long since in his grave,—Rev. Father Reynolds. The elder Sisters of Mercy, many of whom have passed away, petted and loved dearly the bright-eyed little boy, and from them he learned his letters, and his catechism. How gladly they heard of his entrance into St. Vincent's College, and his ordination to the priesthood!

On May 6th, was celebrated the Golden Jubilee of Sister M. Madeleine O'Donnell at Mount Mercy. High Mass, Sol-

emn Benediction and the Congratulations of the Sisters occupied the morning hours, followed by a well provided dinner. In the evening the Sisters assembled in the Recreation Room for the formal "Greeting."

GOLDEN JUBILEE GREETING TO DEAR SISTER M. MADELEINE

1863-1913

It is now half a century, dear Sister (as men mark time), since you laid your young heart, with all its worldly hopes and aspirations, on the altar of God and vowed to Him Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience. How well you have fulfilled your obligations the angels have written with their golden pens on the records of Heaven.

Too soon shall the future bring a time when the happy present shall be but a past sunny memory, but that memory shall shine through the years and brighten life when perhaps its skies are obscured by clouds, and as one by one we turn the leaves of life's volume, and note the play of light and shade on its varied pages, the scene of this Jubilee day shall illumine in golden tints a page on which memory will fondly linger.

We realize more than words can tell the long span of years that stretches backward from this auspicious day. To a Sister of Mercy it means the steady perseverance, the unflagging earnestness, the self-devotion, the self-annihilation that comes only when the heart lives for God. Let us offer you, dear Sister, our congratulations, amid this assemblage of your Sisters who rejoice with you on this joyous occasion.

The Laudate is sung.

A BAPTISM AT ST. X.'S

The beautiful altar glowed with lights and fragrant flowers on Sunday afternoon, May 10, and the white-veiled girls gathered together to witness the solemn Baptism of two of their companions, Miss Bessie Cartwright, a graduate of 1903, and Fern Robertson, a pupil of the Eighth grade.

Father Walter, O.S.B., performed the solemn rite, and after the Profession of Faith, the saving Waters were poured

on the heads of the two young girls, and they became the children of God, and members of the one true church. All the spectators were deeply impressed, and many shed tears. Benediction closed the celebration, and the voices of the pupils never sounded sweeter or fuller than when chanting the old hymns of the Church, and when the blessing fell upon the kneeling crowd, every breath was a prayer. Father Walter gave a beautiful instruction on the love of the Blessed Mother, and touched our hearts when he recalled our dear earthly friends who were far away from us, yet whose thoughts were on their absent children.

May 19, 1903

Another death of a saintly old Sister shadowed the Convent! Sister Mary Placidus passed away to her reward Tuesday, May 19, at 12.30 A. M. Peacefully and quietly, almost before one could realize it, she breathed her last, after only a week's illness. Pray for her precious soul.

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS

June, 1903

St. Xavier's was honored by a visit during the past month from the officials of the Pittsburg division of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

These courteous gentlemen came in their private car as far as Latrobe, and were thence escorted to St. Vincent's Monastery and College, by Mr. Geo. H. Adams. They went through the various parts of the interesting old buildings, and to the stately new basilica which they greatly admired. After dinner they proceeded in carriages to our Academy escorted by Rev. Father Edward, O.S.B. The Sisters received them with great pleasure, and conducted them through the establishment from the dining-room and chapel, to the dormitories, class-rooms, studio, and finally to the Grand Hall, where the Orchestra was waiting to give them some music. After some selections, including vocal music, and recitations, they bade us adieu, and waved farewell to St. Xavier's, as they disappeared among the

drooping trees of the carriage walk. Their names are as follows:

Messrs. S. C. Long, Supt.; E. Pitcairn, Trainmaster; G. W. Snyder, Jr., Assistant-Engineer; W. H. Thomas, Asst. Trainmaster; E. S. Batchelor, Asst. Trainmaster; S. B. Murphy, Division operator, and Jacob Zootner. Also Mr. Geo. Senft, Gen'l Manager L. V. R. R.; Mr. J. K. Griffith, Supt. Latrobe Steel Works; Mr. J. C. Head, of the First National Bank, Latrobe; Mr. Geo. H. Adams, P. R. R. office, Latrobe, and Rev. P. Edward, O.S.B., of St. Vincent's.

### SISTER ALEXIS IS DEAD

Few names are better known to the girls of St. Xavier's than that of Sister Alexis, who passed to her eternal reward at midnight on Saturday, Oct. 3, 1903, after only being a week away from her post as Portress of the Academy. For more than 30 years Sr. Alexis greeted all coming and going, and her kind face, and shrewd, witty sayings were known to every one who passed the great portals of the Institution.

She loved the children, she loved the friends and patrons of St. Xavier's, and in her duties won the respect and reverence of every one who came in contact with her.

Her special garden of flowers she watered and fostered for the shrines that adorned the long corridors, and she had a special gift, it would seem, of bringing out the most beautiful blossoms to decorate her pet niches. In this her piety stood out preëminently. Her spirit of labor edified generations of children, and the smallest tot that saw Sr. Alexis at her work could see that God alone was the aim and aspiration of her soul!

She has passed away to her heavenly rest, but long will she be remembered at St. Xavier's, where her whole religious life was spent in work for the Master and edification of His little ones.

She was laid to rest in the little cemetery of the Sisters on Tuesday morning, Oct. 6, after a solemn requiem Mass, sung by Rev. P. Walter, O.S.B., Rev. P. Denis, and P. Killoran, chaplain of the Convent.

Her two nieces, the Misses Leach, followed her remains,

with a procession of Sisters, in their white mantles. Miss Katherine Vilsack sang "Calvary," with touching pathos, as the casket was carried slowly down the aisle—and many eyes were wet with tears as the refrain echoed through the long corridor.

"Rest! rest for the weary—
Peace—peace to her soul!"

PRAY FOR HER!

# CHAPTER XX

## BISHOP PHELAN HONORED

## May 4, 1904

### HIGH DIGNITARIES OF ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH PARTICIPATED IN PONTIFICAL HIGH MASS—THE DAY'S PROGRAM

WITH solemn pomp and dignity there opened this morning at the Church of the Epiphany one of the most notable events in the history of the Pittsburgh diocese of the Roman Catholic Church. With the celebrating of Pontifical High Mass at 10 o'clock, with Archbishop P. J. Ryan, of Philadelphia, celebrant, began the golden jubilee celebration of the consecration of the Rt. Rev. Richard Phelan to the priesthood.

Surrounded by church dignitaries, including Cardinal Gibbons, head of the Roman Catholic Church in America, the venerable jubilarian was the recipient of an honor that has fallen to the lot of few others in the United States. There had been some doubt as to whether the jubilarian would be able to go through the fatiguing exercises of the day, but these doubts were all put at rest this morning. He had taken a good night's rest, and this morning appeared to be looking better than he has for months.

Long before the hour for the beginning of the Pontifical High Mass at the Church of the Epiphany the crowd began to gather. By 10 o'clock, the hour for the mass, the church was filled to overflowing, and in the aisles and wherever space afforded many were standing.

The interior of the church was elaborately decorated, and the decorations about the altars presented a most admirable spectacle. Flowers constituted the principal decoration of the altars, and they were intermingled with potted plants. Papal and episcopal colors—yellow, white and black—were placed over the doors and throughout the interior of the edifice.

Rt. Rev. Richard Phelan, D.D.
Fourth Bishop of Pittsburgh

At 9.30 o'clock all the priests of the diocese, with the exception of the chaplains and officers of the mass, assembled at Epiphany school, Washington Street, vested in cassock, surplice and biretta, and formed into a procession. The procession moved into the church shortly after 10 o'clock, and presented one of the most imposing spectacles of its kind ever witnessed in Pittsburgh. At the head of the procession were the cross-bearers and acolytes, Revs. J. Faughman, H. Griffin and G. Duggan. Following these were the choir boys and the sanctuary acolytes.

Next in the procession were the fathers in the following order: Holy Ghost Fathers, Passionist Fathers, Redemptorist Fathers, Capuchin Fathers, Franciscan Fathers, Carmelite Fathers, and Benedictine Fathers.

Following these were the assistant pastors, pastors according to seniority, irremovable rectors, chancellors, deans, cathedral rectors, vicars-general and Monsignor O'Connell, Washington University.

After these came the bishops, accompanied by the chaplains, as follows: Bishop Hartley; chaplain, Rev. S. Walsh; Bishop Colton; chaplain, Rev. T. Conlin; Bishop Canevin; chaplain, Very Rev. A. Bruder, O.C.C.; Bishop Garvey; chaplain, Very Rev. J. Boyle, V.G.; Bishop Shanahan; chaplain, Rev. F. Keane; Bishop Fitzmaurice; chaplain, Rev. Joseph Gallagher; Bishop Prendergast; chaplain, Rev. J. Romelfanger; Bishop Hoban; chaplain, Very Rev. M. Hehir, C.S.Sp.; Bishop Donahue; chaplain, Rev. A. A. Lambing, and Bishop Hortsmann; chaplain, Rev. C. Gasparik.

Last in the procession were the following church dignitaries:

Archbishop Moeller; chaplain, Rev. H. McHugh.

Archbishop Elder; chaplains, Very Rev. C. Speckert, O.M.Cap., and Rev. E. McKeever.

Rt. Rev. Jubilarian, Bishop Phelan; chaplains, Very Rev. W. Kittell and Rev. M. Ryan.

Subdeacon on Mass, Rev. R. McDonald.

Sub-deacon of archiepiscopal cross, and acolytes Rev. C. Kraus, C.SS.R.; W. Dunn and A. Bloom.

His Grace Archbishop Ryan, celebrant of pontifical mass,

accompanied by Very Rev. F. L. Tobin, V.G., assistant priest, and Very Rev. Edgar Zuercher, O.S.B., deacon of the Mass.

His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, accompanied by his chaplains, Rev. C. A. McDermott and Rev. J. Suehr.

The persons in the procession took seats in the church that had been reserved for them. Cardinal Gibbons occupied the throne of honor. Surrounding him were the archbishops and bishops. Bishop Phelan occupied the throne near the cardinal. The celebrant of the mass was the Most Rev. P. J. Ryan, archbishop of Philadelphia; assistant priest, Very Rev. F. L. Tobin, V.G.; deacon, Father Edgar, O.S.B.; sub-deacon, the Rev. Robert McDonald.

The Rt. Rev. Michael John Hoban, bishop of Scranton, preached the sermon, taking for his text the words: (I Tim., 5:17) "Let the priests that rule well be esteemed worthy of double honor; especially they who labor in the word and doctrine." He delivered an eloquent sermon.

There was a special musical program, which was exceptionally fine.

After the Mass Bishop Phelan and his guests were driven to the Hotel Schenley, where a banquet was tendered the jubilarian. Toasts were responded to as follows: "Our Venerable Jubilarian," by the Most Rev. P. J. Ryan, of Philadelphia; "Catholic Education," the Rt. Rev. Mgr. D. J. O'Connell, president of the Catholic University of America, Washington; "The Catholic Citizen," Rev. Walter Elliot, C.S.S.P.; "Our Clergy," Rev. A. A. Lambing, LL.D.

During the banquet, Bishop Phelan was presented with tokens of esteem and love by the clergy and laity of the diocese.

Following the banquet, Bishop Phelan received his intimate friends in private at the Hotel Schenley.

*The Pittsburg Press.*

The Golden Jubilee of our beloved Bishop this month was one of the red-letter days of the Pittsburg calendar. The splendor of the celebration, and the marks of love, veneration, respect, and congratulation showered on our dear Bishop almost defy description. A wave of glorious rejoicing seemed to break over the whole city and Diocese, and all classes and

creeds seemed to vie with each other in doing him honor. And it was no wonder! A record like his is rarely to be met in these days of selfishness and ease.

GOLDEN JUBILEE

Rt. Rev. R. Phelan, D.D., May 4, 1904
Mercedes

"HAIL TO THE CHIEF!" THE NOBLE CHIEF,

Who leads the army of the Lord!
Whose silver hair is crowned to-day,
With life's best glory, all restored—
Whose fifty years are writ in gold
By angel hands with light untold!
"Hail to the Chief!"

Hail to the royal-hearted man,
The Bishop and the Father kind,
The Shepherd of the little lambs,
The Master—where the lowly find
Justice and joy! Hail to him now,
When golden years have crowned his brow.

A wave of gladness rolls and breaks
Across the city's busy din;
And men rejoice, that one like them,
Has lived to meet this splendid hymn.
And to his grand heart gladly raise
The trumpet notes of truest praise.

Oh! great, good Man! the world has none
Whose long, white life has truer ring;
Whose steady path to nobler heights
Has made the world a better thing,
Whose breadth of purpose, strength of will,
Made works of greatness greater still!

What tho' thy Western sunset gleams,
Thine eyes look onward into heaven,
And all the people shout thy name,
While greater love to thee is given!
A sweeter blessing ne'er could come
To human heart in earthly home!

Then hail to thee! Thy fellow-men
Give thee the tribute of thy worth,
It lifts them up to purer skies,
Where sacred deeds like thine find birth.
They clasp thy hand with joy sincere,
And pray thee life for many a year!
"Hail to the Chief!"

MRS. ELLEN SHOEMAKER MURRAY

"DIED.—Mrs. Ellen Shoemaker Murray, at the home of her son, Dr. Edward S. Murray, Rock Springs, Wyoming, Feb. 5, 1904, aged 72 years."

This was the notice that appeared in one of the Western papers, but while it is of deep interest and regret to the many friends of Mrs. Murray, it holds a tender story for the inmates of St. Xavier's Academy.

Just 59 years ago, on May 17, a little maid of 13 years drove over the Allegheny mountains from Ebensburg, with her father, who made application at the little two-story building, near the site of St. Vincent's College, to enter his little daughter as the first pupil of the first Boarding School of the Sisters of Mercy in the United States. The little two-story building was St. Xavier's Academy! the dark-eyed little girl was Ellen Shoemaker. There was no railroad passing then, no mode of speedy travel. The stage coach, the private carriage, and the canal boat were the only modes of conveyance, and slow and wearisome was the journey, but Bishop Michael O'Conner, first Bishop of Pittsburg, had brought the Sisters of Mercy to his Diocese from Ireland, and established them in Pittsburgh, and in Westmoreland county, and they had opened their first St. Xavier's, very humbly indeed, on a site about a mile from the present location. We can fancy the welcome the nuns bestowed on the lovely child sent first to their care, and no wonder her name has been handed down through half a century as one of the heroines of the early days; for they were days of privation and poverty in the new Academy; and yet, as Mrs. Murray often said, they were days of purest happiness.

The little girl had been baptized only a short time before, together with her parents, by Prince Gallitzin, the nobleman-priest, whose mission in the Alleghenies was filled with such fruit, and whose name is held in reverence wherever it is known; and perhaps the innocence and purity of this grace shone out of her face, and made her especially loved by all who came in contact with her. Her classmates have all passed away, but in the records of St. Xavier's they have a noble showing, like Mrs. Murray herself, and the venerable Sisters

still alive who knew and loved this little band of merry girls, love to recall Ellen Shoemaker as one of the merriest and fairest. She was gifted in many ways, especially in music, and when she finished her Academic course, she presided at the organ for many years in the Holy Name Church of her native town, Ebensburg, on the mountain.

After her marriage to Mr. Murray, she went West with her son, her only child, and resided in Utah. She removed to Rock Springs, Wyoming, where she lived twenty years before her death.

The record of her life there is only what one would expect of a St. Xavier's girl. A perfect lady, a gifted noble woman, upholding the poor and the distressed, helping at all things charitable. She was one of the pillars of the rising parish church. She took charge of the altar, she animated her neighbors in assisting in all good works; she even instructed the first Confirmation class ever formed there, and thus aided the Pastor struggling with many duties, and this task she performed for years.

Her beautiful life glided away doing good to all. Many a time her thoughts went back to her old school-home. She watched with interest its progress and advancement. The name of St. Xavier's brought brightness to her eyes, and a glow to her face. Everything belonging to it interested her, and the visits of the little *Journal* from the time of its establishment, fourteen years ago until the time of her death, were moments of purest pleasure.

Gladly do we give her this tribute in its columns, and proudly do we point to Mrs. Ellen Shoemaker Murray, as "a St. Xavier's girl of whom her Alma Mater is proud!" May the lesson of her life be continued in the lives of the pupils of St. Xavier's, and may their record be of the noble, true, and sainted type of womanhood so beautifully exemplified in the life and death of the first pupil of St. Xavier's, Mrs. Ellen Shoemaker Murray!

Her life was beautiful, and at its close
It seemed as if a rare and wondrous sunset
Had gone from earth, and borne away
Upon its clouds of gold, up to the eternal throne,
A fragrance, to be missed fore'er on earth.

—MERCEDES.

### TOUCHING CEREMONY AT OUR WHITNEY SCHOOL

The beautiful and impressive ceremony of First Communion took place at St. Cecilia's School, Whitney, a mining settlement of Slavs, Poles, Hungarians, etc., whose children are taught by Sisters from St. Xavier's. The reverent demeanor, downcast eyes and serious little faces all betokened the careful preparation and the care and attention that had been bestowed on the precious little creatures for this great event of their lives. Father Wenceslaus, the zealous young pastor, and the idol of his flock, gave a touching instruction, which will no doubt be long remembered by those fervent young hearts in the years to come.

After Mass and Benediction a light breakfast was served in the adjoining school house by the kind Rev. Father.

Miss Rose Miller, the organist, accompanied the children while singing, and also played two pretty marches.

### DEATH OF MOTHER-EVANGELIST KINSELLA

The name above recalls one who was endowed by nature with a very attractive personalty, which, enhanced by grace, combined to make her pleasing alike to God and man.

Towards the close of August, 1849, a beautiful young girl, Miss Teresa Kinsella, arrived in Chicago, Ill., accompanied by her brother, who was on his way to St. Louis. The brother and sister had come direct from Ireland, their native country. The long ocean voyage—together with the many difficulties of their journey to the far west—had greatly fatigued the travelers. They hastened to a hotel to take a brief rest, before repairing to the residence of their kinsman, the Rev. Jeremiah Kinsella, then Vice President of the University of St. Mary's of the Lake.

With great cordiality, Father Kinsella welcomed his cousins to America, but not being able to provide suitable accommodations for Miss Kinsella at either the University or his parish house, he accompanied her to the home of his relative, Mrs. McGirr, wife of Dr. John E. McGirr, where she was hospitably received and entertained during her two months' sojourn in Chicago.

Teresa counted among her relatives many priests and religious. She had two sisters in the Visitation Order in Ireland—and a sister in the Order of Mercy. In leaving Ireland, her intention was to become a Sister of Mercy. A community of the Order was at that time in Chicago, but she preferred coming to Pittsburgh, where Mother M. Josephine Cullen, a near relative, was Superior.

Arrived in Pittsburgh, Miss Kinsella had no difficulty in obtaining admission into the convent as she and her worthy family were well known to many of the Sisters, who had but lately arrived from Ireland.

Her first visit to the Convent, Webster Avenue, was on the second of November; the following day was appointed for entrance to the Novitiate. Reaching the Convent on the afternoon of November 3d, she was admitted by S. M. Odilia, a charming little Sister of French extraction, who gave the "dear little Irish postulant," as she termed Miss Kinsella, a truly French welcome.

Soon Sister Teresa felt quite at home among the Sisters, and was overjoyed when, four months after her admission, the votes of the Community were given in favor of her receiving "the holy habit of religion." On the day of her clothing she was given as patron, St. John the Evangelist.

The little Novice was greatly beloved, not only by the members of the Community, but by the pupils and patrons of the schools in which she was engaged—and this esteem and affection increased as years went by, and the virtues of the novice became those of the tried religious.

While a novice, she taught a class of little girls and boys in St. Mary's Academy—a work for which she was well suited, as she attracted the children by her gentle, genial manner. At this time her health was very frail, and it was feared the number of her days would be few, but though never robust, she survived for many years.

She was sent as Local Superior to the Mercy Hospital, where she remained until the office of Mother Superior becoming vacant by the termination of Mother Isidore's term, May, 1858, she was appointed fifth Superior of the Community, being the fourth from the time of the foundation. Her council: Sister M. Liguori McCaffry, assistant; S. M.

Cecelia Hart, bursar; S. M. Borgia Doherty, Mistress of Novices.

In 1870, Mother Evangelist was elected the ninth Mother Superior of the Community, selecting for assistant S. M. Neri Bowen; bursar, S. M. Regina Cosgrave; Mistress S. M. Stanislaus Fennessy. After the expiration of her term as Mother Superior, until age and infirmities had rendered the responsible duties too irksome, Mother Evangelist always occupied an important position in the community. As Superior, she was noted for considerate kindness towards all the Sisters, but particularly for her motherly tenderness in the care of the sick or suffering. Mother Evangelist's characteristic virtue was zeal for souls, and in the position of Local Superior, which she so frequently held, she was able to exert her influence to this end. Year after year found her engaged in the instruction of converts, and the preparing of children for Confirmation and First Holy Communion. Words would fail to tell the good she accomplished by means of her instructions and what is particularly to be noted, as was remarked by the late Very Rev. F. L. Tobin, her converts never fell away from the Faith.

Once, when a young Sister remarked in Mother Evangelist's hearing, that she was surprised that the Vicar General spent so much of his time in the religious instruction of the little children of the school, the good Mother exclaimed, "Sister, never again speak in such a way. The teaching of little children to know and serve God is a noble work, not beneath the highest dignitary in the Church."

The procuring of suitable situations for poor boys and girls is another laudable work in which Mother Evangelist was ever interested. She spared neither time nor labor, when there was a question of getting employment for one in need.

Mother Evangelist had a special devotion to St. Joseph. In the latter years of her life, she loved to recount to the Sisters the many wonderful favors she had received from the great Patriarch when she was Superior and greatly in need of temporal aid.

The cheerful patience with which this good Religious bore the infirmities of age and the loneliness which must be the lot of all the members of an active order when incapacitated for

the discharge of regular duties, evinced the solidity of her piety.

In imagination one can still see Mother Evangelist in her invalid chair on the porch at St. Xavier's, her rosary ever in her hands, a happy smile upon her venerable countenance, her bright eyes resting upon the purple hills of the far off Chestnut Ridge, then lifted above the hills to the azure skies, thinking, no doubt, of the fast approaching day when she should be called upon to pass beyond their glowing height to that land where pain and sorrow are unknown.

On November 30, 1904, Mother M. Evangelist, after spending fifty-five years in Religion, passed to her eternal reward.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF SISTER M. NERI BOWEN'S HOLY PROFESSION, DECEMBER 8, 1904

Spoken by May Ryan—Our Lady of Mercy Academy.

An occasion of two-fold rejoicing bands us in loving union to-day, to honor the golden triumph of our Immaculate Queen, and to congratulate her client on the happy completion of a half century of well-filled years. Mary's praise on this great anniversary fills the air with sweetest melody, and gladly do the hearts of her children respond in answering echo; gladly do we hymn the tender soul music of the sainted Faber: "I keep singing in my heart, Immaculate, Immaculate!" and in the great heart of the broadspread Catholic World, the chord of joy is now heard, loudly sounding the same glad theme. From turret and dome of every temple in which our holy Faith finds a Shrine, "Immaculate!" rings on triumph's tongue, and the mingled voices of the Jubilee bells float upward, far upward, as pure cloudlets soaring to the pure feet of the sinless one; and does our beautiful world seem to grow in beauty as Mary's praise covers it in celestial halo? We fancy that the great morning orb as he brings to us a new-born day, leaps in peculiar gladness above the eastern horizon, as if impatient to light in heaven's radiance the year of Mary's triumph, and does our Immaculate Queen send down a Mother's smile on the slanting beams which seem to touch the earth with feeling tenderness at this grace-bearing time.

And how beautiful does Mary's gleaming footstool, earth's graceful Moon, silver the year of her Queen's honor! And see the attendant stars in twinkling gladness seeming to us as angel eyes beaming gratefully on a rejoicing world. Truly, does Nature's heart now thrill with transport, harping a continual and glorious Magnificat.

As children of Mary, we glory in the privilege of belonging to a generation which unites in acclamations of joy in her triumph. We glory, too, that in the home of our early years, her honor is so guarded, her name framed in tendrils of love. We feel her nearness as our glance constantly falls on the many inspiring reminders of a Mother in heaven—her shrines and images,—the sweet-faced Madonnas. Her touching title, "Our Lady of Mercy," which our school proudly wears, ever looms before us, inviting our tender confidence. Daily do we imbibe a filial love for her, which shall give to our after years a sustaining love, higher, grander, more enduring than the loftiest secular science. Her colors, which as loyal children of Mary we have proudly chosen, float around us in triumph to-day, and shall continue their triumphant wave through the halls of Mount Mercy, while the tide of childhood ebbs and flows through her portals.

But while we to-day listen gratefully to the Jubilee bells flinging their joy notes in Mary's praise to the great world around us; while in obedience to their call we mingle our Aves and Alleluias with the countless ones now sounding through the vaults of heaven, another strain of joy rings within our own Convent halls: rings the glad chime of another jubilee—one which, though of earth, is tinted with the light and peace of the better world.

This beautiful feast of our Immaculate Queen closes for our dear Sister Neri her book of fifty years,—fifty years spent in heaven's cause; fifty years of unfaltering steps in the path of Mercy, under the standard of its Queen. Will not our Lady of Mercy look lovingly on this gathering? Will not her upraised hand drop rich gems of heaven's grace on her faithful client, as we ask for her a tender Mother's blessing? Bless her then, Immaculate Queen, Mother of Mercy! May your eyes of mercy ever rest protectingly on her remaining years, and may your pure hands which bless her to-day be extended

to her in Mother-welcome, when her freed spirit reaches that fadeless home towards which her earthly steps have ever turned.

(Sister M. Austin McKeon.)

RT. REV. R. PHELAN, D.D.

The present issue of the St. X.'s *Journal* was out of press and in the hands of the binder when the sad news of the approaching end of the Rt. Rev. Bishop of this Diocese was sent through the land.

Bishop Richard Phelan was so well known and so widely respected by every class of people in Pittsburgh and vicinity that the regret and sympathy expressed at his death are universal. The press of the city has been lavish in extolling his noble traits of mind and heart. Conservative business men have praised his executive and financial ability; and the beauty of his charity to the homeless little Orphans seemed never so apparent as now when he chose to abide till death with them, under the same roof of the magnificent institution at Idlewood, so largely built by his munificent influence.

But the end has come! Bishop Phelan is with God! and as some writer has said, "We should not wear black for the guest of the Almighty!" Yet it would be ungrateful to St. Xavier's *Journal,* in which he has taken a generous interest since its initial number, fifteen years ago, not to lay its flower of love and gratitude on his bier. St. Xavier's was one of the institutions of his diocese very dear to his heart, and for years of his busy active life, long before he was Bishop of Pittsburgh, his familiar face and form were to be seen under the old trees of the grove, and in the spacious halls periodically during the scholastic year. He loved "God's First Temples," and the serene beautiful landscapes of the hills and fields; the fresh verdure of the country always appealed to his heart. Few would believe that the stern looking Bishop could quote from memory beautiful passages of classic and modern poetry, evoked as he passed along with a happy group, by the shady trees, or the beautiful sky. Things weak, and small, and helpless always brought forth a tenderness most touching; a little crying child, a wounded bird, or animal, elicited his sympathy.

This was ever apparent, and was seen best in the Orphans' Home in Idlewood, where it was his delight to get sweets for the children, fireworks on the 4th of July, dainties at Christmas, and pennies for the "Baby Boys" who made the best bow and speech. And when he lay on his couch after death in the room where he died robed in his cassock, with his gold pectoral cross on his stilled heart, his hand, like sculptured white marble, revealing his Episcopal ring, thirty little boys, none older than five years, pressed around the bed,—death having no terror for them,—and with their little hands folded and their eyes fixed on the noble, pale face and closed eyelids, lisped their "Our Father and Hail Mary" (the only prayers they knew) for "our dear Bishop!" A more touching scene could never be described! It only told of the reception that they had ever received, and which never before failed them; for the eyes never unclosed, the lips never smiled! and they were disappointed in their baby way!

This side of the character of the great Bishop would be a revelation to many. With the philosopher Richter, "he loved God, and little children!" He would have wished to give a home, and kindly care, to every homeless, helpless creature on earth, and never let pass an opportunity to do so. And we may truly say these little exquisite traits of his nature were like the wild flowers that delight the eye in the grassy nooks of a grand old forest of mighty oaks!

In the great city in his prime he was as a prince among his peers, and his dignified bearing and splendid head singled him out in the sanctuary of his Cathedral among all who surrounded him. Who that saw him, as he lay in state, in the Epiphany Church, could fail to say "Here is a Bishop, indeed, a royal man!" All signs of age and pain were smoothed away. Those who saw his pictures in the papers were unprepared for the return to his prime which the majestic finger of death had given to him! and all who gazed at the grand face and form yearned to have him rise as it were, and take his throne once more! But our grand Bishop's life is ended! The ground has closed over his noble form! his presence is forever removed from our midst, and our hearts are sad, and our eyes dim with tears as we think, never again shall we hear him speak or see him smile! But our Holy Faith points upwards

to the Paradise of Heaven, and even as the Christmas bells are pealing, and the world is rejoicing,—even as the organs thunder forth the thrilling "Gloria in excelsis," our hearts must be lifted, and our tears dried, for we know he is with God and his Angels! far above all sorrow and pain! full of gladness and content—in the eternal rest of the Bosom of God! May our lives be like his, and our death as beautiful! R. I. P.

BISHOP DONAHUE'S EULOGY

"I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course: I have kept the faith. As to the rest there is laid up for me a crown of justice, which the Lord, the just Judge, shall render to me."—II. Timothy iv: 7, 8.

Right Reverend, Very Reverend and Reverend Fathers; Dearly Beloved Brethren in Christ:

A little less than two years ago, it was my happy privilege to speak in the dear old Cathedral on the memorable occasion when a Coadjutor for this great diocese received episcopal consecration. Our hearts that day were filled and thrilled with a double joy. Another Bishop was added to the ranks of the hierarchy, to represent our Holy Mother church, and, what perhaps more deeply moved and gratified us, the old warrior, full of years and merits and honors, was to lay down his helmet, his shield and his spear, and to spend such years as God might still grant him in well-earned repose.

On that day my lips were partly holden. I was forced to set a guard round about them. I knew my man! I realized that though high praise might gratify the assembled throng I should but wound his heart. He was yet able to protest; he could lift his hand in remonstrance; anger could still leap from his eyes; his humility could still take alarm. But now all is changed! He is down! I need not count on his displeasure; the lips are now sealed in death; the hands are folded across the unheaving breast; his eyes are closed to this world forever!

So to-day you and I can indulge the luxury of our grief. I can praise and you can weep, but the ears of him who lies there are deaf to praise or wailings.

"I have fought a good fight!" Yes, he came of fighting stock. He sprang from a race that in the battle's shock has

successfully fought in all the world's quarrels save its own. He saw the light in historic Kilkenny, in sight of Slieve Rue, and Slievenamon, by the banks of the Nore that hastens down to join its sister rivers, hard by the spot where they pour their waters into ocean's bosom on storied Waterford's harbor. He came into the world near four score years ago, in times of oppression and persecution. He was a babe in his saintly mother's arms when Catholic Emancipation was signed.

Almighty God molded and fashioned him for a warrior. His huge frame enclosing a great heart designed him for conflict. His lion courage never quailed; his persistent energy, save in the last half decade, never knew abatement. Not that he was literally a man of the world. He was a fighter for all that was clean and honest and of good repute, for the uplifting of his fellowmen, for the honor and advancement of Holy Mother Church. And if any man after the great St. Paul could say "I have fought a good fight," surely it is he.

### THE FRUITS OF STRUGGLE

If you desire the proof, look round about. Behold this mighty diocese, growing from the little grain of mustard seed to the stately tree in which 350,000 souls find shade and peace and rest and comfort and promise of eternal joys.

Behold the 225 churches and 60 chapels with spires pointing heavenward to our eternal home. Behold the four hundred clergy, the vast array of religious communities, the institutions without number, the orphanage at Idlewood where to-day nine hundred fatherless and motherless little ones offer their childish prayers and weep bitter tears for their Father, now lost to them forever!

The diocese of Pittsburg in the last twenty-five years has made marvelous progress. I dare to say that it has outstripped even the amazing industrious development of this hive of marts and mills and mines. And the leader in the forefront of the battle in this great conquest has been the Right Reverend Richard Phelan, fourth Bishop. Tell me not that these have been victories of peace, which are yet no less renowned than those of war. Those who understand anything of the episcopal office realize only too deeply the struggles,

the trials, sometimes, alas, the bitterness involved in the upbuilding of a great diocese. They realize the isolation of the episcopal dignity, and how when the fight is waging the Chief Pastor suffers alone while even those nearest to him sleep in peace. Yet must he go on, unfalteringly, ready to give up life if need be, in defense of the rights and prerogatives of his sacred office. Of such a breed, and of such a heart was the illustrious dead. He never acted from expediency. He never paltered with truth to serve the hour; he never flinched or blanched or quailed; never availed himself of finesse or proceeded by indirection. Nothing visionary or impracticable or wavering in him!

No! He was—

> "Moderate, resolute,
> Rich, in saving common-sense
> And, as the greatest only are,
> In his simplicity sublime."

ROMANCE AND REALITY

Romance pictures the figure of a maiden knight clad in snowy armor, mounted on a cream white charger, giving up all earthly ties and joys to fight the battle of the weak and pursue the ever-receding phantom of the Holy Grail. Nineteenth century fact shows another knight, poorly clad, and worse mounted, riding up and down the Allegheny Valley, through Freeport, Kittanning, Ore Higg, Stewartson, Pine Creek and other wild regions, not pursuing phantoms but preaching the plain gospel of Jesus Christ to his poor scattered flocks, comforting the sorrowful, relieving the poverty of the widow and the orphan, warring doughtily against the excesses and the wildness of those pioneer days, and in some lowly hut or miner's cabin consecrating the Blood of Jesus Christ in the Holy Grail not set with precious gems, but consecrated equally by contact with that sacred blood which saves the world. It presents to us the figure of one in the first flush of manhood, leaving the uninfected air of the mountains and coming to this city to fight not a phantom but the dread specter of cholera, piling up its heaps of the dead.

What years of labor! What unrequited toil! What fights, what struggles with tempest and flood! What hunger and

thirst! What opposition, active or inert! What sacrifices! And yet he struck home with might and overcame!

With far more truth than the shadowy and half mythical Sir Galahad of the far off centuries could he have said:

> "My good blade carves the casques of men,
> My touch lance thrusteth sure,
> My strength is as the strength of ten,
> Because my heart is pure."

To gaze at the man was to be satisfied that no matter how arduous the conflict, no mean advantage would be taken. The mouth was resolute; the lips firm and unyielding, but upon that broad forehead, between those honest eyes, honesty sat enthroned! Unconsciously he felt that the highest diplomacy was ever the strictest truth. When the right or the wrong of some concrete situation might be clouded with prejudice or obscured by mere complexity, his mind with a species of occult orientation went intuitively to the mark. Sometimes he could hardly tell himself the why or the wherefore of a decision. Chief Justice Marshall of the Supreme Court of the United States, after devouring a brief of a thousand pages and listening to learned and abstruse arguments for days, would say to Associate Justice Story, "Story, this is my judgment in the case presented; now, find out the reasons from the books." The angelic hosts are said by theologians to possess intuitive perception of the truth without the painful processes of majors and minors of labored syllogisms. To many men are vouchsafed some degrees of this intuitive faculty, and one of these par excellence was Bishop Phelan!

He was a student of men and events, rather than of books. Truthful and sincere, and without guile himself, he recognized those kindred qualities in others. Courageous and high-hearted himself, his grit and strength overflowed into those by whom he was surrounded, while the contagion of his cheerfulness, his mirth, his hope, created an atmosphere of optimism. Thus he fought and wrought himself, and thus he multiplied his personality as every leader should.

Yes, dearly beloved brethren, he fought a good fight, a fight against error, a fight against intemperance, a fight against the narrowing lust of gold by being himself one of the most open-handed of givers, a fight for law and order and discipline,

as witness his many pronouncements, his yearly synods and retreats, a fight against the savage passions of men, as witness the houses he established and cherished and befriended as citadels of refuge and hope for fallen woman, more often sinned against than sinning.

I have finished my course, cries St. Paul.

And so, on Tuesday last, he too finished his course. A course as priest, as vicar general, coadjutor and bishop which has seldom been equalled in these United States. There is no need to recall to your minds all the stages of this wondrous career. They are written large in stone and marble, in hospital and asylum. The newspapers of this great city have devoted columns to enlarging upon them. They are more indelibly traced in the fleshy tablets of grateful hearts. For twenty-three years in yonder city he was the "soggarth aroon" enshrined in the hearts of his parishioners, and thousands here who have this day crossed the Allegheny to assist at these obsequies and mingle their tears with their sister city can testify to the sure abiding place he had in their affections. Never perhaps in all these United States was a priest more loved and revered than Father Phelan, and when he crossed the bridge to higher honors and weightier tasks, their hearts were filled with sorrow for the days to be no more. Such a place also has he achieved in the respect, the confidence, the love of priest and people on this side. Even those not of the household of the faith felt the drawing power of that rugged honesty, that bluff manliness, those straight methods, that sternness which merely masked the softest of hearts.

### A DEEP AND ABIDING FAITH

"I have kept the Faith," cries the great apostle of the gentiles, in his last hours. And so I say of the dear departed. He was cradled in the faith! His mother was a saintly woman, sprung from a race which even Lecky the Protestant historian of European morals, characterizes as one of the chastest in all the world.

He imbibed from earliest infancy the principles of our holy religion; he grew up in an atmosphere of faith. Many here present have had the happiness of being born under like con-

dition in Ireland, Germany and other European countries and have brought with them these early and holy traditions to purify the moral environment in this new land. In respect of some races this tide is nearly spent; with others it is still at high flood. It is the fashion in some quarters to make light of the traditions of European countries, but ever and anon the truth, which can never be downed definitely and finally, comes out. Thus I have read recently the deliberate judgment of Protestant clergymen that the only hope for the moral regeneration of some of the New England states from the degradation of impurity and disregard of the sanctities of wedlock is the infusion of new blood by immigration. Among the new-comers there is a keen and abiding sense of the supernatural, a respect for holy things. They have the fear of God in their hearts, and a profound appreciation of the holiness and the indissolubility of the marriage tie. They have all the old-fashioned virtues mingled, it is true, with some of the old-fashioned weaknesses, but they form the raw material of splendid citizenship and the hope of those who, gazing to windward, make out the gathering storms of socialism, anarchy and rank unbelief.

Of such a faith, and steeped in such traditions, the youth Richard Phelan landed on these shores. And since that day he has not only kept the faith himself, but has been, under God, the efficient cause of thousands upon thousands of others keeping it. He was no orator in the shallow, narrow meaning of that term; he despised the tricks and devices of windy word-mongers. His life, an open page, was one long eloquent sermon on the gospel of his Lord and Master, Jesus Christ. Saint Francis of Assisi seven centuries ago went forth from his monastery cowled and sandaled with a rope of the Franciscan habit around his loins. "Let us go out," he said, to the lay brothers "to preach." The two with reverent mien and downcast eyes passed up and down the streets of the city without uttering a word till at length they again gained their own cloister. "Father," said the lay brother, "I thought we went forth to preach." "Yes," replied the seraphic one. "And we have preached at every step without moving our lips."

Bishop Phelan was always for deeds of charity, of faith, of heroism, rather than mere empty words. To a cry of pov-

erty he answered with a check. To an application by some poor priest for assistance he gave not words but substantial financial help. When by disaster and death or parents' misconduct hundreds and thousands of helpless little ones were cast upon the world without a friend to take them by the hand, clothe their nakedness or give them shelter, he planned and collected and managed day and night—sometimes far into the small hours of the morning—to erect the magnificent orphanage at Idlewood where he, in his declining years, the father of none, according to the flesh, but the father of thousands by his great love, cherished them until his last hour.

The man's whole personality was a sermon; his whole life was a treatise on faith; his whole atmosphere was of the things unseen rather than of those that are seen. And of this deep and abiding faith, he has left a lasting imprint throughout the length and breadth of this flourishing diocese.

Few if any of the Catholics of this country show more evidence of the holding in utter simplicity to the ancient belief than do the faithful of western Pennsylvania.

"As the pastor, so the people," is a proverb old and deep. And it is equally true that as the bishop, so in general the pastors, the faith descends in freshening streams from the fountain head to the barrenest and driest of the lowlands.

Such was the man, and such his life, most poorly sketched. All that is mortal of his lies before us. Sorrow fills the heart of his erstwhile coadjutor with whom he lived under the same roof for so many years, and whom he loved as a son. Grief bows down brothers and sisters, nephews and nieces in this state. The news of his death was flashed beneath ocean's bed to brothers in the ancestral home. To the sister in far off New South Wales, who also has devoted her life to God, the cable carried the dread tidings. Four hundred devoted priests mourn his loss; three hundred and fifty thousand of the faithful are this day plunged in grief. Permit me, Right Reverend, Very Reverend and Reverend Fathers, brothers and sisters, nephews and nieces, to mingle my tears with your own and to lay with you a wreath of affection at the feet weary from long travel and worn with labor in the service of his Master and his God.

This sacred place is draped in deepest mourning. The

wail of the Kyrie and the Miserere fills its hallowed precincts. We weep for one who was the friend of the fatherless, the elder brother of his priests, the solicitous and generous friend of virgins consecrated to God, the pride of Catholic and in many ways of non-Catholic Pittsburgh, the ornament and the glory of that church for whom he would have willingly laid down his life, not alone in the slow march of disease but in the swift anguish of martyrdom and blood!

But is this an occasion of unmixed gloom and sorrow? Must we mourn like those who have no hope? Do we behold that rugged frame fast succumbing to the forces of dissolution without any soothing of our sorrow? No, a thousand times no! Christian hope, like the white edges and the purple garnishings of these trappings of woe light up the darkness of our night. We are not wholly comfortless, and from that bier we fancy that after the good fight, after this course so faithfully finished, after the self-sacrifice and heroism of the four score years, we can hear from the white lips the cry: I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. As to the rest, there is laid up for me a crown of justice which the Lord, the just Judge, will render to me.

In that faith and in that sure hope bear him hence, the illustrious and worthy successor of O'Connor, of Domenec, of Tuigg, and commit him to mother earth, where the snow's white pall shall fitly symbolize the innocence of his life, the uprightness of his intention, his knightly loyalty to all that was honest and manly and true. But while you bear him hence, and many a time in the after days and the after years, I beseech you pray for his soul. Remember that he appears in the presence of that awful sanctity before which even the angels tremble! Bear in mind that even the just man falls seven times a day, and that no flesh is spotless in the sight of the everlasting God!

Farewell, our bishop, our father, our friend! We can only give thee the tribute of our tears and our prayers. Thou hast passed beneath our horizon of time into the abysmal depths of eternity, but so resplendent and glorious wert thou in thy uprising, thy zenith and thy setting, that long after darkness has descended, that glory and that splendor reflected in the upper heavens will light us on our path.

Eternal rest, grant unto him, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon him!

## THE OLD CATHEDRAL, DEC., 1904

BY MERCEDES

'Twas midnight in the city's homes,
'Twas midnight by the city's tower,
A thousand clocks had rung their chimes,
A thousand bells had tolled the hour.
The moon was floating in the sky,
The stars were glowing clear and bright,
The long, lone streets were cold and bare,
Deserted on that winter night.

Once stood a sacred Gothic pile
With wondrous arches, slender spires;
Right from the city's heart it rose,
Subduing all the world's hot fires.
Men bowed in spirit as they passed,
Or knelt a moment in its aisle,
To worship Him whose home it was,
The Lord of Heaven—undefiled.
The solemn nave, the shadows deep,
That crept through choir, and transept dim,
The carved stalls, the chancel wide,
Embalmed a never-dying hymn.
And swinging through the night and day,
A starry lamp from heights above
Lit up the darkness of the throne
Where vigil kept, the King of Love!

Once stood that sacred Gothic pile,
And long processions winding round,
With acolytes and vested priests,
And saintly Bishop, trod the ground,
And organ's thunder shook the roof,
Where groin-ed arches caught the tone,
And lifted it with throbbing prayer
Beyond the old Cathedral dome.

And through the silence, soft and deep,
Or funeral music, sad and low,
The mourners bore the holy dead,
'Mid tears and prayerful footsteps slow;
And through the aisles the bridegroom came
With beating heart to meet the bride,
And all life's toil—the city's dust—
Were left those massive walls outside.

Once were those things!—to-night the snow
Is glittering on the broken towers,

And through the hollow arches moans
The wind that wails for vanished hours;
The painted window! all are gone;
The snow has softly draped in white
The carvèd doors, the empty arch,
To hide the sadness from our sight.

Full soon the busy hand of man
Will sweep those relics from the sod,
And level with the dust will lie
Those walls where soul communed with God!
And yet that ruined Gothic pile,
Fast fading with the march of Time,
Majestic in its forced decay,
Will live a mem'ry still sublime.

Oh! type of life, those ruins grim!
Oh! type of all earth's history—
From dust and ashes, to the grave—
And then, the glorious mystery!
Oh! splendid type of promise old,
The resurrection to the skies!
In fairer home, in purer air,
A new Cathedral will arise!

## CHAPTER XXI

THE new St. Paul's Cathedral on Fifth Ave. and Craig Street, nearer to the homes of the people than the former Cathedral, was dedicated October 24, 1906, by the Most Reverend Diomede Falconio, Apostolic Delegate to the United States, assisted by numerous prelates and clergymen. The style of this Greatest Church of Greater Pittsburgh is like that of its predecessor, Gothic, but of purer design; and with just pride must every God-fearing citizen of the busy city look upon this artistic form of Bedford limestone as he passes it in going to or coming from his work.

The interior furnishings, however, surpass the outward design in many respects. The ceiling, which overspans an area of 205 x 100 feet, is supported by four rows of pillars rising toward the nave, an arrangement which gives the structure an air both of solidity and of gracefulness. Sixty-six stained glass windows contain symbols of articles of faith, scriptural scenes or the pictures of some of the greatest saints of the Catholic Church.

The altars are of Carrara marble, and the Stations of the Cross are original designs cast in the best Roman bronze.

In one word, St. Paul's Cathedral is one of the monumental buildings of Greater Pittsburgh, and is by far the most magnificent temple of religion in Pennsylvania.

To provide space for school buildings, without crowding the splendid Gothic Church, a large plot of ground was purchased close by on Craig Street. Work was begun on the new building on the feast of St. Patrick, 1907.

St. Paul's School, No. 1, contains twelve class rooms of standard size. The question was discussed whether to finish all or only a part of them, because in a district so sparsely inhabited by Catholics it was thought eight rooms would suffice for ten years to come. Happily all were finished and within ten years the parish found use not only for twelve, but for twice twelve school rooms. This is an instance of how a parish school helps the growth of a parish.

The Sisters of Mercy were called upon to take charge of the new St. Paul's School. On September 9, 1907, the school was opened with two hundred fifty-five pupils. Sr. M. Irenæus was principal. For several weeks the children and their teachers had to share the building with the workmen, who had not yet finished. Chairs took the place of benches and desks, and voices had to be raised above the noise of a saw and hammer. In spite of all difficulties, discipline was soon established, and the school made a good beginning. The eighth grade was added to the other seven, with which the school started in September, 1908.

For six years, pupils of the eighth grade were required to pass examinations given by the Public High School. The results were almost perfect; two or three pupils in as many years were called for reëxamination in certain branches, but there was never a failure.

Five years after St. Paul's School was built it no longer sufficed for the children of the parish. Catechism classes were being conducted by some good women of the parish in a district about a mile and a half from the Cathedral, and the classes were well attended. Since the people of this district were for the most part poor and could not send their small children to the distant school, it was decided to erect the much needed new school building in that district.

St. Paul's School, No. 2, on Parkview Avenue, was opened on February 3, 1913, with eighty-five pupils. Only the first four grades for the smaller children have been attempted in this building; the larger children attend the school on Craig Street. The building is still incomplete, though it now contains a beautiful chapel and four standard class rooms.

As the children who began in first grade in St. Paul's School approached the time to begin their high-school studies, the desire, long cherished, for a parish high-school led to a demand upon the Sisters of Mercy for teachers, and finally in September, 1913, a beginning was made with ten pupils, under the direction of Sister M. Fides, who was assisted in special branches by teachers from the grade schools and priests of the parish. For two years the High School had to be content with humble quarters in the grade school building, but in September, 1915, the splendid new High School building on

Craig St. was completed. In commodious quarters now, the school flourishes. The program of studies prescribed by the Catholic University of America for affiliated High Schools is followed closely, and the notes given by the University for examinations passed attest the excellence of the work done. Well equipped laboratories for physics and chemistry lighten the labors of these branches. The first class of ten pupils graduated on June 15, 1917.

### SISTER M. BERCHMANS HOSTETTER

Miss Sarah Hostetter was born in Canton, Ohio, about 1830. Her father, Judge Hostetter, was one of the most influential citizens of that place. Her mother was a woman of fine character, who looked well to the ways of her house. She was a practical Catholic, and brought up her children in the faith, though her husband was not of the true fold.

In the autumn of 1854 Miss Hostetter signified her desire to become a Sister of Mercy, and her application being favorably received, she came to Pittsburgh and entered the Community. In June, 1855, she was clothed with the holy habit, and given the name, since so familiar to us. In due time she made her vows with all the fervor and devotedness of her earnest character. Soon after this in company with Mother Superior, Sister M. Isidore, she went in a carriage to visit the Boys' Asylum in Birmingham, as it was then called. In ascending the steep hill, then ungraded, the vehicle was overturned. Both occupants were badly hurt. Mother Superior's arm was broken and Sr. M. Berchmans sustained injuries which resulted in the total loss of hearing, so that for many years before her death she was necessitated to make use of an ear trumpet.

It was soon recognized by Superiors that Sr. M. Berchmans evinced an aptitude for Hospital duty, and so was appointed to give assistance in the various departments there. In these early days of her connection with this Institution, it was as a nurse, skilful, kind and sympathetic, that she won the esteem and confidence of those under her care. But for many years the Pharmacy was the scene of her activity. Her knowledge of drugs and their application excited surprise and

admiration. Her efficiency as a druggist was such that the Physicians in charge always manifested the greatest confidence in her ability and judgment.

During the Civil War, Sr. M. Berchmans was one of the Sisters sent to Washington to attend the sick and wounded, soldiers—Blue and Gray, in the Stanton Hospital. Later she was to be found in the Penn Hospital exercising the same Charitable Work. This Hospital, at that time, was used as a Military Hospital, where such patients as were able to bear the journey were sent from the front—mostly Penn Soldiers —to be cared for until recovered. Sr. M. Berchmans was one of those characters not met with in every day life. She was a religious from first to last, faithful to all the requirements of her vocation. She had a great spirit of prayer, and gave strict attention to all the Community Observances. Seldom did press of duty find her willing to forego her spiritual reading and other devotions: finding time to make the "Holy Hour" on Fridays, though this is not of obligation. Her obedience was such that, though Superiors succeeded each other from time to time during her long career, all found her the same, humble, docile, religious, interested in any measures that promised to promote good order, and the welfare of the house. Her charity for her co-laborers was such that, when her own task was finished, she was always ready to aid her Sisters in their arduous work. She took special interest in the Sisters, who were her assistants in the Drug Room, freely giving them the benefit of her knowledge and experience, encouraging them to persevere in what was sometimes up-hill work. Although accustomed for so long a time to see or hear of the sufferings of the sick, she never grew callous, but was always most sympathetic and anxious that the patients should be benefited by the treatment prescribed. In the evening, when the Sisters in charge of the different departments assembled for a short recreation, her first care was to ascertain the condition of one or all of the patients, evincing the greatest anxiety for those in most misery and suffering. Her zeal for the spiritual welfare of the domestics employed in the house was truly remarkable at all times, urging them to lead truly Christian lives; at the same time she manifested a lively interest

in their temporal affairs, thus convincing them that she sincerely wished them well.

Her intercourse with seculars, friends of patients, or others who might visit the Hospital, was always courteous and affable, extending to them all the attention circumstances required, with that cheerful kindness which never failed to make a good impression on such persons.

Sister had a great love for the Community, taking a lively interest in all that concerned its well-being, and the happiness of its members. She was always glad when vacation each year gave her the opportunity of spending some weeks at St. Xavier's, not only for the freedom and rest from her busy charge, but chiefly for the pleasure of the society of the Sisters, from many of whom she would be separated during the balance of the year. If one trait was more noticeable than another, it was her unvarying cheerfulness, all the more remarkable on account of the loss of hearing, the result of the sad accident years ago. This affliction involves many privations, but which were borne by her with patience and resignation.

GREETINGS TO DEAR SISTERS M. ANASTASIA AND CHRYSOSTOM ON THEIR GOLDEN JUBILEE

1855–1905

In the name of the Community here present, and of the absent whose hearts are with us, I greet you, dear Sister Mary Anastasia and Sister May Chrysostom, on the day of your Golden Jubilee.

Coming out of the sweet silence of our beautiful retreat,—a retreat that told so eloquently of the high thoughts and holy aspirations of the children of God,—a retreat so filled with noble thoughts and burning words that our inmost souls were stirred, we are greeted by a beautiful occasion that must still further stimulate our fervor. The sight of two chosen religious in our midst who have been given half a century of active work in God's Holy Service in the Order of Mercy—yes, our thoughts center this hour on two dear Sisters, in whose hearts the long record of fifty years comes surging up, like fragrant waters from the caves of memory. Fifty years

ago they laid their young hearts on the Altar of God, and vowed to serve Him alone. How well and faithfully they have kept their vows, their Sisters know. They might blush in their humility, did we sound their praises too keenly, nor would we pain them by flattering words,—yet we may recall some memories of the early days of their young career, when poverty and privation was the common lot, and only a strong vocation and God's infinite grace kept the tired soul from falling under the burden. These were the early pioneers who prepared the soil, planted the seed with toil and sweat, smoothed away the tangled brushwood, and opened the path in which we follow.

How many of us as school girls, as novices, or as companions, remember the kindly word, the charitable helping hand, the earnest good heart that poured itself out, in your lives, dear Sisters, telling us the spirit that moved within. And with respect, may I not say it?—our Rt. Rev. Bishop who has honored this occasion with his presence, can surely recall the days of his boyhood when he spoke your names, and smiled in your faces, with the openheartedness of a favorite child, well assured of his welcome and the sweets you would give him,—or mayhap of the gentle scoldings he might expect if all was not well with him. It was Sister Anastasia who knelt in our little Convent chapel on a fair Commencement day in June and watched the venerable Father Reynolds pour the baptismal waters on the head of the boy who, one day in God's Providence, was to become our Bishop. Many are the sweet stories she can tell, how that little boy crept into the chapel and sat on the corner of the prie-dieu of the venerable superior, Sister Regis Dowling, while the Sisters chanted their vespers; how her hand lay tenderly on his little resting head, for she loved the child—and in the words of the Jubilarian she prayed *into him* his priestly vocation. Ah! memory is a sweet and holy thing nearest to the divinity of God.

How God works His divine ways in the guise of common things—We are told that on this day fifty years ago, the late Bishop O'Hara of Wilkes-Barre, who gave the Sisters' Retreat, presided at Sister Anastasia's profession; that Dr. James O'Connor, who was to receive her vows, became ill and deputed Doctor O'Hara to receive the novice's vows. He did so

and he afterwards told, from that day, a determination was born in his breast, if ever he had the opportunity, the Sisters of Mercy should aid him to save souls. The opportunity came —he was consecrated Bishop of Scranton. He demanded of the Pittsburgh Ordinary a foundation of Sisters of Mercy, and although Bishop Domenec offered him a choice from every other Order in the diocese, he kept to his first inspiration, and the foundation in Wilkes-Barre has increased and prospered like its mother tree.

The fervor of the young novice and the beautiful ritual of profession bore its fruit.

You, dear Sisters, saw the first veiled forms laid at rest there many years ago. But your faith and ours lifts us up beyond the stars and we meet again the Community in Heaven. *There* is our blissful hope. There is our final *rest* —on God's bosom forever. Is it not a glorious recompense? There the eternal jubilee knows no waning, and the silvery voices of the angels blend with the fragrance of the vials of the elect. And, too, may I not mention *one* beloved presence whose venerable white head, silvered by many years in the priesthood and under his miter would have surely graced this gathering had not God called him Home. May I not mention our beloved Bishop Phelan, as one under whom you grew up so to say, dear Sisters, in spiritual life; who guided your steps and ours, and stamped himself in thoughts of tenderest love on our inner souls. He rejoiced in our joys, and especially in occasions like this, when he shared them with us. Peace to his noble soul. He is our father and friend in Heaven as he surely was both to us on earth.

To-day, indeed, it seems to me, dear Sisters, you are only half on earth. The greatest part of your lives is safe with God and each bead of the rosary of your years is bringing you closer to His Feet. Oh! what a thought for us religious. What a thrill it brings to us. We are all going with you on the same journey to the same terminus. We all find the road rugged, the way weary, though the sky be bright above and what matters it but now and then we dash away the tears. The angels will take them up if they are holy tears, and we shall find them changed to precious stones of glory.

Let us help each other by our prayers—some are strong

and brave—some are weak and feeble—we all need the gospel of joy and thanksgiving, for the world is so sad.

Ere long this bright Assumption-day will come to an end; the shadows of eventide will fall on the green slopes, the birds will be silent, the great exodus of this assembly will have begun, and in another day we shall all be setting our faces to our life-work, God's glory and the good of souls. Help us by your prayers, dear Sisters, who are slowing gently to the Harbor, while we are out at sea,—and may the memory of your Golden Jubilee, which so singularly marks the close of retreat, be a beautiful landmark in our journey heavenward. Let us sing with the poet:

> "Tho' here, we have sorrow and sighing
> Here we have clouds and the night—
> Here we have heartaches and dying,
> But *There,* we have Rest and the Light."

SISTER MARY GABRIEL WALSH

On October 27, 1905, there passed away to her heavenly home Sister Mary Gabriel Walsh, one of the senior sisters at St. Xavier's, after some weeks of illness. Sister Gabriel had been over fifty years in religion, and in all her long tranquil life had been a model of gentleness, sweetness and piety. She was reverently loved by the Sisters who looked up to her as a true and fervent religious, and who felt that her patient quiet ways were an example, not easily found. Always cheerful and amiable, always kind and obliging, she went from duty to duty, until the Angel of Death came and summoned her to meet her Divine Bridegroom, whom she had loved and served so faithfully. She was buried in the little cemetery beside her Sisters in religion. Her nephew, Father Thos. Devlin, of Holy Cross Church, Pittsburgh, sang the Solemn Mass and her nieces, Mrs. M. Loughrey, Mrs. Fannie Flinn and Mrs. James Coyle, all of Pittsburgh, with Mr. Loughrey, assisted at the funeral. May her soul rest in peace. Amen.

According to a survey made in 1902, St. Xavier's farm contained 244A. 44P. The farm is underlaid by a vein of coal 7 ft. thick. The farm is situated one and one-half miles west

of Latrobe, in Unity Twp., Westmoreland Co. The coal is 370 ft. below the surface. There are three veins. On Feb. 12, 1906, 223 A. of the top seam of coal was sold for $1,090 per Acre, 20A. under and around the buildings being reserved. With a portion of the sale the mortgage of $50,000 on St. Xavier's was lifted. $31,000 was used in enlarging the Convent at St. Xavier's. The balance was applied to provide the necessary accommodations for the Novitiate at Mt. Mercy.

May 1, 1906. To-day, excavating commenced for the new Mother House Fifth Ave.

The following paper, written by Sr. M. Antonio at the request of Father W. Elliott, C.S.P., was read by Rev. A. Doyle at the summer conference of Missionaries—May 10, 1906:

The time seems to have come when the word of convert-making is no longer in the background. The Apostolic Mission is an accomplished fact. The wonderful progress of this movement and the enthusiasm with which it is received bid fair to give it an effectiveness which no results can surprise.

We cannot help comparing the successful spiritual campaigns of the earnest, zealous missionary of to-day with the timid, slow methods of olden times, and our own fervor catches fire. Perhaps one of the reasons is there is a fairer field. Catholics have asserted themselves and prejudice is retiring, step by step, as the beauty and truth of the faith are revealed in the daily lives of Catholic Christians. However all this may be, the missionary spirit for non-Catholics has come to stand for itself, and the great body of the Church in America is stirred by the Apostolate. It has even penetrated the enclosure of the Cloister, and the innumerable Sisterhoods of the United States have placed it close to their hearts and yearn to have a share in the work.

It is not given to the nun to go forth to seek souls; nor is it needed. The fields of harvest are within reach. Hers is "the Apostolate of the Cloister." Majestic words, for they mean countless roads of salvation to human souls.

I wonder if the thousands of men who do God's work patiently, nobly, successfully, all over this land ever stop to

think of the possibilities of personal effort in the non-Catholic mission? Of the possibilities of winning, not alone, baptized souls to their eternal destiny, but wandering souls, mistaken souls, striving souls, who, in their darkness, stretch out their yearning hands to the "kindly light" that faintly shines "amid the encircling gloom."

We know that every individual is a marvel of unknown and unrealized possibilities, and nine-tenths of these are hidden from sight; but even where the specialized vocation of a nun is realized by zeal and fervor almost heroic, she is apt to think little of the multitudes who long for light. How can she reach the non-Catholic thousands who look longingly toward the Church? Let us see her possibilities.

Is she enclosed behind the grating that shuts out the rush and crush of this too-busy world?—in one way or another its waves roll to her feet. They will force on her the inexorable weariness and unrest of those souls who long for peace.

Let her pray. Pray with every breath for those tossed about, hearts who hunger for faith and strength. Let her constant cry be "Even one soul to-day to add to the Church in her glory. Ah,

> Saints have died
> To bring one soul to the Crucified."

There is also for her an epistolary apostolate. The apostolate of letter-writing? Is there such a thing? No doubt of it.

How many souls date their coming to the Church from a ray of God's light entering their hearts through the written page of an unworldly nun in her hidden cloister? Coming from the sanctuary, it must bear truth, and the "truth has set them free." Is she a member of one of the teaching orders (whose name is legion)?—then is she a power, a lever with a dynamic force to move thousands. Like the stone cast into the lake, her influence widens in concentric circles, until it is beyond earthly ken and can be watched only by the angels.

In the class room around her desk are fleets of little ships mutely crying to be provisioned with the bread of salvation—the seeds of the faith that shall grow not only in Catholic soil but shall be carried forth into the great world to be sowed

broadcast, if she remembers the apostolate of the cloister and with earnest words fulfills it.

What religious annals cannot tell of marvelous conversions wrought by the faith of little children, or by the instruction, gathered and carried afar, as they fell from the lips of the sister at her desk.

Before my mind there rises a scene in a convent chapel, where a convent girl had come back to kneel with her eight beautiful children—all weeping with joy because the husband and father was receiving the waters of baptism—a true convert to the faith; fruit of her patient prayers and the lessons of her school days under the cloistered roof. Another scene is in an hospital, where a paralyzed Catholic wife sits weeping with joy in her rolling chair, as her husband, after twenty-three years of married life, yields to her gentle example, abjures heresy, and, in the sight of three Catholic sons, receives baptism as the Catholic convert-wife had received it—before a convent altar in her school days. Still another scene is the death bed of a parent whose two daughters, both nuns, knelt at his side smoothing the path to the grave by the sublime prayers of the holy Church, to whose bosom he was brought in the fullness of his manhood by the offering of their young lives in the cloister. Another still: A burning word dropped in an instruction class and carried to a non-Catholic home, the rage of the non-Catholic parent, the staunch firmness of a child, the unwilling admiration for true heroism. One conversion—another—until eight souls were brought to the Lord, all through the burning words of one hidden nun. But why weary you with examples? Such may be, and has been, the apostolate of the cloister; and there are thousands of unwritten histories which every convent could unroll and every order of Sisters verify. It remains for these facts to be doubled, nay, trebled, in our efforts for the future. The moment of grace seems nigh. The wave of desire to know the truth is increasing day by day, and the cry of the non-Catholic is, "You believe; your life shows it; tell us the faith." And in our respective vocations we must join the apostolate. We must instruct ourselves more and more to meet the want as it lies in our sphere. Let our unfaltering certainty strike

conviction to all who hear us. Let the wavering holders of sectarian belief among our patrons, our visitors, our pupils, our sick, especially the agnostic and pantheistic, find us ready with gentle, unanswerable words based on the faith infallible, to impress and convince, so that salvation may come, if not now, at the hour of death.

And then, in the personal instruction of converts as they come to us one by one, sent, perhaps, from the glow of the mission, or the special grace of God. They come to the convent, and it is heart to heart with the nun and her listener. Is this to be a single grace? Will our God be outdone in generosity if we pour our souls out in our work? Cannot our heart's desire, with earnest prayer and studious qualification, make our work so effective that whole families may be brought, through our convert, to see the truth? It seems to me there should be a holy fascination in convert-making that would make the Sisterhoods strive more and more to lay hands of fervor on wandering souls. There should be in their hearts the joy of those who can set the prisoner free. Ah! let us look to it that this joy, this fervor, be renewed, or enkindled. Oh, if the desire to convert souls were in our hearts! Prayer would make it a passion. We would not leave the altar to go forth to the daily labor of the class room, the hospital, the orphanage, the instruction-class, or the manifold duties of the cloister one single day without this heartfelt prayer rising from the lips of every "Sister" in this broad American land: Lord, give me one soul for Thee to-day, and bless those who go forth to seek other souls.

This methinks is the apostolate of the cloister. Burning desire, fervent prayer, fitness of knowledge, and a "God-speed" in thought and word to the trained missionary, who brings to the non-Catholic mission the enthusiasm of the apostles after the first Pentecost. Oh, the beautiful souls of men for whom Christ died. Shall not every inmate of every cloister in the land long to join his work?

Shall we turn from the whitening harvest?
Are we laggards that cry "Not yet?"
Shall we see them starve by the wayside,
Dying in vain regret?

Let us join in the strength to win them.
For the work of the Master is there.
Men must go forth to seek them;
We must lift hands in prayer!

Mgr. Tihen, Wichita: I move that this conference send a resolution of thanks to this zealous sister for her thoughtful and inspiring prayer.

Seconded by Fr. Lynch, Vermont.

Carried.

To-day, Oct. 24, witnessed the opening of the new St. Paul's Cathedral, Craig St.

DEATH OF SR. MARY GONZAGA MYERS, DEC. 22, 1906

Sister Mary Gonzaga Myers, 75 years old, a member of one of the best known Pittsburgh families, and one of the oldest Sisters of Mercy in this section, died Saturday evening, Dec. 22, at 6.15 o'clock at the Mercy Convent, in Webster Avenue. Sister Gonzaga had been ailing for the past year. Several days ago she contracted pneumonia, which hastened her death. Sister Mary Gonzaga was born in Pittsburgh, her family name being Susan Myers. In 1846 she entered St. Xavier's Academy. She entered the convent in 1855, receiving the veil from Bishop Michael O'Connor. Since entering the community Sister Gonzaga had served as a school teacher in almost every Catholic institute in and about Pittsburgh. For the past four years Sister Gonzaga had been serving as a teacher at the Epiphany parochial schools. Two sisters, Mrs. Harry Shoemaker and Miss Margaret Myers, of Ebensburg, survive. High Mass of requiem was celebrated in the convent chapel, Webster Avenue, at 9 o'clock Monday morning. Interment was at Beatty, Pa.

From Judge Marshall Brown to the President and Alumnæ of St. Xavier's Academy.

Purity and grace about her,
Heart as loving, true
As the skies that bend above her
In the vaulted blue.

May love divine be ever thine,
Without a tinge of sorrow;

May love divine be ever thine
To brighten each to-morrow.

There's not a line of thought divine
Can treasure up the rare
Sweet measure of her constancy
In joy or sunless care.

Fragrant thoughts be ever thine,
Rose sweet and love divine.

April 3, 1907.

The death of Sister Mary Cornelia Kearney, in August, 1906, sent a shock of pain and sorrow through all the wide circle of her pupils and friends. A teacher at St. Xavier's for many years, she was known to the hundreds who gathered here, and was loved by all of them. It seemed incredible that one whose bright smile had ever welcomed the visitor and bade farewell to the happy girls at the great front portal should so suddenly be quenched and the pleasant voice hushed forever! The pupils of this year looked for her familiar face in vain as they returned to their Alma Mater and many a burning tear has paid tribute at her lowly grave in the little cemetery. And now they recall as they look back her pallid face at times, the look of pain there, as she bravely strove to do her duty in spite of all suffering. Her beautiful endurance is fresh in every mind, and is a lesson long to be remembered. Even a half hour before her death she knelt in the solemn chapel assisting at Holy Mass. Rare are the cases where God takes the chosen one so swiftly to Himself, but in His mercy, He made her trial short. With the last rites of Holy Church, and with perfect consciousness, she passed into the presence of Him whom she loved and served so long and so well. Her memory is a sweet fragrance, and will live long in the hearts of those who loved her.

"To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die."

May her precious soul abide with God in peace.

SISTER M. AUGUSTINE SCHUCK

Died suddenly at St. Xavier's, April 12, 1907, Sister M. Augustine Schuck.

Sister M. Augustine, a native of Prussia, was the daughter of Dr. Augustine and Wilhelmina Schuck. She entered the novitiate June 23, 1851, and was professed by Monsignor Bedini in the Convent Chapel, Webster Ave. Tall and stately, her appearance never failed to attract; her dark brown eyes were most penetrating. The first six years of her religious life after her Profession were spent at the Mercy Hospital, where she was of great assistance, having a natural skill and ability in nursing and caring for the sick. During the cholera epidemic she was indefatigable, and could be frequently met carrying hot bricks in her apron for the poor cholera patients, the hospitals at that time lacking the many conveniences of the present day.

From the Hospital she was transferred to St. Ann's Convent, Washington St., Allegheny, from which Convent she and two other Sisters went daily to St. Mary's German School. After two years of arduous work, three or four additional Sisters were sent to assist. Sister Augustine labored in St. Mary's School,—kindly encouraged in every way by Rev. John Stiebel, the Pastor, and Father Ferdinand, O.S.B., from 1861 to 1879, when the Benedictine Sisters were appointed to take the school.

For several years Sister was Local Superior at St. Ann's, after which term of office she taught German and fancy needlework with marked success at St. Xavier's. Some handsome furniture had been placed in the parlor, preparatory to the celebration of a community jubilee. After supper, Sister M. Augustine went to see the furniture—remained some minutes —then went to her cell. The sisters in adjoining cells heard her moaning, and went to learn the cause; in a few minutes Sister expired.

BENEDICTION BY THE SEA

August 25, 1907

The tide was rolling shoreward,
Under a sapphire dome,
And the crested breakers were singing
Their endless song of home.

Out on "the far horizon"!
The Sea in majesty lay,
Calm as a sleeping infant,—
Under the summer day.

Loiterers by the sea-shore
Stopped to gather a shell,
Or, idly to watch the billows
As they lazily rose and fell;
When, lo! from a Cottage-Convent,
Softened by distance dim,
There rose in a chorus of voices,
The Benediction Hymn.

Within on the Convent-Altar,
'Mid tapers and flow'rets fair,
The Master held Court with His chosen,
Gathered in gladness there.
The white-robed sons of Dominic,
The black-veiled Nuns of the poor—
The "lilies of Christ" in worship,
Kneeling close to His door!

And above the majestic music
Of the ocean's threnody,
Rose up the imploring voices
In their solemn melody.
And then, thro' the thrilling silence
Came the little silver bell—
To tell He was lifted above them,
When the Benediction fell!

Oh! white-robed Sons of Dominic;
Oh! Sisters in somber veil;
Ye were part of such holy function,
That Heaven itself grew pale!
For the mighty God of the Tempest!
The maker of earth and sea!
Had left the home of the angels,
Your Guest and Lover to be!

And the Ocean that tossed without,—
And the billows that thundered and rolled,—
Was the World, ye had left behind you,
Treacherous,—restless,—and cold!
But, within, on that Convent-Altar,
He stayed where He loves to be—
Giving His heart's own blessing,—
Benediction by the Sea!

—MERCEDES.

LINES TO
SISTER ANTONIO MERCEDES
AT
ST. MARY'S CONVENT BY THE SEA

How shall I thank thee, Sister and friend,
For the lovely gift on my natal day,
For the tender thought that moves thee to send
The tiny card by thy fingers penn'd
Ere the twilight marshal'd its shadows gray?

The summer was precious, the summer was sweet,
And many blessings its span embrac'd;
Tho' the roses fled with its glow and heat,
Saint Bega's feast was its crown complete,
For the Sacred Heart was its glory chaste.

Ashes of roses may disappear
Friends may depart—love's ties be riven,
Lo, in the depths of thy souvenir
I shall treasure the memories sweet and dear
Of the golden summer of Nineteen Seven.

—Eleanor C. Donnelly.

Sea Isle City, N. J., Sept. 7, 1907.

Holy Innocents, Dec. 28, 1908.

*My dear Sr. M. Neri:*

You certainly always get the start of me, but never mind, you are always remembered before the holy Altar and were specially prayed for during midnight Mass; what a holy hour of prayer, and we had a Jesuit Father, who sang so sweetly, and spoke briefly but from a heart burning with love for the Divine Infant Jesus, making all hearts filled with devotion and grateful thanks to our dearest Infant Saviour. What love and gratitude we should have for all the blessings we possess, our Faith and vocation with all the graces we daily receive and the latest grand gift of Holy Communion with all the graces we daily receive. Well, dearest sister, I am sure your Christmas brought you many special blessings, spiritual and corporal, and peace and joy and happiness and yet a tinge of human sorrow for though we know our dear Sisters exchange earth for Heaven, yet we miss our loved companions and really we ought rather to envy than mourn when they leave this life. We will offer our prayers to-morrow for dear Sr. M. Gonzaga. You certainly will fill heaven with your

Community, so many are securing their thrones; I hope some will be left for us. Rev. Mother is much better. She has enjoyed all the spirituals, temporal and fun of the season. The Novices treated us royally on the 28th as many had to fill places for the Professed to come to retreat to be given by a Redemptorist. I hope we will all benefit by his efforts. I will pray fervently for you and you will, I know, pray for me. Give love to dear Rev. Mother and all my friends and with every wish for a holy peaceful, prosperous New Year,

Ever your devoted in Christ,

Sister M. Alphonsus L.

Mother M. Sebastian Gillespie

## CHAPTER XXII

### ST. SEBASTIAN

READ ON MOTHER M. SEBASTIAN GILLESPIE'S FEAST

1

Like a dream of the vanishing Past—
As the mist rolls away from the sea—
Comes the tale of this festival night
In wonderful beauty to me.
The tale of the Martyr and Saint
Sebastian! the Hero of old
In the flush of the Emperor's smile
In his trappings of scarlet and gold.

2

Can you see him? that officer grand
In the midst of the luxury there?
In the Court of the Cæsar of Rome
His heart lifted ever in prayer?
How the light of his purity shone
Like the rays of the star of the East,
And in wonder the Courtiers behold
A soldier of Christ at their Feast!

3

Meek and humble, Sebastian but serves
Christ's Martyrs in tortures and chains,
Brings courage to faltering souls,
And counts all his losses but gains.
With heart fixed in Heaven he moved
Like an angel of light from the Lord,
And the prisons resounding with hymns
Speak the praises of Him he adored.

4

But the demon in fury and rage
Brings the hero to martyrdom sweet;
A target for arrows he falls,
A victim the Angels may greet!
Yet still, is the palm held apart
He may not as yet wear the crown,
Once more 'neath the torture he falls,
And reaches the martyr's renown.

5

Oh! blest St. Sebastian, look down
As we sing thy dear praises to-day,
And send to thy client from Heaven
The rare, tender blessing we pray.
'Tis the feast of thy Child—it is thine
And the cloister shall ring with our glee,
And the choirs of angels may join,
Dear Sister—our greetings to thee.

February 8, 1908

ON Sunday last, the feast of the Purification B. V. M. William J. and Mary R. Doran, parents of Rev. Alvah W. Doran, of the Church of the Epiphany, this city, and formerly of St. Clement's P. E. Church, were received into the true fold by their son. The ceremony took place in the Church of the Epiphany, where Father Doran will celebrate a Mass of thanksgiving at an early date.

Editorial from Philadelphia *Catholic Standard and Times.*

March 7, 1908.

From time to time we receive letters from grateful subscribers eager to acknowledge what benefits, spiritual or intellectual, they derive from the columns of this paper. We have given publicity occasionally to some of these gratifying epistles, not from any feeling of egotism indeed—for we are painfully conscious of our many shortcomings—but as a proof that sincerity of motive in a great cause will in itself be recognized, despite imperfections or mistakes in action. The latest proof that the Catholic spirit we reflect exerts a potent influence, especially over wavering minds, is the case of the conversion of the Rev. Alvah W. Doran's parents and their reception into the Church by the young priest himself, their son, who had previously come under the same spell and yielded to the call of grace. He tells us that his venerated mother had been for a considerable time reading *The Catholic Standard and Times,* and with great and growing interest, yet she had long hesitated ere taking the decisive step of severing old ties, so strong is the force of habit and association. But at last her hesitation was overcome by reading a little story—a mere "short story"—in the paper, telling of a remarkable instance of the power of prayer in faith; and so sweetly and

simply was it told that the voice of truth was reflected in it. The story was one by "Rev. R. W. Alexander," entitled "The Apostolate of a Little Maid." She felt that it was a call for her to arise and go to the "old homestead," the grand old Mother Church. And when her determination was communicated to her faithful spouse, he spoke to her in the language of Ruth and wended his way along with her. This little idyll we have from the Rev. Father Doran himself, and only that he so wishes it we would not have given it publicity. But it may do good in other quarters, so we comply.

PONTIFICAL MASS FOR THE GOLDEN JUBILEE
OF
MOTHER M. SEBASTIAN GILLESPIE

February Tenth
1908

Rt. Rev. J. F. Regis Canevin, D.D., Celebrant
Deacon, V. Rev. Duffy. Sub-deacon, Rev. L. O'Connell

Sermon, Rev. F. L. Tobin

"The Church is not satisfied with merely saying her praise; her loving enthusiasm urges her to song."
Ecce Sacerdos Magnus ..... (Caecilian)

MUSIC FOR HOLY MASS

Introitus ..... (Gregorian Chant)
Kyrie ..... (Caecilian)
Gloria ..... (Caecilian)
Graduale ..... (Recitation)
Offertorium ..... (Caecilian)
Sanctus ..... (Caecilian)
Benedictus ..... (Caecilian)
Agnus Dei ..... (Caecilian)
Communio ..... (Gregorian Chant)

After Mass.

Oremus pro Pontifice ..... (Gregorian Chant)
Te Deum Laudamus ..... (Gregorian Chant)

BENEDICTION OF THE MOST BLESSED SACRAMENT

O Bone Jesu ..... (Palestrina)
Tantum Ergo ..... (Caecilian)
Laudate Dominum ..... (Falsi bordoni)

In the evening the Sisters assembled in the Auditorium—Webster Avenue where the following "Greeting" was delivered—and the drama "Sebastian" impressively enacted.

GREETING TO MOTHER M. SEBASTIAN GILLESPIE
AND
SISTERS M. CYRIL AND ETIENNE

Into every life come days when one feels the weariness of steadily working the tread-mill of existence; when to turn aside to other scenes, other occupations, perhaps to other companionship, is for the time restful to the tired spirit. But when life is consecrated to religion, days enter in, not only restful, but filled with a joy of which the world may not partake—days when one fancies the gentle voice of the Master is heard repeating His tender mandate: "Come apart and rest!"—Rest from His own blessed work; from the laborious duty of the school room where His little ones daily gather to be fed with His holy teachings; from the couch of the fevered sufferer; from the toilsome task of ministering to the homeless orphan; from the duties of Martha in the varied avocations of the days; and the joy of these restful occasions seems spiritualized we may say, by companionship with God and attending angels. A day such as this opened for us with this morning's dawn. From different parts where Mercy's work is pursued, the sisters gathered in this old home to rejoice in united joy; to kneel in united thanksgiving; to pray in united supplication for heaven's blessings on dear members of our sisterhood who, to-day, reach the golden anniversary of their holy profession.

Fifty of time's years! Fleeting they seem when compared with the great eternal years, but in human reckoning what a long span of life! Volumes might be filled with the recountal of the world's happenings as the decades roll on, but they are things of time and are swept onward with its cur-

rent. In the half century, given to religion's holy cause, and linked with eternal things as their fitting prelude and preparation, the world sees little to elicit astonishment or praise, but the years, the days, the hours, are so filled with love and sacrifice that heaven beholds them in rapt approval.

Fifty years ago to-day, dear Mother and Sisters, while the world smiled for you beneath the golden skies of youth, you knelt at the foot of God's altar to renounce that world. Before the upraised Host you spoke that solemn triple promise, which enchained you irrevocably to the sweet yoke of our Redeemer and imposed on you the enviable obligation of following Him by the sacrificial path of the faithful Sister of Mercy; and during the long lapse of the half century, Mercy's way has ever led your footsteps; Mercy's star has been your guide; Mercy's work has filled your days. This morning during the sacred and inspiring service in the chapel, your lips again whispered the oft-repeated renewal of that promise made in early youth; your hands again lifted up in holocaust-offering, and how welcomely that whisper was heard by the Eucharistic God on the altar! How lovingly His Divine smile rested on the upraised hands now toil-worn in His service!

Looking backward on the nuptial scene of that February morn fifty years ago, you see near you kneeling companions whose happy faces we miss from our gathering to-night. One by one they have been called home, and under the waving grass of Westmoreland their dear forms await the eternal reunion with those linked with them here by religion's holy ties. Peacefully they rest in that hallowed enclosure, to us a sacred spot because sown with the seed of immortality, and in the soft glow of twilight how beautifully the simply crosses gleaming in sunset rays seem to reflect back to the convent where the life work of the departed still goes on, undying memories which are a treasured legacy to the living. Rest, dear missing Sisters, and may your gentle spirits now enjoy the never-ending light of celestial nuptial.

Dear Mother Superior, with our congratulations to-night we mingle thanks for your guarding solicitude during lengthened years. The Community which the will of God has so long confided to your care has been in your regard a sacred trust

over which you have kept faithful watch, and the confidence of its subjects in your guidance has been evidenced by the willing voices which have so long united in giving you the most meaning of earthly titles: "Mother!" Often, we know, has the hand of God beckoned you onward to tread the thorny path of the Via Dolorosa; often have you been obliged to lift and carry many crosses strewn on its sharp and rugged way. But joy, too, has been yours—joy in the realization of wise projects formed for God's honor and Community good—joy in the comforting assurance of stewardship well rendered, and may our dear Lord grant that the joy of the world to come may fill your eternity.

To you, dear Sister Mary Cyril, we offer the heart wishes prompted by this golden occasion. To you, as to your two celebrant-companions might our Lord's consoling words be addressed at this time: "Well done, faithful one!"—the poor—the sick—the ignorant! how they might rise to call you blessed for your fidelity in Mercy's cause—and look back, dear Sister, into that well-stored past to see rising in prominence those fruitful hours given to the honor of Mercy's Queen. Count the number of Mary's children you banded together in pious confraternity: Count the psalms and anthems, the hymns and Aves they sent heavenward as tender heart flowers to the throne of the immaculate. Earth holds not their record but heaven's coin shall be their recompense.

To you also, dear Sister Mary Etienne, we turn to-night in fondest greeting. Truly have sacrifice, duty and love filled the hours of your long and well spent life in religion. The fifty years are gone and garnered but their fruits remain in God's sacred keeping. Recall the anxious midnight watch by the hospital bedside; recall the wearied feet, the tired hands in your ministrations with God's homeless little ones. Are these forgotten by the Divine Rewarder? And not yet have the tired hands rested; not yet the wearied feet faltered on duty's path, but onward, only a little while longer, dear sister. See at the end the rest—the unending rest at the sacred feet of our Lord.

One word more, dear Mother and Sisters, ere this happy anniversary sinks into the past. May its memory like a soothing balm fill with comfort the serene eventide of your

lives. For all of us it has been a golden feast scattering gladness through the atmosphere of old St. Mary's, and as now we see its hours fade, a thought from Ireland's poet can best express the feeling of our hearts:

> "Joy so seldom weaves a chain
> Like this to-day—that oh! 'tis pain
> To break its links so soon."

But though earth's joy is fleeting, look upward, dear Mother and Sisters, and through the misty radiance of the future see the vision of heavenly jubilee which we pray may be yours when time's fast-flowing waves shall break on the shore of eternity.

"ST. SEBASTIAN"

A Tribute

to our

HONORED JUBILARIANS

From

Their

Loving

Sisters

PROGRAM

Orchestra — Jubel Overture — Von Weber

Prologue

Scene I House of Fabius—Fabiola's Apartment

Vocal Selection

Scene II Hall in House of Fabius

Violin—Hungarian Dance ..... Brahms

Scene III A Terrace looking Towards the Coliseum

Piano—Monteechi et Capulette..... Rossini

Scene IV Villa of Agnes

Vocal Selection

Scene V The Forum
Violin—Serenade ..... Pierre
Scene VI House of Diogenes
Piano—Nabuchodonosar ..... Verdi
Scene VII The Forum, Morning

Vocal Selection

Scene VIII Cell of Agnes in Tullian Prison
Tableau .....Beheading of Agnes
Violin—Madrigale ..... Simonette
Scene IX Mamertime Prison—Pancratius in Chains
Tableau ..... Death of Pancratius
Piano—Symphonie ..... Beethoven
Scene X Court of Diocletian
Tableau.....Sebastian Condemned..Martyrdom of Sebastian
Orchestra—Ave Maria ..... Schubert

LETTER TO S. M. NERI BOWEN FROM S. M. MAGDALEN PHELAN

St. Agnes' Convent, 2400 5th Avenue,
Feast St. Philip Neri, '08.

*My dear Sister M. Neri:*

May a happy holy Feast be yours to-day. Being under orders these days to stay at home, I greet on paper and with fond love. Nature in her spring robes must look glorious from the Mount to-day. Down here at St. Agnes' even, it is beautiful; from our little community-room the view of the Monongahela River is fine and refreshes one to look out on it. This is a very busy week in some departments of the school, not here alone but throughout the Parochial Schools of the Diocese, all writing up examination papers, furnished by Father Devlin. The work is now a regular system. Just now this involves a great strain on the teachers. That comes from having pupils who had not the earlier training in the present methods of the "syllabus." Later on, though, I am convinced that good and grand results in the cause of Catholic Education will follow both for pupils and teachers and all to A. M. D. G.

The number of poor people who came to us for relief during the winter months has greatly diminished. This change comes, I fear, from our limited supplies more than the fact that less are suffering from extreme poverty, for the mills are still giving but limited work.

We distribute bread Wednesday A. M., glad to keep hold on the poor some way, and little contributions in clothes and money keep coming slowly, indeed, but thankfully received. Then other ways are reached of doing good providentially. This should be a center for the works of Mercy; do pray God to bless our desire to make it such. It is probable that our school will lessen in number for the next session. The basement story is unfit for regular school work, yet there are six other fairly good class-rooms that can be utilized for about five hundred included in the first six grades. At the end of my paper, and other things to talk over but must close. S. Mercedes asks to have her greeting enclosed. Fond love to Sisters M. Inez, Jerome, Little Loyola, Beatrice, Leonard of the old corps, S. de Ricci of the new.

Your loving old sister in Christ,

S. MAGDALEN.

GREETING TO

DEAR SISTER M. LAURENCE CLARKE

on her

GOLDEN JUBILEE, JULY 26, 1908

Once more these Convent walls have echoed all day long, to the sound of rejoicing. Once more, glad voices and happy faces have told the story of a Golden Jubilee! and to-night we gather together and place the crown of our good wishes and congratulations on our dear Sister Mary Laurence, and pray God to bless her and bestow graces on her soul that will flood her spirit with some of the joys of Paradise.

A Golden Jubilee is an occasion that is recognized in the ritual of our holy mother the Church. There are prayers and blessings of special import said, and the happy jubilarian is considered worthy of the highest and holiest honors.

And is it to be wondered that such is the case? Fifty

years of religious life in an active order are granted to few indeed; and, dear Sister Laurence, when you look back to the day when the sacred veil of the novice was placed on your head, you will remember that there was a group of fervent and earnest postulants with you that began together the religious career!

The group was smaller, at your holy profession, and of the three who knelt with you and made their holy vows you alone remain!

There are three little white crosses in the valley below us that bear their names, and in the community around us their memory is perpetuated by others who are called as they were —Sister Mary John, Sister Mary Cephas, Sister Mary Helen —you alone, of the little group, celebrate your Golden Jubilee!

It is a sweet yet solemn lesson, and it gives the tender, minor music to a symphony that otherwise is all joy! It tells us that we are wayfarers and pilgrims in this beautiful yet sinful world, and that our mission is to do good as we journey to the poor, the sick, the ignorant, and thus praise, reverence and to serve Him Who has called us to the most sublime of all vocations,—the religious life!

We have left all and followed His call; and there is a goodly number among us who have touched, like you, dear Sister, the Golden Milestone! The backward track must be marked with many a trial, many a stretch of weariness and pain. We were not promised a life of ease and delight, but the cross was borne before us at our profession, and we were told we would find its shadow everywhere!

We were told this, ere our vows were uttered,—that we would espouse a crucified Lord, and we have realized the truth of the saying.

Labor, and toil, and prayer are the portion of the Sister of Mercy! and if the Master grant her length of years, as He has done to you, dear Sister, it is but to edify your Sisters and increase your own merit, and He has promised to sweeten every effort. May His sweetness shine forth in your face and glow in your words. "The old calm faces we used to see," says a French writer, "are rarely to be met outside of a Convent! now we only see a dull restlessness, or a restless dullness! The quiet eyes of silent happiness, the luminous beauty of a

Mt. Mercy Academy

St. Mary's Convent of Mercy (Mother House)
Opened 1909

Rear of Mother House

great peace, are not to be found in worldings; they belong to the Convent-walls!"

We can all realize this fact, and taking the lesson once more to heart make our years worthy of our holy vocation!

Those years are passing swiftly! Ere long the decades will lengthen, till the rosary be complete, and it will be time for the feet to pause, the hands to rest, and the heart to listen for the Bridegroom's Voice, and oh! with what a throb of joy will the *faithful* spouse listen to His words of music,—the Golden Jubilee of Heaven!

"Come to Me, my sister, my spouse! the winter is past and gone, enter into the joy of the Lord!"

Feb. 10, 1909.

The New Mother House opened to-day and the Novitiate moved to Mount Mercy.

Mother M. Sebastian, Mother Supr.

Mother M. Scholastica Murto, Mistress.

S. M. Neri's letter describing the event.

St. Mary's Convent, Mt. Mercy,
Feb. 15, 1909.

*Dear S. M. Mechtildes:*

Here is my first letter from new "St. Mary's." You have heard, no doubt, of the opening, but I think a report of the same from an eyewitness will not be unwelcome.

Mother Superior, Mothers and Sisters came up from Webster St. on Wednesday, 10th., took supper at the Academy, but slept over here in the Convent. On Thursday morning Father Walsh said Mass for the last time in the little chapel at five o'clock, nearly all the Mt. Sisters being present and receiving Holy Communion. At six sharp, Bishop Canevin blessed the new house and said Mass and gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, assisted by our good Chaplain. Breakfast and dinner at the Academy, the last meal in that house. Supper, the first meal over here. The Chapel pro tem. looks very nice. The Academy altar, repainted and gilded, looks handsome; the stalls high and low from St. Mary's and the Mount give a really chapel-look. Altogether it is very nice—everything so fresh and clean, and the light from electric balls

chases away the darkness. The Community Room is well furnished. The tables, bracket with out Lady's statue and pictures from the old Community Room give the place a homelike and familiar look. The narrow, tall book-cases stand one at each end of the room. The large book case is in the Reading Room, a large room on the same floor. I wish you could see it all. The kitchen and laundry are supplied with all the necessary appliances to make work easy. The Refectory is immense, being the same size as the Chapel, and is furnished in real convent style. The tables for the professed are narrow, and covered with white enamel, making tablecloths unnecessary. We sit on one side, or more correctly only one row of Sisters at the tables, as we used to do at St. Mary's in the first little refectory. You remember, stools instead of chairs. Dishes, knives and forks, etc., all new. The parlors are being furnished by degrees. Father Walsh takes his meals here, but sleeps and lives in his room in the Academy. The most wonderful and convenient thing is the subway between the two houses, making practically one. It opens through the door leading to what was the Boiler Room and ends in the basement corridor on this side, well lighted with skylights and jets of gas, perfectly clean. Walls white and floor concrete. It was intended at first that the meals for the children of the school should be taken over, through the sub-way, but it was considered that this would not work satisfactorily, so a large room in the basement was fitted up with the belongings of the children's refectory, and the pupils come over and take their meals with comfort. Their dining room is large, and well lighted, so that it is rather an improvement on the old place.

Sisters M. Inez, Gonzales, Teresa and Pelagia are the only Sisters who occupy cells over there. Oh! there are two others; the sister having charge of the children's dormitory and one who sleeps in the small dormitory, but all do their praying and eating here, as there is but one chapel and refectory, but as far as I know, the Sisters, teachers, etc., have no difficulty in attending to their duties. The pupils, boarders, heard Mass yesterday, occupying the hall outside the Chapel, also the maids and men-servants. The "buggies" are still in their old place over there. For the present, the old chapel has

not been disturbed beyond the removal of the altar and stalls. When the altar was removed, a small one was put up, and Father Walsh said Mass as usual, so that we were not left one day without the Holy Sacrifice. Now the statue of the Blessed Mother from the Community Room stands on this altar, making a pretty shrine, and the Stations have not been removed, so that it still looks like a holy place. There are no statues here, I presume there is not room for ones so large. I am writing in my cell, a very cozy one; when the house was building, Mother Superior told me I could select any cell I wished, so I took this one, situated in the second story on the south-eastern corner, sheltered from the north winds, which so often blew in my old room during these past fourteen years or more, so you can picture me enjoying good light and air, and a glimpse now and then of a fine view of the park grounds, etc.

I need not tell you that everything necessary for the convenience and comfort of the Sisters has been attended to. In the kitchen and laundry departments the latest improvements have been put into requisition. To-day the machinery of the laundry is being used for the first time. Many additions have been made to the machines; for instance, there is one for shaking out the clothes, which will save much labor, etc.

The Infirmarian has entered on her duties too, as our head cook, good soul, is laid up with an attack of rheumatism, and Sr. M. Jerome has been confined to bed for a day or two, so everything is in running order, even the regular silence. Mother Xavier and her Bursar from Cresson came here yesterday evening. The former looked pretty well, but very thin. The Sisters who teach at the Cathedral, Epiphany, St. Brigid's and St. Agnes' live here; these along with novices and postulants make a good crowd. It seems strange to me, after so many years in a small community. It is a journey from one end of the house to the other; the stairs are very easy, a great contrast to the stairs in the Academy. When I write again, I will tell you more. The labor of moving was great. The Mothers and Sisters were worn out, but now the worst is over, we can rest.

It is time to ask you how you are. You must think me ill-natured for being so long about writing. Somehow, I have

been busy fixing up the things in my charge over there, so that while I was thinking a great deal of you and intending to write, I deferred doing so from day to day, but now I shall have no excuse and you will often hear from me.

Love to Mother Regina, Sisters M. Agnes, Angela and all.

Pray for your loving sister in Christ,

Sr. M. Neri.

## 1909

### DEATH OF SISTER MARY AUSTIN

The death of Sister Mary Austin McKeon occurred on Thursday, May 6, at Mercy Hospital, Pittsburgh. She was a daughter of Mr. John McKeon, formerly well known in Pittsburgh, and a sister of Sister M. Bertha, of the Academy of Mercy, Fifth Avenue, and of Sister M. deSales, directress of St. Xavier's Academy, Beatty, Pa.

In the death of this gifted Sister, the Order of Mercy in Pittsburgh has sustained a great loss. In her knowledge of music and in her unique method of imparting this knowledge, Sister Austin held a distinguished rank in her community.

As a writer, she was inferior to none among the authors of the day; but she desired not earthly fame, and so she rarely wrote twice under the same signature. It is to be hoped that in time the many exquisite gems of poetry that issued from her pen, and which were admired by men of genius throughout the country, may be collected and given to the public. The poetess, Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly, after reading some of Sister Austin's verses, wrote her the following lines:

Sweet sacred fancies of a virgin soul.
(That finds in things divine its chief delight)
Shedding Religion's golden aureole
Upon these pages white.
Ye breathe an atmosphere of cloistered peace,
Fragrant as lilies on an altar fair;
Where tapers burn, while incense without cease
Floats up like fervent prayer.
Oh, touch again, and yet again, thy lyre:
And may thy holy patron guide thy hand,
'Till Austin's faith and Austin's glowing fire
Both soul and song expand.

Mother M. Regina Cosgrave
(Died 1910)

### DEATH OF SISTER MARY REGIS O'NEIL

Sister Mary Regis O'Neil died June 6, 1909, at St. Xavier's, after a painful illness of several years. She was the daughter of Thomas and Isabel O'Neil of Erie. She entered the community Sept. 25, 1862, and made her holy Profession, after the usual novitiate of two years, July 19, 1865. S. M. Regis possessed a bright, sunny disposition, was very pious and was deeply imbued with a love for the poor and afflicted. At the same time, her fund of humor was a source of amusement and pleasure to the community during the daily hour of relaxation.

She was gifted musically, and her fine soprano voice proved a wonderfully valuable addition to the Convent Choir. Most successful results followed her efforts as a vocal music teacher for many years at St. Xavier's. As one of her novitiate companions expressed it, "She lingers in my memory as a sunbeam."

### MOTHER REGINA COSGRAVE

Died February 1, 1910

Her death came to St. Xavier's as a shock! We knew she was ailing, but we hoped she would rally and be with us in the sunny days of the Spring-time, for she loved St. Xavier's, and during her long years of "motherhood" with us we had grown to expect to meet her in every corner of the great house. But she passed away to God quietly, swiftly, without excitement, seated in her chair, robed in her habit, with two priests at her side, and her Sisters in religion praying around her. Across the corridor was the open door of the chapel, and the glory of the stained glass windows through which came the western sunshine, seemed to beckon her upwards to the glory of her place in Paradise! She had listened to the convent bell, ringing for Matins, and the next time it rang, at the Angelus, she was with God! Yes! with God! with the halo of her seventy-three full years about her! She had worked up to the end!

They brought her home to the spot she loved, and as they carried the casket through the lines of Sisters in the black draped vestibule and hall, the tender voices of the children sang the hymn she loved, "The Sacred Heart!" It was she who spread through the house and wherever she went the aspiration—"Sacred Heart of Jesus, I place my trust in Thee." She had tried to make others zealous for it, and the words of the hymn met her:

"Teach us the holy and saving art
Of teaching others to love Thy Heart!"

Surely it was an appropriate welcome and one echoed by the angels!

Slowly the procession moved to the chapel with the children singing, and they laid her before the Altar with the six high candles burning around the casket. Then, suddenly the whole chapel blazed with electric light, and the assemblage of Sisters, pupils and friends said the Rosary for the Dead—with deep devotion.

Gazing at her, one was astonished to see the fair and young face! Dark shadows had fallen away, and there was no trace of the seventy long years she had spent in the service of her Lord!

It was as if the peace of the holy had sealed her eyes, and lingered on her features. One could not wish her back! It would be irreverence!

In the early morning, the Chapel was filled with friends from afar; visiting Sisters, the household and the pupils. The Right Reverend Bishop was on his throne, and delivered a most beautiful eulogy—beautiful because so true. He had known her from his boyhood, he had felt the influence of her personality, and he knew whereof he spoke. He saw her virtues—hidden though she tried to keep them. He spoke of her as the model religious, the exponent of the common life and the Rule, humble although she had filled all the high places in the Order. He spoke of her tact and her love of peace; of her worthiness in all matters of trust, and of his own unlimited confidence in her decisions; of her influence among men who were of the world and who revered her, and he told

Sister M. Neri Bowen
(Died April, 1910)

how that influence had gone deep into their lives and won them to higher things.

Those who listened felt the Right Reverend prelate spoke from his heart, and realized how true it was that the influence of this humble holy nun had spread out into regions unknown to all save God!

Reverend Wm. Cunningham sang the solemn mass. Reverend Father Walter, O. S. B., Director of St. Vincent's College, was deacon, and the Reverend Chaplain, Reverend P. Killoran, was sub-deacon.

After the absolution, the funeral cortege proceeded to the little cemetery, where they laid all that was mortal of dear Mother Regina beside her sisters, to await the resurrection.

To-day the snow is softly lying on the little mound, where the white flowers, of wreath and cross, left there by her children, the seniors of '10, gleam, frozen yet lovely, speaking a mute language of affection and gratitude.

Quiet and gentle in her life, the same gentle influence will speak from the grave, and win the souls of those who knew and loved her to that peace and serenity which ever radiated from the presence of Mother Regina.

### DEATH OF SISTER M. NERI BOWEN

On Friday, April 22nd, there passed to her heavenly reward Sister M. Neri Bowen, of the order of Mercy, in the eighty-fourth year of her age, and the fifty-sixth year of her religious Profession. This beautiful character, so hidden from the world, and yet such a shining light to the Sisterhood of which she was a member, was remarkable in many ways.

Her father was a Quaker from Rhode Island, captain of his own merchant ship. Her mother, a New Yorker, was Eliza Seymour, daughter of Lieutenant Horace Seymour, of the Revolutionary Army. Her father, Mr. Bowen, a gentleman of wealth, settled in a beautiful home on the banks of the Allegheny river and became one of the aristocrats of early Pittsburgh. All the family were non-Catholics. Eugenia, the subject of this sketch, having gone to St. Joseph's Academy, Emmitsburg, Md., to finish her education, was impressed by the beauty of Catholicity, which was strengthened further

by the humble example at home of a Catholic maid of her household. The visits of the noble and sainted Bishop Michael O'Connor, the first Bishop of Pittsburgh, removed the last trace of prejudice against Catholicity in the days when prejudice was raging, and the unfortunate "Joe Barker" was the fanatical Mayor of Pittsburgh.

Eugenia and her sister Blanche (Mrs. John Little) received instruction preparatory to Baptism in the Tiernan Homestead on Stockton Avenue, Allegheny, and were baptized by Father C. J. H. Carter (convert), of St. Mary's Church, Philadelphia, on July 30, 1843, in the old St. Paul's Cathedral which was burned in 1851. Father Carter was God-father to both. Margaret Tiernan was sponsor to Eugenia; Eliza Jane Tiernan (afterwards, Sister Xavier) was sponsor to Blanche.

Shortly afterwards, Eugenia entered the order of Mercy which was then in its infancy in Pittsburgh. Under her new name of Sister Neri, she began a life of prayer and good works in the service of the poor, sick and ignorant, that lasted more than half a century. She was at one time Mother Superior of the order and for many years the Mother Assistant. Her fine mind and broad culture, her gentle manners and refined conversation, made her eminently fitted for these offices.

She was afflicted with hardness of hearing, which increased in later years, and she bore this trial with unalterable patience and sweetness. She was a fluent writer and contributed many articles to the press, which were always unsigned. She was engaged on a biography of the Sisters of the Pittsburgh community at the time of her death.

Her prayers were undoubtedly the cause of the conversion of nearly all her family to the faith. Her brother, the late Reverend Seymour Bowen, after his conversion, became a priest, and was chaplain to St. Francis College, Loretto, Pa. An aged brother, Mr. Frank Bowen, made his first Communion only a few weeks ago. It was with the great joy at this conversion that Mother Neri said shortly before her death: "I think my mission is accomplished."

Of her cloister virtues, those who know her best have but one word to express them—"a saint." Her unvarying sweetness of manner, her gentle unobtrusive piety, her humility,

her rapt devotion before the altar, her serene and even temperament, her appearance even as she passed noiselessly through the convent, impressed all as of "one dwelling with God." And yet, at the recreation hour, none seemed more joyous or happy, although her great affliction (deafness) kept her from joining in the general conversation.

She passed away as one who simply crossed a threshold, so close she seemed to the home of the angels. Her remains were taken, on April 24, to St. Xavier's cemetery, Beatty, where she rests among her Sisters, close to the beloved Mother Regina, by whose grave she stood only two months ago. May their precious souls rest in peace.

### SELECTIONS FOUND IN SISTER M. NERI'S WRITINGS

"Whatever draws us nearer to God in so far as it draws us to Him, we should prefer; whatever interferes with our complete devotion to Him, we should dread and avoid. (Hedley.)

"One thing we must aim at in ordering our life is the faculty of seeing Christ, in every person and in every thing. The sense of the presence of God which we shall perhaps never fully attain should, nevertheless, be desired and strived for; and as J. C. came to reveal God to us, so the effort to see Christ in our surroundings is a more successful way than any other of keeping God before our eyes. Hence, no servant of Christ should be content with his life, unless it fosters this habit of seeing Christ. What is meant by seeing Christ in creatures? It means that whatever happens, we are to disregard the apparent cause or agent, and to say with devotion—This is His doing! This is all His holy will! This is His love! In this it is He Who is trying me! He Who is teaching me! In painful things we must see His dealing to turn us away from creatures to Himself; in things consoling and pleasant, we must recognize that love which would attract us by easy ways to Himself. In work, we must have before our eyes Him Who labored at Nazareth. In amusements, we must behold Him, drawing souls at the feasts and the banquets. In dealing with persons, we must recognize that we are dealing with souls, for whom He died. In the poor, we

can hardly choose but see Him—Who came as a poor man and a servant. In our equals or those whom we meet in daily intercourse, we should behold in them Him Who requires quite as much as the poor, our compassion, our help in our prayers, remembering what we do unto them, we do to Him. In Superiors, we should recognize that authority which is of God, and to which, therefore, we bow, not with outward respect only, but with interior homage, as to our Lord Himself. There is no occurrence, no act of intercourse, which does not either present to us Jesus in person, or at least recall some circumstance of that most holy and divine human life, upon which only to look is to feel the effects of His salvation. Unless our life, then, leads us to this spirit, it is most unsatisfactory; but it cannot do so unless it is a life of much recollection; of considerable prayer; of serious reading; and of attendance at the Church's functions. For we can only see in creatures what we ourselves put in creatures, and we can put into them nothing supernatural, nothing that savors of Christ, unless we first have the light and the knowledge of Christ in our own hearts, as 'In Thy light, we shall see light.'"

### SISTER M. MECHTILDES O'CONNELL

Miss Mary O'Connell, daughter of William and Mary O'Connell, of Cambria County, Pennsylvania, was born July 26, 1827. Her father was a devout convert. During her early girlhood she attended a select school, taught by Mrs. Mary Bowman. Later, her parents decided she should be sent, according to the custom of the time, to an academy, to receive the "finishing touches" to her education. The school selected for this purpose was St. Xavier's Academy, Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania.

While attending school at St. Xavier's her remarkable aptitude for mathematical studies was discovered, and care was taken to develop this talent, which, in after life, proved so eminently useful in the various positions which she was called upon to fill.

Soon after leaving school, Miss O'Connell asked and obtained the consent of her parents to enter the Community of the Sisters of Mercy. Accordingly, she returned, as a postu-

lant to St. Xavier's, then to the Mother House of the Pittsburgh Sisters of Mercy, on August 5, 1849.

At her reception, May 10, 1850, she received the name of Sister Mary Mechtildes. Two years later, July 10, 1852, she made her Profession of Vows in the chapel of St. Mary's Convent, Webster Avenue, Pittsburgh.

Sister M. Mechtildes was a woman of strong character, and was possessed of a vigorous mind and marked capacity for the transaction of business. This rare combination of suitable qualities occasioned her election to the office of bursar of the community, while yet quite young. She was several times reelected to this important office. Business men, who had dealings with her, while procurator for the Community, declared there was not a man in Pittsburgh that had a better head for business than Mother M. Mechtildes.

On one occasion, while Bursar, Mother Mechtildes was summoned to Greensburg at the demand of a party of wily politicians, to show cause why St. Xavier's and its surrounding lands should not be justly subject to taxation. Father Jerome Kearney, at the time Pastor of Holy Family Church, Latrobe, who was a devoted friend to St. Xavier's, hearing of this nefarious scheme, and knowing, at the same time, that the Sisters of Mercy possessed a wonderful charter, secured to them by the efforts of the Rt. Rev. Michael O'Connor, which exempted their educational institutions for all time from the burden of taxation, hastened to St. Xavier's with the intention of advising Mother Mechtildes on the best way to proceed in the emergency. Finding that she had already gone to Greensburg, he hurried to the County Seat, and arrived there just in time to find that the case had been dismissed. Mother Mechtildes by her keen business knowledge, her tact, and sage rejoinders to all arguments advanced, had foiled the plottings of the astute politicians, and convinced the Court of the justice of her cause.

Mother Mechtildes was many times appointed Local Superior to one or other of the branch houses connected with St. Mary's, Webster Avenue, and in 1873 she was elected Mother Superior of the Community. Her terms of office came at a particularly trying time, when the Pittsburgh diocese being divided, the Community of Mercy was also to be

separated. The Mother House of the Sisters who desired to remain in the Pittsburgh diocese was to be at St. Mary's Webster Avenue, Pittsburgh; and that of the Sisters who would consent to go to the new Diocese was to be St. Xavier's Convent. Other changes in the community affairs were contemplated and discussed, and, for a time, it seemed as though there might be a division of sentiment and interest among the Sisters, who had ever been so closely united by charity. However, the prudent management of Mother Mechtildes and her Council brought all to a happy issue, so that at the time, a year later, when the houses were reunited, there were universal demonstrations of joy and thanksgiving.

As a religious, Mother Mechtildes was devout and prayerful, an exact observer of rule, and a great lover of silence. She insisted on the keeping of strict silence even in the corridors adjoining the apartments occupied by guests, saying that people expected to find a convent-silence in all parts of a religious house.

Mother Mechtildes possessed great kindliness of disposition; as will be evident from the following incident: While bursar at St. Xavier's, a young lady, Miss Nellie McNally, of Hollidaysburg, Pa., entered the community. According to the custom existing in many religious houses, a postulant who has not yet been appointed to a special charge may be called upon to assist in any department where help is needed. One morning, little Sister Nellie was told to go to the kitchen to peel the potatoes for dinner. She obeyed and for a long time worked diligently, but no one came to assist her; she grew lonely, and decided to go in search of a companion. All was quiet in the house, every Sister being engaged at her appointed charge. Peeping into the Bursar's office, Sister Nellie saw Mother Mechtildes busily engaged in making up her accounts. Advancing timidly to the desk, the little postulant said, "Sister, I'm very lonely. Mother Xavier sent me to the kitchen to peel potatoes; won't you come and help me?" Looking kindly into the pleading face, Mother Mechtildes answered, smiling, "I will, dear, soon as I finish this account." And soon the grave Bursar and the little postulant were in the kitchen preparing the potatoes, Sister Nellie chatting gaily to her kind and sympathetic listener, of her mountain home, of her mother,

and the friends from whom she had so lately parted. Sister Nellie, now the venerable Sister M. Eugene, remarked, in relating this incident, that from that day she had never again suffered from homesickness or feelings of loneliness."

At length, the long, useful life of Mother M. Mechtildes came to a close, and on August 26, 1910, aged eighty-three years, sixty-one of which had been spent in religion, she entered into her eternal rest, leaving to the community an example of fraternal charity, exactitude in the observance of rule, and ardent devotion in the performance of religious duties.

# CHAPTER XXIII

ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF

RIGHT REVEREND MICHAEL O'CONNOR, D.D., S.J.

FIRST BISHOP OF PITTSBURGH, PA. BORN SEPT. 22, 1810

Sometimes, across the purple of the sky,
A new star flashes from the depths unseen,
Leaving a wake of trailing light on high,
That thrills us like the pageant of a dream.

Sometimes, the Master sends unto the world
A rare and virile soul,—a king of men!
Who leaves his impress on the years he lives,
And rules the minds of men beyond their ken.

Such was the great O'Connor,—Prince and Priest,
First wearer of the purple and the miter-crown,
Who ruled God's people here, when skies were dark
And Faith hid trembling, 'neath the bigot's frown.

A royal man, yet gentle as a child!
His heart e'er fixed upon the heights above,
He trod the earth, as one who dwelt in Heaven
And saw the vistas of eternal love!

Who planted in this city's virgin soil
—'Mid trials and long years of anxious care,
The seeds of Christian strength and manly toil,
—The harvest that now rises everywhere!

Majestic, and of high and great resolve,
His deep foundations, rock-like, stand to-day,
And "Greater Pittsburgh" loves O'Connor's name
Although a hundred years have passed away!

This noble Diocese still bears the seal
In Church and Institution,—of his power,
All sects and races to his praise reveal
Their reverent love,—a great man's deathless dower.

Oh! Great, rare Bishop! humble, sainted man!
Who cast aside the pomp of glory's reign,
The miter-crown, the golden crozier-staff,
And followed in Loyola's humble train!

Look from thy throne in highest heaven above
Upon this "Iron City's" throbbing breast,
Thine own heart loved it once, nor ceases now,
To bless it from thy Home of heavenly rest!

And while the Angels sing these hundred years
This *century* of wondrous work and fame,—
High up on Honor's scroll, divinely writ,
Is *Pittsburgh's* memory of O'Connor's name.

—MERCEDES.

March 25, 1910.

THE *Catholic Standard and Times* reprints the story, "After the Crucifixion," with the following very touching editorial narrative as an introduction:

"This true story, with its irresistible appeal to the heart and mind, has the distinction of having been made to serve as the Good Friday night 'sermon' in one of the large churches of a nearby city. 'My friends,' said the reader of the occasion, a priest known for his eloquence, 'I will not give you a sermon. Instead thereof I will read for you a true narrative entitled "After the Crucifixion."' The solemn surroundings—the great edifice but dimly lighted, its altars bare, statues and paintings veiled, the silence broken only by the deep voice of the reverend reader—accentuated in a remarkable degree the pathos of the recital. At the close, when there was scarcely a dry eye in the crowded church, the priest said: 'We all have our crucifixion in this world. This is Good Friday. Let us remember Him who was crucified this day for us.' And he left the pulpit."

"AFTER THE CRUCIFIXION"—A PICTURE

*A Story of Conversion Founded on Fact*

BY REV. RICHARD W. ALEXANDER

The young girl was only nineteen.

And yet she was marked for death. Beautiful and intelligent, she was the idol of her parents and her six brothers, who were almost frantic when it was ascertained that her illness, an internal disease, had no cure.

Anguish took hold of the family; they refused to believe it, and began by easy stages to journey in their luxurious pri-

vate car from their aristocratic home in St. Louis to the East to consult famous specialists. They tarried in Philadelphia and New York, calling to her side every noted surgeon and physician they could reach, for they could not believe it possible that one so young and lovely should have to meet death in the springtime of her life.

Marian herself, from whom her dangerous state was kept, looked upon all this excitement as quite unreasonable. She certainly did not feel well; she was languid, and suffered severely at times, quite too weak to enjoy the outings that delighted girls of her age; but she was young, and was supremely happy in the love of her family, and in their evident tenderness and care that her slightest wish should be obeyed.

She was unlike most girls born and reared in affluence, for she was unselfish, sweet in disposition, grateful and thoughtful, and wondered often at the devotion that was constantly manifested by her idolizing parents and her stalwart brothers, that were a bodyguard around a queen.

She was delicately beautiful, a sweet, fragile personality that attracted every one, because it was evident she was not long for this world. She had soft blue eyes and the abundant blonde hair that accompanies them; a sensitive mobile mouth, and a rarely, beautiful smile.

No pains had been spared on her education, and she had passed through college and a trip abroad with the guileless interest of an exquisitely pure character that never saw evil. Her precarious health kept her from the strenuous life of the average American girl, and her home influences were of the best.

The family was non-Catholic, and Marian's delicacy was an unanswerable excuse in their eyes for her never becoming a church member or troubling about religion.

"What does she want with church going?" would the millionaire father say: "why, Marian is an angel." And if the rest of the family thought differently, they wisely kept it to themselves. They had the name of being members of the Episcopal Church, but their presence in the cushioned family pew was "more honored in the breach than in the observance."

But they were good people, eminently charitable, and their hearts were bound up in their daughter. For the ruddy health

that glowed on the cheeks of the little lass that tripped before them on the streets, they would have parted with thousands to transfer it to their daughter, who was like a broken lily in comparison.

They wept secretly, and thanked Providence that she seemed so unconscious of her condition. But Marian was often thoughtful and grave, although blessed with the sunniest of natures. When she became too weak to ride in her motor, or walk in the park, she sat in her room, which usually was a bower of roses, and tried to amuse herself with books, magazines and the pretty things around her; she received the visits of her friends, the attention of her brothers and her parents, the ministrations of her nurse with gentle courtesy.

One day in the luxurious sanitarium, where she had been removed to be near her latest medical adviser, a rather large wooden box was brought to her. With the eagerness of a child she ordered it to be opened, and when a beautiful picture of "Our Lady Leaning on St. John" appeared, she dropped everything to examine it.

It was a copy of "After the Crucifixion," by Jan Styka. Silently, with clasped hands, she gazed at it. Great tears rolled down her cheeks, and those near hastily took the picture up to put it out of sight.

"No! No!" she cried, "don't touch it! I love it!" and smiling through her tears, she directed it to be hung just opposite her bed, where she could see it all day long.

Her father's mother, who was a Catholic, had sent it to her. This dear old lady lived in a distant city, and she never ceased to pray for her precious grandchild, that she might be folded in the arms of Mother Church before she died.

Grandma's picture was now the topic of Marian's conversation. She vainly inquired of her worldly friends what it all meant. The exquisite face of the suffering Mother, so pale, resigned, beautiful; the outstretched, slender hand, with its abandonment of helplessness, the white veil half covering her sad face and falling over the blue mantle, the sympathetic, protecting of the Apostle, the shrouded figure of Magdalen, the red sunset, the distant hills appealed to her so! But she saw that she only made those she questioned uncomfortable,

for the worldly have no time to ponder over the mystery of Calvary; they shrink from the sight of so much suffering.

"After the Crucifixion," repeated Marian one day, as she looked at her picture. She spoke to her nurse, who was a Catholic and who often brought in a quiet word for the spiritual comfort of this precious soul. "What does it all mean? Tell me about it, Nurse."

"Haven't you read your Bible, Miss Marian? Don't you know how Christ died for us on the cross? and His own Mother, the Mother of God, watched Him die?"

"And was she His own Mother, the Mother of God? I never could believe that!"

"She was His own Mother, the Mother of God," said the nurse reverently.

"He was Christ as well as God. He had a mortal Mother, and He loved her as you love your dear mother, and when He was crucified and buried she went heart broken to the home of St. John. This is what the picture means."

"Oh, I love her," cried the girl. "How sad, how beautiful she is in that picture."

"Well," said the nurse, "continue to love her, Miss Marian. I think she must love you, for this sickness is a sort of crucifixion"—and the nurse paused abruptly.

"And after my crucifixion, I will go home with her," murmured the girl, her blue eyes fixed on the picture.

The nurse turned hastily away. There were tears in her eyes. Sometimes the patient said such touching things that she dared not talk too much to her on religion lest she might disturb her.

But now Marian would lie still for hours, her eyes on the picture. She grew no better. A specialist in Chicago was heard of by one of her brothers, and for the fee of $1,800 he came to Marian's bedside and remained an afternoon with her. His opinion was substantially the same as her other medical advisers. He prescribed remedies and left. He gave no hope of a permanent cure.

One day, from her window, Marian saw two nuns pass. She watched them attentively and asked the nurse when they were out of sight, where they were going, what they did and where they lived. When she learned they visited the sick, she

demanded that her father should telephone to the Convent and see if they would come to see her.

The nurse secretly rejoiced; here was the opening she had prayed for.

The Sisters came—they were Sisters of Mercy. Marian's heart went out to them, especially to the gentle Sister Fabian, whose sympathy and kindness won her at once. They came again and the family, who found no fault with any wish of Marian's, tolerated them and received them with courtesy.

At last Marian asked they should come every day and, although her brothers frowned, and her mother demurred, her father recommended that her wish should be obeyed, and every one yielded, especially as the visits of the nuns always left her brighter, better and happier.

The good Sisters cautiously opened the way for this guileless soul to the Faith, and her pure spirit sprang towards the Truth. The picture that Marian loved so much began the first conversation, and when the girl told them how much she loved the dear sorrowful Mother, and especially how she connected her own illness with the going home "after the crucifixion," the Sister felt it was time to begin in earnest.

With glowing words she told Marian of that Faith which gave honor to the Mother of God; she told her of the mystery of the Incarnation, of the Redemption, the love of the God-Man, the love of His Mother and finally of that Heavenly Home, which no one can reach without the saving waters of Baptism.

The nurse sat near, listening, but gradually when the Sister came she would go to a distant part of the room and allow Marian to be unrestrained in her questions.

It was not many days before Marian whispered to the Sister she believed in the Holy Catholic Church with all her heart, that she wished to be baptized and to make her First Communion, but that it would disturb her family so, that she might be prevented from seeing her dear Sisters, besides having trouble and confusion in the household.

All that the Sisters could say were "Pray, dear child, pray, especially to the sorrowful Mother, who suffered so much for the conversion of the world."

So Marian would lie awake at night, and with her hands

clasped and her eyes fixed on her dear picture, she would say, "Oh, sorrowful Mother, pray for me and help me to come to you."

At last, the Sisters came to me and told me all the story. "Oh, Father Alexander," they said, "it must be managed somehow. That dear child must not die without Baptism, or the consolation of our Lord's Presence." And then I resolved, after saying a Mass for Marian, to visit her. It was a risky undertaking, but I trusted that I would be received civilly, for Marian had told the Sisters that she had never spoken to a priest, and she would like to do so.

To her mother, who saw how her darling child was fading before her eyes, any wish was law, and one quiet afternoon, when no one was about the apartments but the mother and nurse, I went to see her.

I was attracted at once by the purity and loveliness of her character. I saw she was a chosen soul, and I told her how God loved her, and that His Blessed Mother had certainly interceded for her. She pointed to her favorite picture and bowed her head, and I saw tears in her eyes. I asked her some necessary questions, and when she told me she wanted to be baptized a Catholic, I replied with my whole heart: "I shall be glad to baptize you, my child, and believe me, the angels in heaven will make jubilee there to-day because of your soul being made one of them."

I turned to her mother and said: "Do you wish to make your daughter supremely happy? Do you not wish to brighten her time of remaining with you? Can you refuse her anything now?"

"No! no! no!" sobbed the mother; "do whatever she wishes; but," she added, "is it necessary to tell the rest of the family? It will make such trouble!"

"As to that," I said, "use your own judgment; I do not think it necessary. I will come to-morrow prepared to baptize her." Marian's face was radiant and she pressed my hand. "Oh, I thank you, Father."

And then I left, praising God that another precious soul was won.

The next day I went at the same hour, and found the room fragrant with flowers. I noticed they were all white—white

roses. Marian was up in her invalid chair, all robed in white. Her mother seemed to be elegantly attired, and the white uniform of the nurse added to the purity of the scene. It was a beautiful day. The sunshine lay like lines of gold on the large rug that I noticed for the first time had a pattern of white roses. These details stamped themselves so strongly on my mind that I cannot forget them. I learned afterwards that Marian directed this preparation for her baptism.

When I entered, Marian's face glowed with pleasure, and she held out her frail transparent hand. I could not help but touch it reverently; I felt as if she were close to the angels, with but the bar of our primal sin between. I glanced at the nurse and she took the mother into the other room.

When I spoke to Marian about confession, about a previous baptism, about her knowledge, I was astonished. She had read a great deal since she met the Sisters, and she knew far more than a convert was expected to know under the circumstances. She had never been baptized in any church, and of her own accord asked to make her confession. It was soon over and, deeply consoled, I went to the door and called the nurse, who entered with Marian's mother. And then I baptized this chosen soul.

Her mother wept when she saw the heavenly peace and sweetness that settled on her daughter's face, and when I rose to go she said:

"Oh, Reverend Sir, will you not pray that God will leave her with us? She is our only daughter. And you will please come again, won't you?"

"Yes, dear Madam," I said. "I must come again, for I have yet a great happiness in store for your daughter."

And Marian smiled a heavenly smile, and said unhesitatingly: "My First Communion!"

I nodded and departed with a feeling of consolation and emotion that threatened to break into tears, if I did not pull myself together promptly.

When I got home I found a summons to a distant town and was delayed there a whole week. On my return my housekeeper told me I had been called to the telephone several times by the nurse, who asked that I should be informed as soon as I returned that Miss Marian was worse.

I lost no time visiting her and by an inspiration I know now was sent from Heaven I carried the Blessed Sacrament.

When I reached her door I saw a placard outside, "No Visitors," but I knocked gently. The nurse opened the door a little. As soon as she saw me a glad expression came into her eyes.

"Oh, Father Alexander," she said, "you are so welcome! Miss Marian has been fading away, and asks for you continually."

I looked at her gravely and pointed to my breast where the Lord of all reposed. At once her voice sank to a whisper, and she said reverently, "It is time, Father."

I went to the next room where the patient lay. Oh! what a change in one short week! Large dark rings encircled her eyes, her face shrunken and white lay on the pillow amid the abundance of her beautiful fair hair. A faint flush overspread her face when she saw me, and she whispered in a scarcely audible voice, as if it were the one thought uppermost in her mind: "My First Communion, Father?"

"Yes, my child, I have brought our Lord to you," and I whispered to the nurse to withdraw a moment and get a table ready. And then I spoke to Marian. Oh, the beautiful faith of that angelic soul! No need of words or explanation that the God of Heaven was there! She knew it! She felt it! And realizing her dying condition, I told her after her little confession that she would receive her First and last Communion.

I called the nurse and the table was brought in.

With seraphic devotion this remarkable girl received the Blessed Sacrament, and I knew instinctively that she had lingered on earth only for this! I anointed her and gave her the last absolution and plenary Indulgence. No one was present but the nurse; her mother was resting, and the placard on the door kept out intruders.

When my duties were over I took the poor little hand she held out and asked her to pray for me until I would come again.

She smiled and, glancing at the picture she loved, she said faintly: "Pray for me, Father, that my crucifixion may be soon over, and the sorrowful Mother may take me home to her! I am too happy to stay longer!"

I could not speak; I pressed her hand and left without a word.

She died that very night. Her father, mother, six brothers and the nurse were there. It was the noiseless extinction of a gentle light, the soft going forth of a rare being to a happier clime. She looked at them all, then earnestly at her favorite picture, "After the Crucifixion," and then closed her eyes with a sigh that was almost inaudible. She was too weak to struggle, and her death was like the extinguishing of an altar light.

The grief of her family was piteous, the nurse told me, "and Father," she said, "I am afraid they will take her to St. Louis to bury her in their grand marble temple in the Protestant cemetery."

"What matter?" I replied. "Her pure soul is safe with God; her 'crucifixion' is over."

"And Father," continued the nurse, "that picture her poor father claims; he has got it already in his room, and to see that strong man sit there and cry would break your heart. Maybe the sorrowful Mother will bring them, both father and mother, to the faith through the prayers of their blessed child."

"God grant it, nurse," I said fervently. "God grant it."

St. Xavier's, Providence, Dec. 19, 1910.

*Dear Sister M. Agnes:*

Christmas is very near us, and I think it might be permitted me to send my greetings in time to reach you on the day. Most lovingly do I wish you many Christmas joys—a heart full of God's peace and His love, and all the helps and graces you need.

To us who are far down the "Sunset Slope," great feasts bring sad thoughts as well as glad ones. We miss the dear ones who helped to make these days so happy, and we miss too the strength and buoyancy that made mere living a delight.

Gone are the dear ones, and gone too is the vigor of youth. As we grow older we find it hard to make new friends, none can take the place of those we loved in our youth. But such is God's will, and so 'tis best, and always we have with us our true Friend Who will never fail us. And so let us go on our

way rejoicing—the end may be nearer than we think. We lost a valuable Sister two weeks ago—one of our best teachers. She died of pneumonia after two days' illness; since then two more have collapsed, one with pleurisy, another with shock. God's Hand is heavy on us just now, but blessed be His Will.

That was a most satisfactory letter you sent in reply to my questions, and you were very kind to give such perfect details. Our Mother Superior sends you many thanks and is very grateful.

Wasn't it a little strange that I never knew St. Xavier's was the Mother House while the Novitiate was there? Sr. Regis Dowling was Superior and you were Directress, but I have no recollection of a Mother Superior, though I remember seeing the Novices filing in and out of the Chapel. I also remember the day Bishop Canevin was born, and his baptism. On the day of his birth "Us little ones" nearly got punished we were so naughty on account of not being let go to see the new baby. That doesn't seem so very long ago after all. What a wonderful faculty memory is! I often find myself wondering at the very insignificant things that are so deeply impressed in mine. Not that I consider the coming of your venerated Bishop an unimportant event—quite the contrary.

Poor Sr. Alphonsa Quinn was flourishing then—a bright, particular star. We are to have the Ceremonies of Reception and Profession during Christmas week, nine are to get the habit and three to make their vows. This is the first fruit of the Novitiate. The three being professed had to be dispensed from the "Canonical" year—they made the full term, but not in Canonical form, hence the necessity for dispensation from the Holy See. God help us! I wonder what about our vows! Will our forty or fifty years be accepted as Novitiate?

By the time the two Ceremonies and the retreat are over, we shall probably feel that the days of our Christmas vacation have been pretty well filled. New Year's Day the Bishop holds the visitation and that day will also be pretty complete. We are to have a Redemptorist to give the retreat. Pray that we may all profit by its graces.

I know I am tiring you, and in pity I'll stop. When you feel able and so inclined, write and tell me how you are, but

don't fatigue yourself. May the New Year dawn bright and happy for you.

Ever lovingly,
S. M. Cecilia (Kearney).

## JUNE AT ST. XAVIER'S

### 1911

BY GRACE MERCEDES JUERS

(The following poem was sent to the Editor of St. X.'s *Journal* by a former graduate who has lived at Vienna, Austria, since her marriage. A tribute like this, sent after many years from across the sea, proves how deep in the hearts of her daughters is their love of Alma Mater.—Editor.)

June again at St. Xavier's!
The grove is golden green

Where interlacing branches let the sunlight sift between;
The clustered hedges breathe perfume, the fuchsia trees aglow
With scarlet and rich purple, their churchly splendors show,
The woods are framed in sunshine, swift noon-day shadows chase
Their flitting momentary lives across the meadow's space.
Behind—the woods,—beyond, the hills! Ah! how the mem'ry thrills,
—Recalling the dreamy azure of those far Westmoreland hills!
Soft dusk, and gem-skied midnight—and then the radiant day,

June again at St. Xavier's!
And I,—am a world away!
June again at St. Xavier's!
The chapel hours are filled,

With murmured prayers of parting, and vows of good deeds willed,
The white flame of pure maiden-love, burns high in these last days
Of childhood's sweet security, before the parting ways.
Their young heads crowned with laurel, their young hearts brave with hope,
They look along life's highway in all its unknown scope.
Youth's golden aims, Love's tender dreams, are mistily revealed
Through tears that start unbidden, when Commencement bells have pealed.
On all alike—on dreams, on prayers, soft shines the altar ray,

—June again at St. Xavier's!
And I,—am a life away!

## THE SISTERS OF CHARITY, OF EMMITSBURG, HONOR "REVEREND RICHARD ALEXANDER"

### 1911

The announcement is made that on June 15th, at the commencement of St. Joseph's College, Emmitsburg, Md., His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, acting for the faculty of the venerable institution conducted by the Sisters of Charity, will honor another teaching Order, Sisters of Mercy, by conferring on one of its distinguished members, Sister Mary Antonio, of St. Xavier's Convent, Beatty, Pa., the honorable degree L.H.D. (Literarum Humanarum Doctor), "in recognition of successful literary work in the service of Morals and Religion."

This is, as far as we know, the first time that an honor so notable has been conferred on one who has been consecrated under the veils of religion. Tradition has permitted that those whose lives are hidden in Christ should not be marked by notable honors. The reason has not been, surely, that there have not been many exemplars of literary ability under the nun's veil. The cloister in this country abounds in many shining examples of literary ability. The wisdom of Emmitsburg, however, in setting on high its most illustrious alumna, and so breaking through a time-honored tradition had been highly commended throughout the religious communities of the United States. The distinction is not so much a personal one, as it redounds to the glory of the Sisters of Mercy. It gives a deserved prestige to one of the most extensive teaching communities in the United States, and it honors an academy that for fifty years has done preëminently good work among the Catholic women of the United States.

Sister M. Antonio is the elder of the two daughters of Anthony J. Gallagher, who with his father had joined the Hogan Schism. Sister Antonio was baptized at the age of seven years, studied in St. Mary's select school, Sixth and Spruce Streets, until she was ten years old, and then, with her sister Annie, went to St. Joseph's, Emmitsburg, where they remained until its closing, after the outbreak of the Civil War. The following session, 1861, found the two sisters at St. Xavier's.

After finishing the Academic course at St. Xavier's, Mary Cecilia (S.M.A.) entered the order of Mercy, March 25th, 1864.

Sister M. Antonio is now in the full maturity of her intellectual powers, and although nearly a golden jubilarian in religion, still the honor that comes to her is not so much a recognition of the work done as it is an earnest of riper fruitage still to be gathered. Philadelphia is her home town.

In the world she was Mary Cecelia Gallagher, of the well-known family of that name, who were parishioners of St. Mary's far back in the last century, as the family vault in St. Mary's graveyard testifies, 1819 being the date of the first recorded interment therein. She is a cousin of Rev. Mother Catherine Drexel, their paternal grandmothers, Mrs. B. F. Gallagher and Mrs. Frances M. Drexel, having been sisters, born Hookey.

Sister M. Antonio spent a number of years among the poor of Pittsburgh, engaged in academy work during the day, and teaching the mill-boys at night. She frequently visited the sick poor, and delighted in that work. Wherever she went she was loved for her boundless charity and admired for her fervent zeal. She was treasurer, or bursar, of the Order in Pittsburg for three years, and has for more than twenty years been teaching the higher classes at St. Xavier's Academy, Beatty. Her graduates call her "their mother friend," and are proud of being her "daughters." They are among the representative women of Pittsburgh and other great cities, including Philadelphia.

The Missionary takes unto itself a preëminent pride in the honor that has been conferred on Sister Antonio, because now that the editorial secret has been made public, we can only confirm the fact that Sister M. Antonio is none other than the celebrated "Reverend Richard Alexander," whose true stories of the Divine prowess in the conversion of souls have been read with such eagerness during the past few years. Every great movement has found its littérateurs, and the non-Catholic Missionary Work points with honor to the high-class literary work done by the Sister of Mercy, whom Emmitsburg has the mind to honor.

Nor has the literary product of Sister Antonio's pen been

confined to the "Alexander" stories. She is one of the most graceful poets that our modern Catholic literature can point to. Her three volumes, "Wild Flowers," "Mosaics," "Heart Songs," place her easily in the front ranks of poets. Along with these may be placed other volumes of fugitive poetry and prose that make the output of her literary efforts quite remarkable. The recognition given to her literary ability by the honor conferred by her Alma Mater is a graceful compliment to the entire body of religious women in the United States.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE AND ACADEMY, EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND

In Virtue of the power granted and conferred by the STATE of MARYLAND, to grant and to confer such collegiate and Academic Degrees, as are granted and conferred by other similar institutions for the education of females, the Faculty and Professors of St. Joseph's College, Emmitsburg, hereby grant and confer upon

SISTER ANTONIO MERCEDES ("REV. RICHARD W. ALEXANDER")
Alumna of St. Joseph's College

THE DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF LITERATURE (L.H.D.).

In recognition of successful literary work in the service of morals and religion.

IN WITNESS whereof we have affixed our SIGNATURES and the SEAL of the College, this 15th day of June, in the Year of our Lord, One Thousand Nine Hundred and Eleven.

SISTER FRANCIS,
President and Directress, Sisters of Charity of St. Joseph's College, Emmitsburg, Maryland.

(SEAL)

## TRIBUTE

FROM HER COMMUNITY TO SISTER ANTONIO—MERCEDES—L.H.D., OUR BELOVED "DOCTOR"

There was a hush over the spacious hall, as the nun arose, and in her beautiful, religious garb of a Sister of Mercy advanced to the foot of the throne of the great Cardinal of America.

Her long veil shadowed a modest face with downcast eyes; her train lay in sweeping folds, and her ample sleeves of Greek simplicity, emphasized the classic mold of the garments, that is said were found on the statute of a Vestal Virgin sculptured ages ago in Ancient Rome. She knelt in graceful attitude at the prelate's feet, and with kindly smile, he spoke to her, congratulated her—called her "my child"—placed the Degree in her hand, and sent his blessing to her Community.

She arose—"Doctor of Letters"—honored by the world! and this was our Sister Mary Antonio.

No wonder we are proud of her—proud of the honor conferred on her! the first nun in America, and thank God that she is ours!

This act of the Sisters of Emmitsburg has given the Order of Sisters of Mercy—in fact, all the religious, teaching orders —a prestige before the world. It has forced it to acknowledge what religious teachers are, and is a graceful compliment to every nun to whom God has confided religious education.

It seems to us, then, that while words of congratulation have come to our dear Sister from strangers all over the country, nay, even from many parts of Europe, that her own Community should be proud to acknowledge publicly what the literary world has recognized everywhere. We know that she fully realizes that God is the Author of her exceptional gifts, and that she is only their custodian, and that one day she must render an account at the Great White Throne for the talents lent her.

We, therefore, bring her this evening our fervent and earnest felicitations, and publicly lay them at her feet. While the degree, to you personally, Sister, means but a little signifying the esteem of the world, yet you must rejoice that God has so favored one of His servants that she may be the instrument of His glory in spreading good literature, and making thousands of hearts happy.

Religious, from the fact of the intuition and perception, are admirably qualified to occupy a place in the ranks of literature. So many pertinent subjects may be handled that carry additional weight because of the religious pen.

To find that this work is especially pleasing to God we have

only to turn over the pages of history, where saints have employed their talents to further the interests of religion.

As co-workers with you, dear Sister, we rejoice that one of our own has been selected for this important work. It is fraught with richest blessings and consolations, for we may say that its influence is unlimited. Yes, every line you have written is permeated by the spirit of religion. The love of God seems ever pressing on your pen bidding it sing His praise. That God may continue to bless you, dear Sister, and render your work fruitful to Himself, is the cherished wish of your Sisters in Christ.

And now, I soon shall face my setting sun,
His love is round me, o'er me, on before,
And shall I falter ere the day is done,
And wound His goodness by my doubting sore?
He loves me still.

Dear Lord, sweet Savior, take my feeble hand,
Oh, lead me on; my faith shall never cease;
My trust is Thine; my life at Thy command.
I lean on Thee, my sweet, my only peace
Till love shall cease.

St. Xavier's, July 11, 1911. Sister Magdalen's seventy-seventh birthday, and she read the address beautifully.

Letters of Congratulation to S. M. Antonio (Mercedes) on the occasion of her receiving the well deserved degree of L.H.D.

Sister M. Antonio, Mercedes, L.H.D.

*My Very Dear Sister:*

In the spirit of exultation do I write you this morning to offer my heartfelt congratulations on the signal honor, which last night I learned has been conferred upon you by your early Alma Mater. I am delighted and thankful to know that your wonderful gifts and splendid acquirements have received this honorable recognition.

The Community has good reason to be proud of the member which it claims as its own, so richly endowed by Heaven with gifts that draw the hearts and minds of men to the knowledge and love of God. In you the Community is honored.

May you long wield the pen for the furtherance of piety and Religion, and may the honors, well earned, which come to you, be the faint overshadowing gems in your true home.

Every with love in Christ,

MOTHER M. SEBASTIAN.

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY, EMMITSBURG, April 19, 1911.

*My Dear Sister Antonia:*

How grateful I am for the continuance of your devoted thought of poor me, and for the tokens of remembrance that every now and then tell of your fidelity to friendship. Then, too, I am sure of a petition for some grace to help my way. This union of prayer is of all bonds the strongest, the sweetest; it will reach to eternity! True, I don't give evidence of my appreciation. You know, as I do, correspondence out of our community and work may not be frequent; that matters little. The heart place is mine with you and I also keep yours with the most fervent "God bless you" I can pray.

Sister Francis has told me of the honor you will receive at our approaching commencement. She takes great pleasure in the thought, it brings us nearer to you. God has enabled you to do much for the young, and in so doing to gain much for your own soul. Your little book of encouraging and interesting stories of conversions and examples of God's loving mercy to poor sinners will live after you; follow up what you were obliged to lay down. St. Xavier's *Journal* is ever welcome and well appreciated. How is dear Sister Hilda? Give her my love. I can see both of you in No. 6; no No. 6 now! I believe it is a dormitory, but Sister Caroline and I sometimes have a word about our girls and No. 5, Sisters Raphael and Scholastica, etc.

May our Blessed Mother keep her child, our "Mary Cecilia," to the end, prays Sister Juliana Chatard.

PHILADELPHIA, April 22, 1911.

*Dear Rev. Mother:*

Having heard from reliable authority that St. Joseph's College and Academy, Emmitsburg, has singled out for dis-

tinguished honor a member of your devoted Community, to whom the *Catholic Standard and Times,* in common with the Catholic press of the entire world, is deeply indebted, we feel that we should express to you, and through you, to your community, and to the gifted nun herself, our warmest congratulations. It is indeed gratifying to know that Sister M. Antonio's great gifts of mind and heart, evident as they are to us of the Catholic press, and as they must be to her devoted Sisters in Christ, are to be thus publicly recognized, and in a manner so fitting. It would amaze you, dear Rev. Mother, as it would the humble nun herself, did you realize as we do, the immensity of the "Congregation" that has been sitting under the pulpit of "The Rev. Richard Alexander." Coming to our office are "exchanges" (Catholic publications) from all parts of the world, and week after week we find our hidden Sister of Mercy "preaching" in England, in Ireland, in Australia, in India, in South Africa, and wonderful to relate even in Germany, where, as we happen to know, a Holy Ghost Father—one of our correspondents—has translated and published a number of the stories included in "A Missionary's Notebook." The good effected by the preaching must be very, very great and widespread. One instance—and we cite it with peculiar personal gratification and pride, for we published the book—is that of the Mother of one of our most zealous Philadelphia priests, whose conversion (the Mother's) the son attributes, after God, to "A Missionary's Note Book." It will be our great pleasure, dear Rev. Mother, to make fitting reference in the *Catholic Standard and Times,* to the happy decision of old St. Joseph's to confer upon Sister M. Antonio the coveted "L.H.D."

Yours,

F. P. Green,
*Editor of C. S. & T.*

Philadelphia, Pa., May 2, 1911.

*Dear Sister M. Antonio:*

I want to congratulate you upon the new honor bestowed upon you, and to thank you for your stories in the *Catholic Standard and Times,* one of the simplest of which helped me to the Light.

Wishing you a long life, to do more good, and health to enjoy your success, I am,

Lovingly yours,

Mrs. W. J. Doran,

*Mother of the Rev. A. W. Doran.*

St. John's Convent, Altoona, Pa., May 8, 1911.

*Dear Sister Antonia:*

Let me thank you, Sister dearest, for the copy of the *Standard,* which came to me a day or two ago.

It is almost needless to assure you that I read with delight the many sweet and beautiful things said of you, and which you so rightly deserve.

Surely God's greatest gift to us is our friends. He first of all, our dearest and most loving Friend, and then our dear earthly friends without whom life would be desolate indeed.

I am sure God is very close to you these days when the world is pouring words of praise and appreciation. You have learned, as have I, that the world is changeable, Palm Sunday, Good Friday, and thereafter Palm Sunday again.

God bless you, dear, and may every word you write be a jewel in your crown, a gem to entitle you to a closer place to the dear spouse of your soul for all eternity.

My warmest love to my dear, dear Sister.

Affectionately,

Sister M. Josephine (Doran).

*Dear Sister Antonio:*

The new honor bestowed upon you is but a fitting acknowledgment of your efforts in behalf of good Catholic literature, and to your Sisters in religion, your circle of devoted friends, and above all to your old pupils is the source of deepest pleasure. Accept, dear Sister, my heartiest congratulations.

I hold that the elect, who have felt the influence of your mind, not through the medium of your pen alone, but in that gentle, more intimate phase of teacher, can testify more than critics, to the true worth and nobility of those gifts, which have been so lavishly bestowed upon you, and by you, so generously poured out upon all with whom you have come in contact.

It is the world's recognition of the merits and labors upon

which our dear Lord long ago conferred a degree far above that which men can offer, the reward He has promised to those who labor for the salvation of souls, and that His love and light may continue to guide and bless the work of the "Triple alliance" of religious, "poet" and "preacher," is the sincere wish of

Your affectionate pupil,
SISTER MARY REGIS (GRACE).

Feast of St. Zita.

VERY REV. A. P. DOYLE, C.S.P., DIED AUG. 9, 1912

St. Xavier's has lost a noble friend! For years Father Doyle was a familiar figure at this old academy. Whether he gave the pupils' retreat or the Sisters' retreat, whether he lectured with beautiful illustrations, or described his European visit and bestowed the Apostolic Benediction, or gave the Baccalaureate Address at Commencement—or whether he brought distinguished visitors to admire this venerable seat of education hidden among the hills of Westmoreland,—he was ever the same gracious, warm, kind friend, his big-hearted greeting only equaled by the welcome he received from all.

The pupils followed him, flocked around him, catching the contagion of his merry laugh, his musical singing voice as he passed through the halls—to seat himself in the Recreation Room—with a great band of them about him! And how he tried to instil into their souls his own fire of zeal for Missionary work——! "Pray—pray—for the Conversion of America!" he would say, and as his heart was in his words, few would refuse to promise compliance with his request.

The pathetic story of Father Doyle's death has been in all the Catholic papers, indeed the press from ocean to ocean expound eulogies on his unselfish beautiful character, his splendid vivid strength, and the marvels of work that passed through his hands in the short half century of his life. His own family, his own Order, scarcely knew how famous he had become,—what a power for good, what a national figure he was,—in the history of the Church of the United States, so humble was the man, so unobtrusive in his splendid labors.

The spontaneous testimony of the great Cardinals and the

Archbishops of our Country—Cardinal Gibbons, Cardinal Farley, and Archbishop Ireland (seen by their letters in the September number of the *Catholic World*), the sincere regret of the ex-President of our Nation, Col. Roosevelt, and the reigning ruler, President Taft, were tributes to the modest priest, unheard of in America's annals. It was because of the solid merit, the golden virtues of the man, the citizen, and the Catholic priest! And his friends! what shall we say, what can we say, of the void left in thousands of hearts who are the poorer to-day because they have lost the sweetness and the strength of his friendship.

In his native city—San Francisco—Archbishop and Bishop, priests and relatives gathered around his noble figure as it lay in all its manly beauty in the casket before the altar—and his friends—those he had comforted, those who had received his absolving words in the confessional, those who had heard his ringing voice in the pulpit! his friends? They were counted by thousands! The Church could not hold them!

## HIS ONLY DAUGHTER

(Read at the Nurses' Graduation Exercises, Mercy Hospital, Pittsburgh, Class 1911)

There is a story told of ONE who came
  Into a house of mourning, in the days
Of old Judea. There a child lay dead
  Fair as a broken lily. On a couch
Of linen spread, and 'broidery rich
  Woven in looms of Oriental art

Her graceful, slender form lay prone.
Her little snow-white hands were on her breast,
  Her long soft hair, brown as a chestnut ripe,
Parted upon her brow, flowed down
  Upon each dainty shoulder in bright waves;
Long lashes fringed her eye-lids, closed—
  And resting on her marble cheek.
Around her sweet young mouth a shadow lay,
  —The mocking shadow of a little smile.

Her mother wailed beside the couch in woe!
  Her father stood,—an image stern of grief,
His Hebrew soul forbidding tears to men!
  Yet every drop of blood within his heart
Was clamoring to be shed as tears!
  She was his only daughter, and her life

So winsome and so merry, seemed to hold
The measure of his own!—And he had lost her!

The household rent the air with mournful cries;
Within,—without,—their wailings filled the space;
For all should honor Jairus, and his woe;
Was not he of their Father Jacob's race?
She was his only daughter,—she who died!

Sudden, as sweeps a silence o'er the sea
The mourning ceased! A noise of sandals
And the sound of voices came! 'Twas the Prophet!
He of Whom Judea from her confines, spake
In words of wonder and of awe!
He,—Who raised the dead,—Who cured the lame,—
Who made the blind to see,—Who stilled the storm,—
The Man Who spoke as God!—and yet was man!

They moved aside as on He came, with three
Of those who followed Him. They knew them, too,
All,—fishers rude, whose labors by the lake,—
The blue Lake of Genesareth, they'd heard;
The sons of Zebedee and Simon
Who left their nets to follow Him.

They gazed into the Master's gentle face,
Marveling at its sweetness, till they heard
The accents of His Voice,—"The maid doth sleep,"—
And then the crowd (as crowds will ever do) in secret sneered!
But oh! the mother raised her streaming eyes
Glowing with hope, and clasped her tear-wet hands;
A mother's faith! There's naught like it on earth
To glorify this world of endless woe.
She looked at Christ!—her prayer was in her eyes!
The father knew it was the Master,
And humbly knelt in confidence before Him!—
And then He bade the gaping crowd depart,
And stood alone beside the beauteous dead—
* * * * * *
A silence deep, like midnight's holy thrill
Quivered through all the room!—
He took her little snow-white hand in His, and smiled,
And then His voice like music filled the space!
"Maiden, arise!"

When lo! the linens stirred above her wakened heart—
The rosy blood rushed to her brow and cheek,—
Her dark eyes opened with a glad surprise!—
She lived!—she rose!—And the Master,
—While the mother wept and laughed
—While the father strained her to his heart,—
—Lifted the heavy drapery and went His way.
* * * * * *

Oh! ye, who live among the sick, who lie
On beds of pain through weary days and nights,
Can ye not learn a lesson from the tale?
—A lesson of pure pity and of prayer,
A lesson of sweet generous charity
Of confidence in Him Who rules the world
And binds it by the chains of love
Unto His very Heart!
If so, ye have not read the Holy Book in vain,
—The page that tells the tender tale, of Christ
And Jairus' only daughter!

—Mercedes.

## CHAPTER XXIV

### MOTHER MARY GERTRUDE DOYLE

BY the death of Mother M. Gertrude Doyle, which occurred Saturday, March 22, 1913, the Pittsburgh community of the Sisters of Mercy sustained a heavy loss. She was known in the world as Anna Mary Doyle and was the second of eight children born to John and Elizabeth Spahr Doyle. The sterling qualities of the father and the gentle characteristics of the mother were combined in the daughter. She was educated with the Sisters of Mercy and later studied art in the schools of the city. Gifted in mind and body, the idolized center of a happy home, at eighteen life looked fair indeed to Anna Mary Doyle. But the young heart had conceived a loftier ideal than a career of mere earthly happiness and in its pursuit she became a religious. Unusually devoted to parents and home, she realized the import of the words, "He who loveth father and mother more than Me is not worthy of Me."

Miss Doyle entered the community of the Sisters of Mercy on March 25, 1880. She was professed in September, 1882. In the early years of her religious life she taught in the parochial schools of her community's supervision. She possessed a keen business acumen together with rare executive ability. Her superiors recognized this and as a young religious she was placed in charge of the House of Mercy recently opened by her community. Of her work there God and the inmates alone fully knew. For a while she was the guiding spirit of St. Joseph's Protectory for Boys. When that work was given up by the community, she was made Superior of St. Mary's Convent, Forty-sixth street, this city. She remained there several years. After that she was placed in charge of the orphanage conducted by her community. St. Paul's Asylum was at that time situated on Tannehill street. The care of the orphans was her best beloved work. The great mother heart found here its truest scope. During her time at the asylum the orphans were

Mother M. Gertrude Doyle
(Died March, 1913)

removed from Pittsburgh to Idlewood. It is with no disparagement to the reverend incumbent that we say the new building arose partly under her supervision. The keen practicality and rare common sense of this noble woman showed themselves in suggestion for the comfortable housing of Christ's little ones and in the furnishing of the new home. All her interests centered in the orphans.

At the time of her removal from the home its inmates numbered a thousand. Every child was known to her by face as well as by name. To be an orphan was a passport to her favor, to blame one of them to incur her displeasure. Their betterment was her supreme endeavor.

Mother Gertrude was elected Mother Superior of her community in May, 1909, and reëlected in May, 1912. From that time all her care was the temporal welfare and spiritual perfection of her Sisters. To keep up the primitive spirit of the institute, to hold its traditions, to live its holy rule—these were the constant theme of her instructions, the object of her earnest prayer.

Latterly her health failed. Two years ago a severe illness brought her to the gates of death, but she rallied and took up the burden again; but when a second attack came she succumbed and her death occurred on Saturday in Holy Week.

Much could be said of the generous spirit, the great mother-heart, and above all of the childlike simplicity of character, but ostentation was alien to Mother Gertrude and display distasteful to her. The miserable whom she comforted, the fallen whom she tried to uplift, the needy to whom she gave with lavish generosity—these could best record her deeds. For the most part they are hidden in the heart of God.

Mother Gertrude began her religious life on March 25, 1880, and just thirty-three years later, on the very day, her sorrowing Sisters followed her remains to the little cemetery at St. Xavier's, Beatty. Was the number of years typical? Did He Who so loved the needy and the poor count the measure of her life perfect? Let us hope.

She is survived by three brothers, Messrs. John and Leonard Doyle of this city, and Mr. Clarence Doyle of Paris, France; and by three sisters, Mrs. John Kearns, Mrs. J. Stadálman of this city, and Mrs. H. Breen of Chicago.

Pray for her precious soul that her rest may be with the saints.

AN EDIFYING LIFE

"Died—August 5, 1913, at Mercy Hospital, Pittsburgh, Pa., Sister M. Magdalen Phelan, aged eighty years, in the sixtieth year of her religious life."

In these brief words is included the whole career of a saintly Sister of Mercy. Looking back on the sixty years of her life in religion, we recognize that Sister Magdalen was no ordinary woman; but her days were spent in doing the common things of religious life with such perfect grace and quiet precision, that they seemed only the simple work of a very peaceful and uneventful career.

In her early girlhood, before the world could tempt her, she gave her heart and soul, her prospects and herself to the young Order of Mercy in the days of the Right Rev. Michael O'Connor, the first Bishop of Pittsburgh, and received the veil from his hands. She had been educated in St. Xavier's Academy, and entered the novitiate almost from the classroom. Full of life and spirit, she was one of the merriest of the young candidates, and yet her piety was always predominant. With two other religious, Sister Josephine McCaffry and Sister Augustine Schuck (both now dead), she pronounced her vows in 1853, before the Papal Nuncio, Archbishop Bedini, in St. Paul's Cathedral, Pittsburgh. From that time on her labors were varied and continued until her death. She served in the classroom, she instructed the ignorant, prepared hundreds of souls for the sacraments, she visited the sick, she took care of orphans. She was made superior of Mercy Hospital, Pittsburgh, where her motherly kindness made her loved and revered. She was made mistress of novices, assistant superior and local superior in many houses in succession. She spent her declining days in visiting the sick and preparing converts for reception into the Church. She was never "off duty." The last year of her life she spent at St. Xavier's, Beatty, where she instructed the servant maids and taught them also the plain branches of education.

Blessed with unusual health, she never seemed like one aged, but went briskly about her duties as if in her first fervor.

She was daily seen visiting the sick or infirm of the household, reading to them and brightening them with cheerful conversation. About her eightieth birthday she had a slight attack of illness, but rallied. However, she heard the call of the death angel and asked for the last sacraments, which she received with edifying devotion. Even after this she rallied for a few days.

On the morning of August 5 she quietly said to her attendant at Mercy Hospital: "Will you please call the priest; I think I am dying!" Strange to say the Chaplain was passing near the door of her room. He entered at once and saw it was death. He gave her the last absolution and indulgence. Quite conscious, she asked for some one to say the Acts of Faith, Hope, and Charity, and then, with her Sisters in religion praying around her, the hand of God's minister raised in absolution, quickly she went to the embrace of that Divine Spouse, whom she loved and served so faithfully in her long life. All was over in ten minutes. No long agony, no struggle! A sweet peaceful sleep on the Heart of Christ!

She was laid at rest beside her own sister, Sister Evangelist Phelan, in the Sisters' cemetery at St. Xavier's, Beatty, on Thursday, August 7. Two nieces of the deceased are in the Cresson community of Sisters of Mercy, Mother Xavier and Sister Evangelist, both daughters of her brother, the late James Phelan of Pittsburgh. Her late brother, Rev. Eugene Phelan, O.S.B., served in the West, and a sister, Margaret Phelan, was the wife of the Hon. Valentine Dillon, once Lord Mayor of Dublin, Ireland. She was an aunt of Dr. R. W. Stewart, a surgeon of international fame, now dead, but formerly connected with Mercy Hospital, Pittsburgh. She was the last member of her immediate family. One of her special characteristics was her devotion to the liturgy, the discipline and the utterances of the Church. She had an intense, growing faith and delighted in reading the encyclicals of the Sovereign Pontiff, the works of the Fathers, and her favorite books were the Bible, the Missal and the Breviary translated by the Marquis of Bute.

As a model of religious life, its silence, its exactness to rule, its active perseverance in duty, Death called her after eighty years; as one of those shining lights that will never die, but

will point forever to the blessedness of the faithful servant, who is called and is worthy of an exceeding great reward, Sister Magdalen will long be remembered.

### SISTER MARY BRUNO

Sister Mary Bruno, aged seventy-nine, for almost fifty years connected with the St. Paul Orphan Asylum, and widely known, died October 10, 1913, and was buried in St. Xavier's Cemetery. She was born in Pittsburgh. She became a nun when seventeen years of age, enrolling in the Mercy Order. She first became connected with the St. Paul's Orphan Asylum when it was known as The Orphan Asylum and was located on the Southside. In 1867 it was moved to Tannehill street, and twelve years ago to Idlewild. During that time Sister Mary Bruna has come in contact with approximately 16,700 children. For thirty years she was in charge of the sewing room of the asylum where the clothing of the children is made. She is the last of her family.

### MOTHER DESALES MCKEON

Mother deSales, Directress of Mount Mercy Academy, Fifth Avenue, died yesterday, April 27, 1914, from pneumonia, after an illness of a few days.

Mother deSales was known in the world as Tessie McKeon, and was the youngest daughter of John and Catherine McKeon. She received her education at St. Mary's Academy, Pittsburgh, and finished her studies at St. Xavier's Academy, Beatty, Pa. In later years she was made directress of that Academy, holding the position for seven years. She also taught in several of the Parochial Schools. Mother deSales' sweet, gentle disposition and refinement of manner endeared her to her many friends. Her only immediate relative surviving is her sister, Sister M. Bertha, who is at present engaged in some of the Parochial Schools.

On the fourteenth of June, 1914, the Corporation voted to donate to Unity Township one acre of ground adjacent to the present playground of the Boyd School, with the proviso that

Sister M. Agnes McCaffry

Sister M. Eulalia de Ham

Mother Ursula Crawford Sister M. Hilda Gallagher
Sister M. di Pazzi Russell

should the ground donated ever be destined for other purposes it is to revert to the Pittsburgh Community of Sisters of Mercy.

In 1915 (April 14) the Sisters bought from the Steele brothers, James A. and Clarence W., for $500 (an exorbitant price) the Northwestern corner of their adjoining field—containing, according to the deed, 169/1000 of an acre, excepting and reserving the coal with mining rights and privileges within and underlying said parcel of land which were heretofore sold and conveyed.

### DEATH OF SISTER MARY HILDA GALLAGHER

After a prolonged illness, borne with exemplary fortitude, Sister Mary Hilda of the Order of Mercy, departed this life at St. Xavier's Academy, Beatty, Pa., on the eve of the Feast of the Assumption. That beautiful death-bed was an exhibit of how the last offering of a lifetime of sacrifice is laid at the feet of Jesus by one who never flinched at any ordeal of sorrow or pain in His service. One of the doctors in attendance was a Protestant, and he affirmed that he was touched to the very heart by the cheerful and exceedingly religious patience of Sister Hilda. The other doctor was a Catholic, and at times he was moved even to tears—so sweet, gentle, lovable, and meekly resigned to God's will was the patient, even whilst enduring the most agonizing pain. She knew for weeks beforehand that she was sure to die, and yet not for a moment did she wish either to delay or to hasten the call of her soul's heavenly Bridegroom.

It happened that during her later sufferings the Sisters' annual retreat was held, and when she sank into unconsciousness, the Sisters came and knelt in groups, even crowds, at her door, going and returning hour after hour, their prayers ascending in ceaseless waves to the throne of that divine compassion, which she had loved so long and so well. The Jesuit Father who gave the exercises of the retreat, as he passed along to give Communion to another sick Sister, stopped and raised the ciborium over the dying form of Sister Hilda when she could no longer receive our Lord, and gave her our Savior's benediction. He visited her several times daily, praying with

her, and imparting the last indulgence. Her soul fled to Bridegroom at daybreak of the eve of our Lady's Assumption, just forty-nine years to the day from the time she entered the Religious life.

Endowed naturally, not only with high mental gifts, but also with extraordinary physical beauty, she seemed in death like an angel; a heavenly peace rested upon her features and was shed into the hearts of all who gazed upon her.

Our readers may wonder that we dwell so especially upon the departure of Sister Hilda, since there are so many religious, whose lives of holy zeal and unstinted charity are ended with little or no mention outside their immediate circle. But she was distinguished even among such noble companions.

Sister M. Hilda's remarkably useful and laborious career in religion began in 1865. Gifted with noble qualities and a stately presence, she made friends everywhere. She helped to found numerous mission houses, where her hard work and unsparing efforts were always crowned with success. She was one of the founders of the Convent of Mercy at McKeesport, Pa., where she labored unsparingly for eighteen years. She was superior in the Convent of Mercy, Braddock, Pa., where the same unselfish life was hers. She was one of the founders of the convent at Latrobe, where the usual difficulties of a new mission were again undertaken and crowned with success. She established the fine Day-Academy of Mount Mercy, Pittsburgh, on a splendid foundation and gave it the high standard and superior position it still enjoys. She never ceased as Directress during the thirteen years of her stay there to exert all the powers of her noble soul and body to make it prosper, and she succeeded at the cost of her life. At the end of thirteen years, after many breakdowns in health, she begged to resign, broken and worn out, but she took up the position of Superior in Lawrenceville, where, after three years more of labor, she felt she could do little more and was sent to St. Xavier's, where she remained until her death. In all these places she left the memory of a beautiful life, an exquisitely tender, unselfish spirit, a personality rare and lovely. The spirit of a true Sister of Mercy was in all she did; her tenderly kind heart was open to distress of every sort; even a

dumb animal appealed to her. Her pupils loved her; their parents looked on her as a rock of comfort and counsel.

Sister M. Hilda was a cousin of the Rev. Mother Katharine Drexel, their paternal grandmothers, Mrs. B. F. Gallagher and Mrs. Francis M. Drexel, having been sisters.

The funeral services, attended by many friends, both clerical and lay, were held in the beautiful convent chapel. The sermon, a touching discourse in every respect, was preached by the Bishop of the Doicese, Rt. Rev. Regis Canevin. Sister Hilda's holy remains rest in the Community cemetery, adjacent to the convent. May her soul rest in peace!

Rev. W. E.

IN MEMORIAM

(Sister Mary Hilda Gallagher of the Order of Mercy, Pittsburgh, Pa., who slept in Christ on August 14, 1914)

"God wants me, and I must go!" (Among her last words.)

I am going to the Light,
To the Land that knows no night,
Where no faintest shade of twilight ever falls,
To the Glory and the splendor
That stream with radiance tender,
From the gates of pearl in Heaven's shining walls.

I am going to my Love!
To my Spouse who reigns Above,
To the Home of Saints and Angels undefiled.
Oh! how joyously I'll Greet Him.
As my soul springs forth to meet Him,
In the Triune God, with Mary Mother mild!

I am going to the Life
From a world of sin and strife,
From an age of death and ruin, woe and war.
Open wide, ye realms Elysian!
And reveal the Godhead's Vision—
My Light, my Love, my Life forevermore!

—Eleanor C. Donnelly.

SISTER MARY AGNES MCCAFFRY, DIED AUGUST 27, 1914

Almost a century had Sister Agnes rounded out. She was ninety-one years of age, and had she lived until November, she would have been seventy years in the Convent, the oldest Sister of Mercy in the world. She was among the first candi-

dates who entered the Convent in Pittsburgh. Her two sisters, Sister Liguori, and Sister Josephine, also entered the Convent, and another sister was prevented by death from also becoming a member. Sister Agnes was a lady of the old school, her refined and gentle voice, and perfect manners always attracted attention, and her friends loved and trusted her. Towards the end she constantly begged for prayers, and Masses, and our readers will remember this, and pray for her soul.

### SISTER M. GAUDENTIA DEAD

Sister M. Gaudentia, one of the senior members of the Order of Mercy in Pittsburgh, died at St. Paul's orphanage, Idlewood, on Monday, September 7, 1914.

Sister Gaudentia entered the Convent of Mercy on March 27, 1872. She was professed in the convent chapel on September 8, 1874. Before her entrance into religion she was Elizabeth Hauser. Her parents were Michael and Mary Hauser, remarkable for faith and piety in the days when staunch adherence to the teachings of Mother Church was the rule. For more than forty years she labored in the various houses of her order. The careful training of her youth gave an excellent foundation for the structure of her religious life. A great charity, habits of prayer, and an abiding sense of the presence of God were the characteristic virtues of this beautiful soul. To the young, an example; to the aged, an inspiration, Sister M. Gaudentia lived her hidden life.

Her last illness was one of extreme suffering. It was marked by a gentle patience and a constant prayerfulness, which were the outcome of habits of virtue long established. Fortified by every aid of her loved religion, her holy death occurred on September 7, the eve of the fortieth anniversary of her religious profession. She was buried in St. Xavier's cemetery on Wednesday, September 9. Precious in the sight of God is the death of his Saints. May her soul and the souls of the faithful departed find eternal rest and peace!

### SISTER M. TERESITA DEAD—NOVEMBER 8, 1914

On Sunday afternoon last, Sister M. Teresita, formerly Miss Mary Creighton of the North Side, died suddenly at the

home of a family in Clifton Avenue, Sharpsburg, where she was visiting with another Sister. She was attacked with heart failure and died ten minutes later. The deceased was born 62 years ago in former Allegheny and entered the community of the Sisters of Mercy 45 years ago. For the past nine years she was stationed in St. Paul's Orphan Asylum, having in charge the normal class. She was well known in educational circles. Formerly she taught in St. Mary's School, 46th Street; in St. Peter's School, McKeesport, and in St. Peter's School, North Side. The funeral services were held on Tuesday morning in the chapel of St. Paul's Orphan Asylum, and the interment took place in the Sister's cemetery, St. Xavier's Academy, Beatty.

### OPENING OF ST. PIUS' SCHOOL

On the morning of September 8, 1914, St. Pius' School, McKeesport, was opened after Mass in the Church. The children to the number of 389 formed in procession and led by their devoted Pastor, Rev. T. R. Rea, marched to the school followed by the Sisters—Srs. M. Dolores, (Supr.) Augusta, Alberta, Emelian, Eulalia, Hedwige, Tarsisius, Wilhelmina and Miss Wigham.

The new school-house, now about the finest and best equipped in the diocese in our care, is a monument to the zeal of the Pastor and the piety and generosity of the congregation.

### ST. PIUS' PAROCHIAL SCHOOL, MCKEESPORT, PENNA.

This school building measures eighty-four feet eight inches by seventy-one feet six inches, and is two stories high with a deep basement.

Entrance is through a wide vestibule and corridor, leading into a rotunda hall eighteen feet by thirty feet. To the rear of the rotunda is the main stairway up to the second story and back of the stairway is an exit door to the rear of the building.

There are eight standard size school rooms, and one class room eighteen feet six inches by twenty-four feet. Adjoining each school room is a large wardrobe containing hook rails and hooks for the children's coats and hats, and a washstand. These wardrobes communicate direct with the rotunda hall,

permitting the dismissal of the children from the room through the wardrobe. In each school room will be found a spacious closet for books and other school-room supplies. School and class rooms have natural slate blackboards four feet high. The lighting of the school rooms is from windows placed on one side only, which is considered the best method of lighting, as it obviates cross lights and shadows.

An office for the Principal is conveniently located on the second floor.

Separate toilet rooms for boys and girls are placed on the first floor, the rooms having tile floors and base, slate fittings, and the very best of sanitary fixtures.

The basement story is arranged for the boys and men's clubs, containing a gymnasium thirty-eight by fifty-eight feet, with high ceiling. There is a balcony in the gymnasium capable of seating one hundred and twenty-five spectators. Adjoining the gymnasium are locker and shower rooms, also a check room for checking wraps. There are a billiard room twenty-nine by thirty-five feet and a library sixteen by nineteen feet. There is a fully equipped kitchen centrally located for serving lunches and refreshments to any part of the club rooms or gymnasium. The boiler room is arranged to take up as little floor space as possible, the coal bunker being placed entirely outside the main walls of the building. Entrance to the basement is by means of a flight of wide cement steps at the rear of the building. There is no inside communication between the basement and first and second stories.

This building is built upon rock and hard shale foundation. The basement story walls are stone and the superstructure is of brick and fire clay tile. The exterior facing is vitrified brick with sand stone and terra cotta trimmings. The interior construction is of steel frame and reënforced concrete. Where wood studding is used for dividing partitions same are covered with steel lath so that the building is practically fireproofed throughout.

The interior finish wood used throughout the first and second stories is red oak stained and varnished, and the basement story is finished with yellow pine stained and varnished. Floors throughout are of hard wood, such as maple and edge grain yellow pine. The main stairway is steel with slate treads.

A special feature is the reversible sash in the windows, allowing for easy ventilating of the rooms and facilitating the work of cleaning.

The very best system of sanitary plumbing is installed. Electrical wires are run in iron conduit so that if necessary all the wires can be withdrawn and new installed at any time.

The heating system is direct-indirect steam, i. e., fresh air is introduced at the base of the radiators through a register in the outside wall of the building, passes up through the radiator and is warmed in transit before passing into the room. This is so regulated that all or any part of the outside air may be shut off and the air within the room circulated through the radiator. The school rooms and toilet rooms are ventilated by means of sheet metal ducts extending from each room up through the building and out at the roof.

The building is designed for one additional story to be added at some future time when more rooms are needed. The steel and concrete floor for this additional story is now in place, also all pipes and ducts for this story have been installed so that when the additional story is built, it will only be necessary to remove the temporary roof now in place, and proceed with the new construction, connections for water, drainage, gas, steam, and electric wires being made at the third floor level.

The total cost of this building, including Heating System, Plumbing and Furniture is $54,000.

### DEATH OF A VENERABLE RELIGIOUS

On Friday, February 5, 1915, at St. Xavier Academy, Sister M. Odilia Dusch died at the advanced age of eighty-six years. She was born of French parents in Alsace, December 14, 1828. In early womanhood she joined the congregation of the Sisters of Mercy in Pittsburgh, and throughout a long life of earnest devotion to duty she faithfully fulfilled the mission of a Sister of Mercy.

Most of Sister Odilia's religious life was spent at St. Xavier Academy, but during the Civil War she spent three years nursing the sick and wounded soldiers of the Union at the Stanton Hospital, Washington, D. C. Her golden jubilee

was celebrated in 1900; and so, having given sixty-five years of her life to the service of God, it was fitting that the end should come—as it did come—in tranquil expectance, in peace, in prayer, and in the comfort of the sacraments.

Sister Odilia now lies at rest among her many Sister-companions in the quiet St. Xavier's cemetery. She is survived by one sister, Mrs. R. Snelsire of Pittsburgh.

On our return to school, September, 1915, we were greatly grieved to hear that our venerable Chaplain of many years, Rev. P. Killoran, was not able to resume his duties at St. Xavier's on account of ill health. For more than thirty-eight years he has traveled the distance between St. Vincent's and the Academy—in the cold or rain or snow, or sunshine of the early mornings. He has never been known to be late or absent from his post more than two or three times in that period. Punctually to the minute he stepped out of the sacristy. He was a familiar and venerated figure, and we pray that even with his 81 years to carry, he may be spared for years to come.

### DEATH OF SISTER M. LORETTO MC CAMBRIDGE

On April 4th, 1915, while the joy bells of Easter were still ringing dear Sister M. Loretto's soul passed from the fleeting joys of this world to the eternal joys of Heaven.

Her death occurred at Mercy Hospital after but one week's illness, having been brought to the hospital from the Convent in Turtle Creek in which parish she spent twenty-eight of her thirty-four years of religious life, engaged in the various duties of class teacher, music teacher, principal, and superior.

Her kindness to the sick whom she visited after her strenuous work of the day proved her to be a true friend to God's poor. Long distance, bad roads, and inclement weather never deterred Sister Loretto from going to a bedside when the poor sick needed comfort.

Thoughtfulness for others was the keynote of her whole life. Her greatest happiness was to give pleasure to others.

The good people of Turtle Creek parish manifested their appreciation of her work among them by their visits while her remains were at the hospital; by their presence at the funeral

Mass which was celebrated in the hospital chapel, and by the number of Masses they had for the repose of her soul.

May we hope the last words she uttered were prophetic of her own reward when she had her final judgment: "All the saints shall be filled with glory."

### THE APOSTOLIC DELEGATE AT ST. XAVIER'S, BEATTY, PA.

It was a glorious occasion for the Sisters of Mercy and their pupils when the Apostolic Delegate, the Most Rev. John Bonzano, D.D., entered the great front portals of the venerable academy in Westmoreland county, Pa. It was the evening of the feast of Corpus Christi, May 22, 1915, when the automobile containing His Excellency, with the Right Rev. J. F. Regis Canevin, D.D., Bishop of Pittsburgh; Rev. Walter Stahle, O.S.B., director of St. Vincent College; Rev. Gerard Bridge, O.S.B., secretary, and Rev. Father Felix, O.S.B., of St. Vincent Archabbey, stopped at the door. The Delegate had been the guest of the archabbey, and through the courtesy of our Right Reverend Bishop and the Benedictine Fathers, St. Xavier's was honored by a share in his first visit to the Diocese of Pittsburgh.

The great doors were wide open and the academy and convent buildings were brilliantly illuminated by electric lights. All the Sisterhood met the illustrious guest at the door and in the large vestibule. The Right Reverend Bishop introduced the religious by name, and each knelt to kiss the Apostolic Delegate's ring and receive his blessing. The first one who knelt was the venerable Sister Agnes McCaffry, now in her ninetieth year, whom the Bishop named as being the "dean" of the order, the senior Sister of Mercy in the world, one of the last links with the foundress, Mother Catherine McAuley, whom Sister Agnes remembers as a child.

The chapel was brilliantly lighted, and the party made a short visit to the Blessed Sacrament and then repaired to the auditorium of the academy, where the pupils and religious were assembled on each side, leaving a broad aisle through which the guests advanced to the stage while the academy orchestra played a stirring march. The stage was decorated with heavy green velvet curtains, rugs and trailing ferns.

When all were seated a Latin chorus was finely given, followed by a poem by "Mercedes," delivered by Miss Barry, one of this year's graduates, of which we give the closing lines:

"Yes! welcome art thou, who in the sacred name
Of glorious Pius, comest to this place—
This mountain-girdled convent in Westmoreland fair,
Where dark-veiled Sisters live in Mercy's name,
And youthful maidens drink at Learning's fount,
St. Xavier's knows thee, all have heard thy fame;
Welcome! and Welcome! clothed with Pius' grace
And leave a blessing with the memory of thy face!"

When Miss Barry concluded her address, delivered in a clear, sweet, pathetic voice, Bishop Canevin arose and in a most happy speech acknowledged the welcome and introduced His Excellency, who immediately arose to respond.

His refined and saintly presence, his gentle words, carefully chosen and slowly delivered in perfect English, with a charming accent, delighted every one. Not one was there in the hall but felt, as it were, an emanation of the august power and sweetness of the blessed Pontiff he represented, who, though thousands of miles away, yet was in their midst by his sacred representative; and when the Apostolic benediction was given every head was bowed in breathless reverence.

Then came a human touch to the occasion. With a beautiful smile on his kindly face, His Excellency proposed a holiday to the delighted girls, and a tremendous clapping showed how much the boon was appreciated. The visit was closed by the "Magnificat" in full unison.

### THE NATIONAL SHRINE

### IN HONOR OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION OF OUR LADY IN WASHINGTON, D. C.

There is to be a beautiful Church or Shrine erected in Washington, D. C., on the University grounds. This Shrine will be dedicated to the honor of the Mother of God, and will be the united offering of all the Catholic ladies of the United States. The building will be white, and the interior as well as the exterior will be of the choicest architectural beauty. The smallest offerings will be accepted and the ladies of every diocese headed by their Bishop have taken a profound interest in the matter. In our Pittsburgh diocese a chapter has been

formed, consisting of well known ladies; among them many "St. Xavier's girls," who will be united with the principal chapter of the National Organization in Washington to give their assistance as collectors for this beautiful object. The following is the Pittsburgh Chapter of the National Organization of Catholic Women, for the purpose of building the National Shrine of Our Lady at Washington: Honorary president, Rt. Rev. Regis Canevin, D.D., Bishop of Pittsburgh; president, Mrs. Richard P. Weldon; vice presidents, Mrs. A. A. Fraunheim, Mrs. Ida McL. Farrell, Mrs. Gerald G. O'Brien, Mrs. Mary C. Hoeveler, Mrs. Joseph A. Kelly, Mrs. Edward S. Giles, Mrs. Frank J. Lanahan, Mrs. Albert J. Loeffler, Miss Mary C. Murphy, Miss Alice Gloninger; secretaries, Mrs. Chas. Poth, Miss Alice G. Larkin; corresponding secretary, Miss Alice Dunlevy; treasurer, Miss Mary L. Schmidt.

Any one wishing to have a share in building this beautiful Shrine to our Blessed Mother, can address any one of these ladies or the Honorary President, who will see that their contribution will be properly placed.

## A PRAYER
## ON NEW YEAR'S EVE

BY MERCEDES

Lord! ere the midnight chime and the Old Year fade,
Look at the gift I bring, here it is laid!
Silence is all around,—earth, air and sky,
Starful and bright the night, as time floats by.

Over the haunts of men, the dying Year
Moans out its parting breath,—drops its last tear!
Yes, here I come to Thee, Lord of my heart!
Bringing this year's harvest,—my humble part!

Only some little sheaves,—Thine own, my Lord,
Sowed, watered, watched by Thee,—Savior adored!
Here in this narrow heart, they've crept to life,
Poor, weak and fragile things, 'mid passion's strife!

But Thou dost love me so,—nearer I creep—
Dropping my poor burden, while here I weep;
What dost Thou find in me,—Beautiful One,
To thrill my heart so oft, as Thou hast done?

Take my poor wretchedness into Thy heart!
There let it stay with Thee—never to part!
There let it rest and love, while the stars shine—
And the Old Year depart, at midnight chime!

## CHAPTER XXV

### SISTER MARY DI PAZZI RUSSELL DEAD

DIED, at the mother-house of the Sisters of Mercy, Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa., at 4 A. M. on Saturday morning, November 27, 1915, Sister Mary di Pazzi Russell.

This brief announcement chronicles the departure from this life of an historic figure among the Sisters of Mercy. Sister di Pazzi was not far from seventy years in the convent, and shared in all the early trials of the pioneer days of the order, when it was established in Pittsburgh, by its first Bishop, Rt. Rev. Michael O'Connor. She was a woman of remarkable strength of character and goodness of heart. Those who knew her best admired her most. She was Superior of Mercy Hospital in its early days, and served the cholera patients during the time of this plague in Pittsburgh, when the city was in throes of despair. She also served the small-pox patients in the convent on "the Bluff"—long since abandoned—when there was no other spot in the city where the infected could be cared for. She was absolutely fearless in the presence of disease, and often prepared the dead for burial with her own hands. Innumerable were the souls she prepared for Heaven; innumerable the infants she baptized; innumerable the sinners she brought back to God.

For many years she had charge of "St. Joseph's Association for the Poor," and her kind heart brought comfort and temporal aid to hundreds of the indigent. Many times a year she prepared baskets of clothing for the poor, which were brought to them by the Sisters or called for by poor people. She gave instruction to the ignorant, she protected poor girls, and obtained situations for them, and her ear was always open to the thousand tales of distress that came to her from those who looked upon her as a mother.

She had particular sympathy for what the foundress of the Sisters of Mercy called the "genteel poor"—those who had seen better days and were reduced in circumstances. These

she helped in a thousand delicate ways, and few knew the extent of her influence or the breadth of her good works. Many gentlemen of means in the city of Pittsburgh gave Sister di Pazzi their check willingly and often, knowing how well the money was disbursed.

She loved little children, and for many years was teacher of large classes of little ones, and fortunate were they who claimed her as their teacher.

She was a great reader, and her keen mind and practical common sense made her a wise prophet on the trend of affairs. Her devotion to Holy Church in all her doctrines and ceremonials was proverbial, and it was her delight to be present at the magnificent function of Pontifical Mass on the great festival days. Fervor, zeal in all Catholic enterprises, and in all the duties of a Sister of Mercy, made her a central figure in the order, and she left an impression of force and vitality on every subject she handled.

In her declining years she was present at all the devotions of the community; rising faithfully at 4 o'clock every morning, she was first in the chapel, and until a very short time ago present at all the prayers and "offices" of the order. Her spirit of prayer was always remarkable, and her lips could be seen moving in prayer even while seated alone or passing through the house.

Her health and robust rigor were remarkable, and although over ninety years of age she was taken to the chapel in her rolling chair to assist at Mass and receive Holy Communion. Only one day, confined to bed, she received the last sacraments amid the prayers of the Sisters and peacefully expired.

Surely the call of the Bridegroom found her with her lamp burning brightly, and her heart ready for the call.

She was buried in St. Xavier's cemetery on Monday, Nov. 29, in the midst of the peaceful Sisterhood who await with her the call of the great archangel.

Peace to thy soul, dear Sister di Pazzi! Strong in soul and mind and heart, it is as if a great and forceful presence were taken from our midst—a personality almost virile in its power for good, yet an influence tender as a mother in sorrow or pain of soul or body. R. I. P.

MERCEDES.

SISTER M. BERNARDINE'S GOLDEN JUBILEE

A TRYST AND ITS FULFILLMENT

Feb. 7, 1866—Feb. 7, 1916

A tryst; then there must be a garden, and music, and sunlight, and perfume of flowers. Yes, there is a garden, a portion of the garden of God. Gray skies of February, the earth white with the bridal of the young year. A Convent chapel, for light the Mass tapers; perfume the sacrifice of Christian parents who do not hesitate to give their child to God. Music —the hymn that sends the Beloved forth to see her king joy-crowned because of these espousals. "God's minister pauses at the altar rail." The white veiled figure kneels. Heaven draws near, earth fades away and angels hush their harps to listen. "I do vow and promise to God, poverty, chastity, and obedience," and thus by triple vow the soul is bound to the service of the King. Again—it is the evening of profession day—in the dusk of the silent chapel, close to the tabernacled God, a watcher—young, intrepid, eager for sacrifice. Above the heart throbs I seem to hear, "Beloved, I will keep the tryst," and the Via crucis is begun.

In the gray twilight of the chapel the same watcher; grown older with the years. The things of yesterday have rounded out to the full realities of to-day. A Silver Jubilee has come. The buoyancy of youth gone—a deeper love, a steadier purpose in its place. Glance at the years that lie behind. Their pathway through the poverty of Bethlehem, and the drought of Egypt, not untouched with the light of Thabor. Earthly ties, though spiritualized, are loosening and falling away. Sacrifice means more—what is the record of those years? Listen for the voice which tells the tale, "Beloved I am keeping faith."

Onward again, out through the Tyropean Valley, up the cross-crowned hill. Over this part of the road the shadow of the cross falls, but the cross which bears the Christ. There is the failing of physical strength, the danger of monotony in oft-repeated days. One by one the holy loves of life have given place—duties arise whose responsibility makes the thorn crown—the change inevitable with time; the loneliness of declining years. And yet over all is a light which makes the

Sister M. Antonio Gallagher
("Mercedes"—"Rev. Richard Alexander")

shadow fall behind. It is the mysterious sweetness of the sacrifice, the growing nearness to the Spouse—the love stronger than death that made labor easy, poverty sweet, and obedience a joy. And thus to-day's milestone is reached. It makes fifty years of untarnished faith. Can aught be sweeter? Yes. There is another milestone, where heaven's day breaks and earth's shadows flee—when in the white radiance from the throne the Bridegroom will welcome home the bride. Out of the things of time our eternity is made. May the Sacred Heart enfold her—may she hear above the angel voices, clearer than the sounding harps, "Beloved, thou hast kept the tryst."

### DEATH OF SISTER M. ANTONIO

June 5, 1916

It is with deep regret we record the death of Sister M. Antonio Gallagher, of St. Xavier's Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, at Beatty, Pa. Sister M. Antonio was the "Rev. Richard W. Alexander," whose touching and powerful true stories of conversions to Catholicity have been features of Catholic weeklies and magazines throughout the English-speaking world for the past nine years. Many of these productions have been translated and published in foreign languages. She was also widely known as a poet, and in this capacity, as in that of a writer of prose, she modestly hid her identity under the pen name, "Mercedes."

In the death of Sister M. Antonio, of the Order of Mercy in this diocese, her fellow religious sustain a loss that is most severe. She was a very remarkable woman, gifted with intellectual attainments of superior order. Her well trained and disciplined mind was used to enhance the beauty and glory of her high vocation, to serve her Master in the religious life. She had but one motive, to do her duty, as she recognized it on the day when she pronounced her religious vows and dedicated her young life in holy religion. As the years lengthened into the sere, the motive broadened and increased in duty richly freighted, knowing no retrograde, but ever onward and upward to the heights that bound eternity. Her sweet spirit is now in that happy eternity. The golden jubilee that was so

near at hand, and which she and her dear Sisters, and all who knew and loved her, the hundreds of graduates of old St. Xavier, were preparing to celebrate, is now the never ending day of jubilee, with the loved companions of her long and useful life in the blessed home of the Lord's—paradise. Rest and benediction crown the memory of the beloved Sister M. Antonio.

*Dear Sister M.:*

I hasten to thank you with all my heart for the kindly thought that inspires you to acquaint me with the circumstances attending the death of my very dear friend, the good and great Sister Antonio. I have been hoping for some little personal message, a word that would, so to speak, place me in touch with her in her last hours, and this you have most thoughtfully supplied.

Needless to say, dear Sister, the news of Sister Antonio's death was a great shock to me, and to all of this office, for practically all knew her and loved her. From your letter I infer that she was wont to mention me among her benefactors. Rather was she the benefactor and I the beneficiary, for the privilege which I enjoyed of participating, in a measure, in her apostolic work was a rich and rare one, a privilege from which, as I have reason to know, I and my dear ones have reaped many spiritual blessings, and we are but a few among countless thousands who hold her memory in benediction. But how few there are who have a true knowledge of the greatness of her work; to mention but one thing, how many realize that since December last (1914) she has "preached" once a month to a congregation of at least 5,000,000 souls. I refer to the series of short stories, each of them soul-strengthening, soul-uplifting, which have been appearing in a dozen or more Catholic papers. Then there are her books, thousands of which are being read and will be read for years to come. And the beautiful characters she formed in the Class Room! Truly a great woman who did a great work which will go on forever. She has passed away and has heard the momentous words, "Well done"—and would not return for all the pleasures and triumphs of a thousand worlds. Why then should we mourn? Rather rejoice that God gave her to us for so long and has

taken her to Himself in His own good time—as we believe He has done.

Sincerely yours,
FRANCIS P. GREEN.

FROM OUR MONASTERY OF GEORGETOWN,
July 28, 1916.

*My dear Sister Alacoque:*

How can I thank you enough for your precious letter conveying to me in such consoling details all the circumstances of the sickness and death of our beloved Sister Antonio! Your pages will be stored away in one of the most sacred places where the chronicles of the past are kept. The Sisters were greatly interested, for the brief accounts in the papers and in the Missionary, though consoling and full of panegyric, gave us out the tidings we longed for about dear Sister's last moments and the coming of the Death Angel. I am a thousand times indebted to you, Dear Sister, and pray The Sacred Heart to reward abundantly your kindness and charity.

How happy the remembrance of that August day makes me now as I look back upon it! We little dreamed that Death was waiting so near at hand to take her to her great reward; but her work was done and it remains behind yet to effect good in future generations.

You were very generous that day to yield so easily to dear Sr. Mercedes wishes; I felt a good deal of sympathy for your knowing how you longed to come "inside the bars." But you are not sorry now that you made the sacrifice; and she will surely repay all you have done for her in loving service by her powerful prayers. I rarely think of praying for her I am so attracted to ask her prayers for all my needs. I love to think of her meeting with Father Doyle, with whom she labored so long for the glory of God, and with her dear Sister Hilda for whose loss she suffered so keenly. Most lovely, lovely meetings await us in Heaven with all the loved ones gone before!

Our vocation has been rendered very solemn by the visits of Death. On July 4th our Dear Sr. M. Aloysia was summoned to her reward and on the 13th our Dear Sr. M. Columba joined her in the heavenly home. A great shock came to us all this week in the affliction of our dear Sr. Stephanie, whose

brother, John Shea, was instantly killed one night in an automobile accident. He was an excellent young man and greatly esteemed—eighteen priests attended the funeral Mass in Washington; Mr. Shea leaves a wife and two children, Sr. S. and her four sisters graduated with us—all pious and devotedly charitable. I need your prayers, dear Sister, and all the sisterly prayers you can get for eight days, as to-night I bid farewell to the world and its allurements. Give my filial regards to your Dear Reverend Mother, and my sisterly love to each member of your cherished Community. Thanks a thousand times, for *The Xavier Journal* which indeed did honor to the beloved "Sister."

God bless and reward you, my dear little Sister!

Yours lovingly in the Sacred Heart,

Sister M. Paulina Finn Vis. B. V. M.

## A Miraculous Cure

It was with heartfelt gratitude and joy that the Sisters of Mercy, of 3333 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa., chanted the "Magnificat" on the morning of July twenty-eighth, of this year, 1916. The reason for this special act of thanksgiving was the miraculous cure of one of their Sisters at the Shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre. A telegram announcing the marvelous blessing had just been received by the Mother Superior.

The facts of the case are these: Sister Mary John who had suffered for years with a weak ankle, realized one day last November that her right foot was paralyzed and, as the physician whom she consulted assured her, hopelessly so.

A prominent specialist of Pittsburgh, however, took charge of the case. For three months the foot and lower limb were encased in a plaster cast. This treatment was not successful, and as Sister was unable to stand upon the paralyzed foot, a heavy boot, braced with a framework of iron and laced to the knee, was tried. This boot was replaced at night by a celluloid cast. It is not hard to imagine Sister's distress concerning her apparent hopeless condition. Human aid had proved ineffectual, indeed.

Time and again had Sister, after daily Communion, asked our Lord to remove this cross, but was over resigned to His

will. Some months after this, about the middle of July, Sister Mary John found herself making a retreat at St. Xavier's, Beatty, Pa. An inspiration came to her urging her to make a novena to St. Anne, whose feast was near. During the second day of the novena, a strong desire to join the pilgrims who were then on their way to the Basilica of St. Anne de Beaupre seized her. Should she present her petition there, surely the Saint would hear her prayer, she thought.

Permission for the journey was readily obtained, and Sister Mary John and Sister Mary Constance were soon on their way to Canada. The difficulties under which they traveled, owing to Sister's disabled condition, are better imagined than described. Sister Mary John's confidence in St. Anne's power, however, never for an instant wavered.

The eve of the feast found the two Sisters among the pilgrims of the Shrine and Sister Mary John, after finishing her novena at the feet of "Good St. Anne," joined in the grand procession. It was while taking part in this great act of Faith that the wonderful cure took place.

Sister herself says that an indescribable feeling came over her and that, acting on an impulse, she removed the boot. Immediately, she felt the thrill of life in the paralyzed foot and cried out to her companion—"My foot is cured!"

Sister was at once the center of attraction, and regardless of the Divine Presence, the vast throng pressed forward to see and to congratulate this favored client of the dear St. Anne. Oh! wonderful Unity of our Holy Faith! The multitude joined with Sister in her prayer of thanksgiving,—followed her throughout the next day, begging to get even a glimpse of one who had been so highly favored.

And now, Sister Mary John, really cured, is busy at her work of teaching in one of the Parochial Schools of Pittsburgh. It will ever be her greatest joy to extend devotion to Good St. Anne de Beaupre.

The following persons have attested to this cure:—
Mother M. Bernadette, Superior,
Sister M. Constance, Witness of the cure,
James O. Wallace, M.D., Non-Catholic,
Rev. M. Lynch, Chaplain of St. Paul's Orphan Asylum.
All of Pittsburgh.

GOLDEN JUBILEE GREETING. JUNE 15, 1916

SISTER M. GONZALES

SISTER M. EUGENE

In celebrating the Golden Jubilee of a nun's consecration to God by the vows of religion, we follow the example of our Holy Mother the Church, who bids her children rejoice with a special joy on the fiftieth anniversary of consecration. And it is truly a wondrous and unusual privilege of Heaven. Fifty busy years in any service is an event the daily press, the voice of poets and writers of the world, hail those who have fulfilled them. How much more for the spouse of Christ—to them it is a day of sweet memories and sweeter tears. Going back over the long five decades of years, how many have been the peaceful joys—the pure ambition the monks had undertaken for God and accomplished! And yet how many the trials, the crosses, the heart-aches, and the tears—sweet joys, yes, and sweet tears! Because in religious life the very pulsations of the heart—its life throbs, have been offered long since to God and a recompense is promised that changes every trial and every tear into a jewel of untold value.

Dear Sisters, your humility forbids us the repetition of the record this half century of fruitful labors. We must not speak in detail of the many you have instructed unto salvation, of the poor you have helped, the suffering you have solaced, the sick and dying you have knelt beside and prepared to meet their Creator—the children you have watched over. No—your life has been lived for Our Lord, and for Him only. In Heaven all will be revealed and rewarded, and then your Sisters will see what treasures are laid up for the Spouses of the Lamb! Let us only press round you to-day—and thank God that he has blessed you with these years of merit and though your thoughts may stray backwards on the many dear faces that surrounded you in youthful joy and zeal when your life was in its morning—and whose sainted forms are resting until the white crosses of the little cemetery. One can say with the Church, "Sursum Corda," lift up your hearts; they are surrounding God's throne above in shining glory—and hold out their aims for us who stay a little while longer here—

bidding us be of good cheer for earth holds no joy that can be compared to the reward God gives to those who love Him. Sing forth a gay carol then. Let the golden bells peal forth. Heaven will join in thanksgiving and the angels will sing a new anthem.

Peal your sweetest, gladdest carols
Tell your joy, oh happy bells;
Let each note of gay rejoicing
Which our grateful memory swells
Form a chorus of thanksgiving,
Lord! we lift it up to Thee,
Thou hast crowned our Sisters' Labors
With this Golden Jubilee!

## SEPTEMBER

### GOLDEN JUBILEE GREETINGS TO DEAR SISTERS M. COLETTE AND COLUMBA 1866—1916

To-day are sweetly ringing in your ears
The golden chime of long departed years,
The joyous times that saw your early days
Outpoured for Him, on whom your ardent gaze
Was ever fixed—Whose love so sweet
Had drawn your hearts to worship at His feet.
How long that golden chain of fifty years:—
Its links are stained with rust of earthly tears
And yet its gleam outshines the precious stones
The rarest gems that Indian monarch owns.
By Hand Divine, 'tis welded by the light
Of Eucharistic star that shines by day and night;
'Tis formed by gifts that Jesus gave His Bride, the Church,
When on the cross through love, He died.
And you, to earth, "Contempsi," cried, and turned aside
With joyful heart from all its pomp and pride.
Then sorrows came unknown except to Him
The bitter tears that made your eyes grow dim
As toiling up the path your Saviour trod.
You bore your cross, yet blessed the Hand of God.
And sadly, one by one, in lapse of years,
Companions of your early smiles and tears
Passed from your lives—a holy virgin band
To seek for rest in their fatherland.
But let us turn from somber thoughts aside
And on this day in holy joy abide.
Receive our tender greetings, Sisters dear,
We wish you joy through every fleeting year,
Although the mist that hides your future days
May veil the cross within its mystic haze,
A "Diamond Jubilee" you may not see,
But God grant to you eternal jubilee.

ST. XAVIER'S DAY

Dec. 3rd, 1916, marked an eventful day at St. Xavier's, being a "double day of the first class" not only the feast of our Patron but also the feast day of our Directress. The girls spent the day roller skating and enjoying other out-door sports. In the evening the Shakespeare Club presented a very interesting program, including the "Dream of Fair Women." Miss Ruth Tebbets opened the entertainment by an address, after which the school sang out in full voices "Lo on the Slope of Yonder Shore," which is the favorite hymn of all, dating back to the first feast of the Academy seventy-one years ago! Miss Ella Giegerich recited in costume a selection from "The Merchant of Venice." Misses Gill, Chantmerle, Kearns, Bonner, Dambach and McBride displayed their accomplishments in various ways. Then the curtain rose slowly and revealed the different "Fair Women" of Tennyson, as they seemed to float on and off the stage, and held the audience enraptured from beginning to end. Each one acquitted herself to the best of her ability and it was marvelous to see how patiently the Reader stood, explaining each scene. Space does not permit the list of characters, but the story of the checkered lives of all the "Fair Women" of the "Dream" of Tennyson was revealed with striking emphasis. All of them famous for beauty and power, and all of them eventually crushed by sorrow,—an epitome of life! The program is so interesting we append it here.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER DAY

Program

PART I

| | |
|---|---|
| Hymn to St. Francis Xavier | The School |
| Essay—Our Patron's Day | Miss Ruth Tebbets |
| Piano Solo—Ballade, Op. 47 | Chopin |
| Miss Rebecca McBride | |
| Recitation—From "The Merchant of Venice" | Shakespeare |

(Act I, Scene II)

Miss Ella Giegerich

Song—Just a Bunch of Roses — Miss Frances Dambach

Violin Solo—Meditation (Thais) — Massenet

Miss Coleta Gill

Recitation—Priere d'un Enfant — Mme. Castra

Miss Marguerite Chantmerle

(English Translation, Miss Virginia Vickery)

Vocal Duet—Barcarole (Tales of Hoffman)

Miss Isabel Kearns, Miss Frances Bonnor

### ITALIAN SETTLEMENT WORK

The last but by no means the least work undertaken for the instruction and improvement of foreigners is "The Italian Settlement Work," organized some time ago by the Sisters, at the suggestion of some of our neighboring Pastors —and a prominent Pittsburgh lawyer—seems so far to be accomplishing its end. Having been commenced with thirty-two Italian children, the enrollment now (1917) numbers 117 pupils ranging in age from 6 years to sixteen—with an almost daily increase in number. Religious Instructions are given every day except Sunday and Saturday from 3.00 to 5.30 by the Sisters. On Saturday, sewing, basketry, crocheting and kindergarten work are taught by six lay teachers. One of our former pupils has organized a dramatic class—which affords the grown children much pleasure. The pupils in attendance are from the poorest districts—and many of the small children seem to have lived on the street; many had never made their first confession.

### SISTER M. BERCHMANS DEAD

Sister M. Berchmans died at the mother house of the Sisters of Mercy, 3333 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Thursday, December 21, 1916, after a lingering illness of two years.

Before her entrance into religion she was Margaret Lanigan. She was educated with the Sisters of Mercy and entered the community shortly after her graduation. She was

received in 1905 and made her final vows as a member of the order in 1913.

During her short career she taught for some time in the different schools of the order, but shortly after her final profession her health failed. She was gifted with a rare sweetness of disposition and many a soul was won to better things by her gentle teaching.

When it was made known to her that there was no hope of recovery for her she received the tidings without any evidence of regret. Young, talented, beloved, life held much for her that is sweet, yet she made her preparation with the calmness and courage which are the characteristics of gentle souls. All her thoughts and energies were henceforth devoted to the end. Fortified with every consolation of Mother Church her holy death occurred.

She is survived by two brothers and three sisters, a niece, Sister Mary Euphemia, and two cousins, Sister M. Florence and Sister M. Bernard, all of whom are Sisters of Mercy.

The Golden Jubilee of Sr. Mary Walburga Rauwolf was celebrated Dec. 22, 1916, at St. Paul's Orphan Asylum. Solemn High Mass was the principal feature of the morning's celebration. In the evening an amusing program was enacted, concluded by a much deserved greeting.

GOLDEN JUBILEE GREETING TO DEAR SISTER M. WALBURGA

1866–1916

In celebrating the Golden Jubilee of a Nun's consecration to God by the vows of religion we follow the example of our Holy Mother, the Church, who bids her children rejoice with a special joy on the fiftieth anniversary; we read in the 25th chapter of the book of Leviticus, "Thou shalt sanctify the fiftieth year, and shalt proclaim remission to all the inhabitants of the land, for it is the year of Jubilee!" And it is truly a wondrous and rare privilege! Fifty busy years in any service is an event the daily press, the voice of poets and writers of the world hail with song and greeting, and offers congratulations and good wishes to those who have fulfilled them.

How much more to the Spouse of Christ! To them it is "a day of memory and of tears."

Going back over the long five decades of years, how many have been the peaceful joys, the pure ambitions, the works undertaken and accomplished for God! And, too, how many the trials, the crosses, the heart-aches and the tears! Sweet joys, yes, and sweeter tears! Because in religious life the very pulsations of the heart, its life throbs have been offered long since to God and a recompense is promised that changes every trial and every tear into a jewel of priceless value!

Dear Sister, your humility would forbid the repetition in detail of the record of this half century of fruitful labor. But we, your Sisters, find this day a golden opportunity in which to enshrine and set up as a token to thee "Lover of Little Children," and as a symbol of mutual edification the sentiments awakened and elicited by this occasion.

For we have not failed to note that it has been your special grace and dear privilege to labor long and lovingly in this select portion of the Master's vineyard, in the field where grow the "Little Ones," the helpless "Little Ones," whose "angels always see the face of the Father in Heaven,"—and so, for a brief space, we contemplate "the things that are behind."

In the retrospect we behold the long years of toil and of prayer, and of sacrifice, up and down whose furrows, in joys and in sorrows, you have gone—sowing the seed—the seed of the "Word of Eternal Life," in multitudes of young souls—the seed of kindness and of devotion in tender hearts by multiplied words and deeds—yes, you had gone out many times weeping, casting the seed but behold the prospect; lo! evening is come, and you return joyfully carrying your sheaves, bearing them into the presence of Jesus, Who, in exchange, will give you the Crown of Everlasting Life; "Amen, I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these my least brethren you did it to Me."

Your thoughts, too, will stray backwards to-day, dear Sister, to the many dear faces that surrounded you in your youthful joy and zeal, when life was in its morning; their sacred forms, oh! how many! are resting under the white crosses of the little cemetery but you will cry with the Church,

"Sursum corda," lift up your hearts! They are before God's Throne above, in shining glory, and hold out their arms to us who stay a little while longer here, bidding us be of good cheer for earth has no joy that can compare with the reward God gives to those who love Him. Let us sing forth a gay carol then! Let the golden bells peal forth!

### DEATH OF SISTER MARY IDA

Sister Mary Ida Parrish, one of the oldest members of the Pittsburgh Sisters of Mercy, died in the Mercy Hospital, Pittsburgh, on Sunday, December 24, 1916. Sister Ida, whose name before she became a religious was Amanda Parrish, was born in Loretto, Cambria County, Pa. She was a member of an old and respected family.

Miss Parrish entered the convent in 1876, received the habit in 1877 and made her holy profession in 1879. She labored in the different houses of the community from that time until within a few weeks of her holy death. She was one of those souls who do God's great work silently. Those who knew her well recall with edification the interior, generous, laborious spirit which marked her days. Of her it may be said as the simple truth, "Her life was hidden with Christ in God." Death came to her as it came to the loved one of Christ. Rich in the fulness of years spent for Christ, she entered into the joy of the Lord.

Precious in the sight of God is the death of his saints.

R. I. P.

### DR. COAKLEY'S "THE IDEAL CONVENT GIRL"—DELIVERED AT ST. XAVIER'S IN 1915

Notes by Anna B. Kiefer

One of the most delightful and instructive afternoons we had since our last issue was spent listening to the Rev. Dr. Coakley, of St. Paul's Cathedral, who gave us a splendid lecture on "The Ideal Convent Girl." I wish I could do justice to this fine effort of the Doctor's, but I can only give a faint outline from memory of his truly impressive discourse.

He was introduced on the platform in our hall by Sister

Antonio, and after the first appreciative burst of clapping, there was profound and attentive silence, broken only at intervals by a mischievous little feathered visitor on the maple by the window, whose distinct notes of "Bob White" could easily be interpreted, as the girls said, into "He's right!"

Doctor Coakley said: "My object in appearing here is to paint a picture of 'The Ideal Convent Girl.' When I say a convent girl, I do not mean the one who is to spend her life in a convent; but the girl who is to live in the world and is not destined to become a nun; one who is to become a wife and a mother. Our 'Ideal Convent Girl' recreates as much as possible, but at the proper time. She lives out of doors when she can; she is robust in health; she is graceful in carriage; she is master of herself; she is clear-headed at all times; she adorns herself in modest clothing, but of good quality. At school she did great work. She studied at study time, and did not weaken herself by over-study at night, but in no sense of the word was she a slave to her pillow. She was never too lavish in her sympathies; she was never known to give all her affection to one or two friends. She always said that the sun never seemed to shine on her if she did not go to Mass that morning, she was always the protector of the weak and every one's reputation was safe when she was present, for she turned the conversation into a different channel. She would never under any circumstances make friends of people who were divorced, or who had contracted sinful marriages, a marriage which God could not look upon with favor. She loved Christ with an intense love so she could not betray Him by associating with His enemies. She could always find the bright side of any trouble. She touched nothing she did not adorn; she never looked for thanks. She knew how to be silent in silence time. She was deaf to slander and gossip. She always waited till she heard the other side of the story before she decided upon it. She had no time to bear spite. She went to a Catholic Academy to gain an education and not to waste her time; for time is the currency with which we purchase eternity. She spent no money on cosmetics and paints; she never went to beauty-shops to have her face made over, she was satisfied with the face God had given her. She truly was an Ideal Girl, she made the best of her school days; she knew

that knowledge must be the master and not the slave. She knew what she was capable of doing. Her parents, brothers and sisters had made many sacrifices to give her an education; she was not ungrateful. On her return she made herself useful. Her room at home was neat and dainty but everything in it was in good taste. She was up early in the morning, tidied her room and made herself useful. She gave those at home the pleasure and benefit of her society. She was not always wanting to be away from home. She loved the four walls of her home; she learned how to manage, economically; she looked into the costs of food; she knew how to cook, how to make food dainty and attractive. With her woman's wit about her, she soon learned to do many useful things about the house. She had a host of friends; but she did not spend all her time talking to them over the telephone, or paying them visits. She made most of her own clothes. She was cautious and always on her guard. As soon as she arrived at home she became acquainted with her pastor and offered to help him in any way she could. She soon found herself interested in children, who for one reason or other could not be instructed in the doctrines of the Catholic Church. She knew something about foreign missions. Now, young ladies, God has given to each of you your work which he has set for none else. If you fail to do it, you will go down into your grave with just so much of God's work undone, and with a sorrow for your life, that can never be remedied. It will be too late."

Such were some of the remarks of the eloquent speaker. If we realize even half of them, we shall become not only "Ideal Convent Girls," but shining lights in our environment, shedding brilliant luster on our Alma Mater.

On July 31, 1917, Sr. M. Thecla Vaughn completed the fiftieth year of her holy Profession. The junior Sisters—amidst the odds and ends of their hard vacation work—prepared a simple but interesting program for the evening entertainment, the most impressive numbers being a Melodrama of the Five Wise and the Five Foolish Virgins, and Eleanor Donnelly's "Seen Yet Unseen."

JUBILEE GREETINGS

There is nothing new—one religious life in its broad outline resembles another—and yet I must say something in praise of the Jubilee. How big the theme—an angel's pen were inadequate to the occasion.

For inspiration I looked from my window. Beneath me the maples waved their branches and whispered of God's love—above the white clouds sped across the blue; heavenward it seemed—beyond fields of ripe grain bent to the breeze. The high tide of summer lay upon the land—flowers bloomed and the earth was fair; a mist of silver gray veiled the hills. As I looked a vision came; instead of earth's gardens—the lily beds of the spouse came before my eyes. One in particular held me—the Novitiate of the Sisters of Mercy—the years had rolled back; instead of 1917 it was 1867—the full tide of golden summer ruled the land—it was profession day. From the white altar, two sisters came who had vowed their young lives for aye to the service of the King—behind them lay the joys of earth—beauty, home, love—all that life can give—before them stretched a vista that might seem drear—poverty—mortification—hard obedience—to the young heart on the bridal day nothing seems hard. In the freshness of early fervor, the bitter seems sweet—the difficult things of life easy—for they think of the eternal years—they know that love makes all things sweet and they have found that their God is love.

The world may count them foolish—but praise or blame of men counts little in the reckoning of Calvary—the years pass. Time's stream is too deep for our feeble gaze—it is swept by a force supreme.

Again an epoch is reached—the Silver Jubilee is at hand—The elevation which made the duties of early life easy has gone. Hard, laborious, and monotonous is the way—Thabor—Kadron—Calvary—but a deeper, holier love is born which keeps the soul on her upward path—Life is not easier. Four decades have passed and one of those two toilers folded her tired hands over a pulseless breast and went home—and tonight keeps Jubilee with the Spouse.

For the other—earthly ties are becoming less—But as the

road lengthens and the shadows fall—light, sweet, and comforting from the eternal home shines out—the love of God grows deeper, his will sweeter and his presence more closely felt—and the Golden Jubilee is reached. Fifty years in the service of the King—fifty years of hard, laborious, devoted service—unspeakable privilege—who can tell the thoughts that surge in the heart of the Jubilarian—who can measure the graces, gifts and blessings your Sisters in Christ beg for you, dear Sister M. Thecla—at the close of this blessed day—May the coming years be to you a mint of the purest gold—So that when the Spouse calls you may answer —"Dost Thou *bid* me come to Thee, O Jesus, beloved of my soul. My eager ambition these final years has been to come to Thee—I hear Thy words of invitation—Come ye blessed—I see Thy gracious arms outstretched to receive me—Thy voice is sweet and Thy face comely—Yea, Lord Jesus, I come to Thee—Thy love shall be my joy through the eternal years and Thy Father's house my dwelling place forever."

S. M. E. McC.

## DEATH OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER

BY MERCEDES

(Read at the Celebration of the Patronal Feast by Margaret Barry.)

There is a touching tale in holy books—
A tale of far-off India; and it speaks
Of lonely seas, and murmurs of the surf
Upon the isle of Sancian, in Asiatic waters.

There one solemn night the full white moon
Silvered a lonely slope, where 'neath a shed
Builded on bamboo-poles,—the sides exposed to winds,
And heat, and insects, and the passing beasts,—
There lay a dying man, once molded to the form
Of all that's gracious, and most noble in our race!

Meager and worn, he lay upon a mat
And clapsed his thin white fingers round his cross.
His dark hair streaked with many a silver thread
Was damp upon his brow; his lips were dry
With fever, and the burning of his heart!
But his great, pleading eyes were fixed on heaven
Where pitying stars bent down as tho' in tears.

Alone—and dying, weary, faint, and wan,—
There, Francis Xavier lay upon the ground!
No hand to cool his stiff and parching lip!
No friend to wipe the death-sweat from his brow.
No Sacraments to help the journey dark!
No priestly benediction at the last!
Abandoned, he is left alone to die
In utter desolation and neglect!

Was this end at six-and-forty years
Of all his aspirations, hopes and plans?
—Love for souls
Had led him in his prime to stranger lands,
Barbaric towns and cities, through the hills
Of India and Japan, and now to the great Coast
Where, looking at the moon-lit mists afar,
He seemed to see the distant Chinese land,
And Apostolic labors waiting him!

Then, like a dream, the years of long ago
Came back in panoramic vision to his view!
He saw his noble and ancestral home,
And sun-lit Pampeluna; where in bloom
Of youth and wealth, he said farewell forever!
He saw the schools of Paris and the men
Who gave the University its name,—
His masters in the Science of the mind!

He saw his youth's ambition all on fire
To win the guerdon of a deathless fame!
He saw Loyola!—him, who crossed his path
Again, and yet again, with steadfast plan,
With stern and thrilling words of Holy Writ;
"What doth it profit, Xavier, if thou gain
This whole, wide, glittering world, and lose
Thine own immortal soul?"

Again he hears that strong commanding voice,
(For he has joined the "Company of Christ"
He follows great Ignatius to Mont Martre,
He vows his soul to God, his life to men.
And pledges all his being to the Lord!
And when Ignatius bade him go and preach
The Savior's name in distant India,
He rises and sets forth, nor counts the cost!

Little he recks the dangers of the sea,
The dangers of the land, from man or beast,
The elements of nature, or of dread disease!
He goes! and all on fire with Christ
He preaches morn and eve—the Crucified.

But now! what awful, bitter change has come—
Deserted he, and stricken! Can it be
That Christ, too, will forsake him?
Must he in manhood's strong and glorious prime

Give way to fell disease, and die
Like Moses, ere the Promised Land
Will open to his vision? Can it be?
O God! the agonizing pangs of death!

Deeper the shadows fall! the throbs of pain,
Of desolation, and of dire distress
Surge o'er his spirit like a stormy sea!
The night grows black! the stars fade out!
There is a hush as if the world stood still!
A sinking of the forces of his life!

When, lo!
Out from the arches of the golden East
A rushing splendor came, and a sweep of wings,
Bathed in the glory of the new-born day!
It fell upon the wakened earth, and Xavier heard
The harmonies of Heaven, and he saw
"The coming of the King" in radiant beauty,
And that Sacred Heart he loved, sent fiery throbs
Of welcome from its glorious throne!

No more an exile! Oh! delicious joy!
The whole angelic host is there with Christ!
He opens out his arms in ecstasy,
And glowing with the new-found bliss of heaven—
"Into Thy hands, O gracious Lord," he cries,
"My spirit I commend!" and then,
The angels caught the soul of Xavier,
Loosing the weary bonds of earthly pain,
And bore it to the bosom of his God!

### A WORD TO THE YOUNG SISTERS

Now that the elder group of Sisters, who for so many years were the props and edification of the community, have passed to their eternal reward, we beg you to remember that they bore the difficulties of our earlier beginnings. They were the real pillars of the foundation. Not so much in virtue of great talents or shining qualities, but by their spirit of unselfish self-sacrifice, of generous obedience, and devotion to the interests of the community.

Those who have jonied us in later years, have found everything perfected: regular life, well furnished convents; everything in order for perfect discipline. In the beginning, all had to be worked out slowly, and this could never have been done successfully if the instruments had been other than they were.

Our elder Sisters were the instruments by which the work was done. They gave themselves to God—in the service of the community with their whole loyal hearts. They were the true mothers of the community, but they were mirrors—and models of obedience.

Now, this dear and holy generation has passed away, and a younger race is growing up, in whose hands, after God, the destiny of the community is placed. They must not forget that it will live and flourish exactly in proportion to the fidelity and humility, to the spirit of prayer, and the charity of the members. If they seek themselves in little or great, they shall be no pillars to the edifice. If they forget themselves to seek God's glory, and the good of the community, they shall carry on the work and example of those who have gone before them.

INDUIMINI JESUM CHRISTUM

Put ye on Christ Our Lord.—Be souls of prayer,
Build all on this—not here alone, or there,
But moving, whatsoever path be trod,
With heart and mind uplifted to your God.

Put ye on Christ Our Lord.—The livelong day
In selfless labor giving self away,
Choose not, reject not, but unruffled do
Whatever be your Father's Will for you.

Put ye on Christ Our Lord,—With souls at rest
Through all the toil, because He is their Guest,
Let every thought and word and act increase
In all who touch you, gentleness and peace.

Put ye on Christ Our Lord.—The great lone Heart,
That in the crowd of men dwelt still apart;
There is your strength, your prayer: know ye 'tis good
To keep Christ company in solitude.

Put ye on Jesus Christ.—The Friend so true
Who says, and does, such tender things to you,
Glad in His love, scatter your love abroad
Because you are in love with Christ our Lord.

ALBAN BOODIER, S.J.

## NOTE OF THANKS

The Sisters of Mercy wish to avail themselves of the opportunity afforded by the publication of "The Memoirs," to express their sincere gratitude to all their benefactors; to those who, in the early days of the Community, gave assistance in the founding of the various houses of the Institute; to those who, by financial means, or by personal services, have aided the Mercy Hospital; to the friends, who, after the destruction by fire of St. Xavier's, Westmoreland County, gave to the Community substantial aid in the rebuilding and refurnishing of the Academy; in a word,—to all who, by material aid, by patronage, or by encouragement, are benefactors of the Sisters of Mercy, of the Pittsburgh diocese.

To the Bishop and Reverend Clergy, from whom the Sisters have received unvarying kindness, the Community desires to express most sincere gratitude.

# APPENDIX

## THE MOTHER SUPERIORS AND THEIR COUNCILS AFTER THE FIRST ELECTION, MAY, 1850

### May 16, 1850.

S. M. Josephine Cullen, elected Mother Superior.
S. M. Gertrude Blake, Assistant.
M. M. Francis Warde, Bursar.
S. M. Liguori McCaffry, Mistress of Novices.

### Mar. 4, 1852

S. M. Gertrude Blake, Mother Superior.
S. M. Elizabeth Strange, Assistant.
S. M. Catherine Wynn, Bursar.
S. M. Liguori McCaffry, Mistress of Novices.

### May 24, 1855

S. M. Isidore Fisher, Mother Superior.
S. M. Elizabeth Strange, Assistant.
S. M. Rose Hostetter, Bursar.
S. M. Liguori McCaffry, Mistress of Novices.

### May 20, 1858

S. M. Evangelist Kinsella, Mother Superior.
S. M. Liguori McCaffry, Assistant.
S. M. Cecilia Hart, Bursar.
S. M. Borgia Doherty, Mistress of Novices.

### May 16, 1861

S. M. Rose Hostetter, Mother Superior.
S. M. Scholastica Geoghegan, Assistant.
S. M. Mechtildes O'Connell, Bursar.
S. M. Xavier Maher, Mistress of Novices.

May 12, 1864

S. M. Scholastica Geoghegan, Mother Superior.
S. M. Stanislaus Fennessey, Assistant.
S. M. Mechtildes O'Connell, Bursar.
S. M. Liguori McCaffry, Mistress of Novices.

June 6, 1867

S. M. Stanislaus Fennessey, Mother Superior.
S. M. Neri Bowen, Assistant.
S. M. Mechtildes, Bursar.
S. M. Seraphina Fitzgerald, Mistress of Novices.

June 2, 1870

S. M. Evangelist Kinsella, Mother Superior.
S. M. Neri Bowen, Assistant.
S. M. Regina Cosgrave, Bursar.
S. M. Stanislaus Fennessey, Mistress of Novices.

May 29, 1873

S. M. Mechtildes O'Connell, Mother Superior.
S. M. Neri Bowen, Assistant.
S. M. de Sales Ihmsen, Bursar.
S. M. de Chantal Donnelly, Mistress of Novices.

July 6, 1876

S. M. Neri Bowen, Mother Superior.
S. M. Bernard Maher, Assistant.
S. M. Mechtildes O'Connell, Bursar.
S. M. de Chantal Donnelly, Mistress of Novices.

Oct. 15, 1877

S. M. Regina Cosgrave, Mother Superior.
S. M. Neri Bowen, Assistant.
S. M. Paula Christy, Bursar.
S. M. Sebastian Gillespie, Mistress of Novices.

May 29, 1879

S. M. Sebastian Gillespie, Mother Superior.
S. M. Stanislaus Fennessey, Assistant.
S. M. Regina Cosgrave, Bursar.
S. M. Magdalen Phelan, Mistress of Novices.

May 24, 1882

S. M. Regina Cosgrave, Mother Superior.
S. M. Evangelist Kinsella, Assistant.
S. M. Neri Bowen, Bursar.
S. M. Magdalen Phelan, Mistress of Novices.

May 21, 1885

S. M. Sebastian Gillespie, Mother Superior.
S. M. Elizabeth Strange, Assistant.
S. M. Neri Bowen, Bursar.
S. M. Inez Casey, Mistress of Novices.

May 17, 1888

S. M. Sebastian Gillespie, Mother Superior.
S. M. Neri Bowen, Assistant.
S. M. Josephine McCaffry, Bursar.
S. M. Inez Casey, Mistress of Novices.

May 14, 1891

S. M. Stanislaus Fennessey, Mother Superior.
S. M. Neri Bowen, Assistant.
S. M. Sebastian Gillespie, Bursar.
S. M. Bernardine Kittell, Mistress of Novices.

May 10, 1894

S. M. Sebastian Gillespie, Mother Superior.
S. M. Mechtildes O'Connell, Assistant.
S. M. Antonio Gallagher, Bursar.
S. M. Regina Cosgrave, Mistress of Novices.

June 3, 1897

S. M. Sebastian Gillespie, Mother Superior.
S. M. Bernardine Kittell, Assistant.
S. M. Pius Anderson, Bursar.
S. M. Bernadette Cosgrave, Mistress of Novices.

May 31, 1900

S. M. Regina Cosgrave, Mother Superior.
S. M. Magdalen Phelan, Assistant.
S. M. Madeleine O'Donnell, Bursar.
S. M. Irenaeus Doherty, Mistress of Novices.

May 28, 1903

S. M. Sebastian Gillespie, Mother Superior.
S. M. Bernardine Kittell, Assistant.
S. M. Pius Anderson, Bursar.
S. M. Scholastica Murto, Mistress of Novices.

May 31, 1906

S. M. Sebastian Gillespie, Mother Superior.
S. M. Bernardine Kittell, Assistant.
S. M. Pius Anderson, Bursar.
S. M. Scholastica Murto, Mistress of Novices.

May 27, 1909

S. M. Gertrude Doyle, Mother Superior.
S. M. Sebastian Gillespie, Assistant.
S. M. Bernadette Cosgrave, Bursar.
S. M. de Lellis McNamara, Mistress of Novices.

May 23, 1912

*S. M. Gertrude Doyle, Mother Superior.
S. M. de Sales McKeon, Assistant.
S. M. Bernadette Cosgrave, Bursar.
S. M. de Lellis McNamara, Mistress of Novices.

*Died March 23, 1913.

May 29, 1913

S. M. Bernadette Cosgrave, Mother Superior.
*S. H. de Sales McKeon, Assistant.
S. M. Josepha Melody, Assistant.
S. M. Aquinas Ragen, Bursar.
S. M. de Lellis McNamara, Mistress of Novices.

June 8, 1916

S. M. Bernadette Cosgrave, Mother Superior.
S. M. Philippa Reid, Assistant.
S. M. Aquinas Ragen, Bursar.
S. M. de Lellis McNamara, Mistress of Novices.

In July, 1917, the numbers of the Novitiate numbered 66, including 23 professed Sisters, 32 white novices, and eleven postulants.

## GOLDEN JUBILARIANS (DECEASED)

| | Date of Profession |
|---|---|
| Mother M. Elizabeth Strange, | 1842 |
| Sister M. Agnes McCaffry, | 1847 |
| Sister M. Monica Staub, | 1848 |
| Sister M. Rose Hostetter, | 1849 |
| Sister M. Anne Hughes, | 1849 |
| Sister M. Margaret Halpin, | 1849 |
| Sister M. Baptist Heron, | 1851 |
| Sister M. Odilia Dusch, | 1851 |
| Sister M. Stephana Warde, | 1851 |
| Sister Marcella McKeown, | 1851 |
| Sister M. Mechtildes O'Connell, | 1852 |
| Mother M. Evangelist Kinsella, | 1852 |
| Sister M. Bernard Maher, | 1853 |
| Sister M. Gabriel Walsh, | 1853 |
| Sister M. Augustine Schuck, | 1853 |
| Sister M. Magdalen Phelan, | 1853 |
| Sister Mary Caulfield, | 1853 |

*Died April 27, 1914.

| | Date of Profession |
|---|---|
| Sister M. Neri Bowen, | 1854 |
| Sister M. Anastasia Donohue, | 1855 |
| Sister M. Patrice Hodnett, | 1857 |
| Sister M. Bruno Lutz, | 1857 |
| Sister M. Cyril Clarke, | 1858 |
| Sister M. Etienne | 1858 |
| Sister M. Euphemia Flanagan, | 1859 |
| Sister M. Rosalia Phelan, | 1859 |
| Mother M. Regina Cosgrave, | 1861 |
| Sister M. Catherine McCue, | 1861 |
| Sister M. Chrysostom Welch, | 1855 |

## GOLDEN JUBILARIANS (LIVING, 1917)

| | |
|---|---|
| Mother M. Sebastian Gillespie, | 1858 |
| Sister M. Kostka Doran, | 1859 |
| Sister M. Lawrence Clarke, | 1858 |
| Sister M. Madeleine O'Donnell, | 1863 |
| Sister M. Bernardine Kittell, | 1866 |
| Sister M. Gonzales Coyle, | 1866 |
| Sister M. Eugene McNally, | 1866 |
| Sister M. Colette Calnane, | 1866 |
| Sister M. Columba O'Brien, | 1866 |
| Sister M. Walburga Rauwolf, | 1866 |
| Sister M. Thecla Vaughn, | 1867 |

At present the Sisters of Mercy have charge of the following schools:

| | Teachers | Pupils |
|---|---|---|
| The Cathedral, School Dept. | 15 | 523 |
| High School | 4 | 53 |
| St. Paul's Cathedral Sch. No. 2 | 5 | 238 |
| St. Mary's Commercial | 5 | 125 |
| Epiphany | 16 | 1044 |
| St. Mary's 46th St. | 16 | 782 |
| St. Brigid's | 8 | 373 |
| St. Patrick's | 10 | 260 |
| St. Peter's, N.S. | 13 | 825 |
| St. Andrew's N.S. | 11 | 475 |
| St. Francis Xavier's | 6 | 280 |

| | Teachers | Pupils |
|---|---|---|
| Holy Family, Latrobe | 11 | 477 |
| St. Peter's, McKeesport | 22 | 740 |
| St. Pius's, McKeesport | 10 | 427 |
| Immaculate Conception, Washington, Pa. | 13 | 463 |
| St. Agnes', Oakland | 15 | 751 |
| St. Colman's, Turtle Creek | 15 | 564 |
| St. Cecilia's, Glassport (1917) | 6 | 200 |

In former years at different periods the following schools were managed by the Sisters of Mercy, until owing to various circumstances their services were no longer required:

Loretto,
Hollidaysburg,
St. John's, S.S.,
St. Malachy's, S.S.,
St. Thomas's, Braddock,
St. Brendan's, Braddock,
St. Joseph's, Sharpsburg,
St. Mary's (German), Allegheny,
St. Benedict, the Moor (Colored).
St. Cecilia's, Whitney, 1917.

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
September 23, 1913.

*My dear Sister "Mercedes":*

I was about to write you my best congratulations for your great feast-day, to-morrow, when your letter arrived with enclosure of the ——— narrative. And so I am sending you this as my patronal greeting and my hearty thanks at the same time.

Your letter speaks of the holy work of the Mercy nuns in our cities, and hospitals, and schools and asylums in a way that touches me deeply. God bless and love those same nuns is my sincerest prayer. And you, too, are one of them in spirit, and "it is the spirit that giveth life." "Where a man's treasure is, there is his heart also." And the treasure that won your heart, all young and ardent, to the Mercy Order, was it not the mercy works that you praise to me so eloquently in your letter,—aye, won you more truly by their very name

and story in your youthful days, than glittering gold wins the greedy heart of a sordid millionaire.

But what then? Be you, dear Sister, a true Mercy nun now in your decline of life, as God called you to be in your girlhood, faithful to your prayers, absolutely true to your inspirations, devoted to your Order's daily spiritual exercises, fond of the humbler virtues of humility, and obedience and sisterly charity. And as you are called to the intellectual side of your Order's vocation, spend your gifts of mind (and they are great ones) lavishly upon the study of divine things, and writing about the miracles of the divine mercy.

Pardon this sermon from your brother in Christ Jesus,

E.

## THE FIRST FIVE YEARS IN A NUTSHELL

### 1843

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| July | | Application for the Sisters thro. Rev. Dr. Cullen |
| Dec. | 2 | and Rev. Jas. Maher. |
| Dec. | 20 | Arrival in Pbg. of Bp. O'C., Mother Warde, Srs. M. Aloysia Strange & Philomena Ried. |
| " | 21 | Arrival in Pbg. of Srs. M. Josephine, Elizabeth, Veronica & Magdalen, in care of Dr. Wilson & Mr. Mullen. |
| " | 22 | Went to the house prepared for them on Penn St. |
| " | 28 | Three days' retreat given by the Bishop. |

### 1844

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Jan. | | Commenced Visitation of the sick—Instructions—Visitation of Penitentiary—Poor-house. |
| Feb. | 11 | Miss Tiernan (1st Am. postulant) joins the Community. |
| Oct. | 22 | Miss Mary McCaffry (Sr. Agnes), the 2nd postulant. |
| Nov. | 2 | Miss Wynne (Sr. M. Catherine), the 3rd postulant. |
| Sept. | 2 | Opened day-school. |
| | | The Kuhn Farm given the Sisters by Bishop O'Connor. |

1845

May — Commenced school at St. Vincent's.
New building (St. Xavier's) commenced.
July 26 — Reception at St. Vincent's Church of Miss McGirr (S. M. Vincent) and Miss Tobin (S. M. Brigid).
Aug. — Mother F. Warde & Sr. M. X. leave for Ireland—Annual retreat given by Father O'Mealy.
Oct. 2 — Sister Philomena dies.
Dec. — Return of the Sisters from Ireland with four additional ones.

1846

Jan. — Sister Xavier T. appointed Mistress of Novices.
Mother Gertrude sent to St. Vincent's.
Mother Josephine recalled.
Sisters of Mercy take charge of the Orphan Asylum.
Feb. — The free-school reopened under their care.
Apr. 1 — The Sisters move to Concert Hall.
Sept. — Mother F. Warde and five Sisters leave for Chicago.
Dec. — The Sisters fit up a hospital in their Convent (Concert Hall).

1847

Jan. 1 — Mercy Hospital opened in Concert Hall.
School transferred to Webster St. class-rooms of the Asylum.
May 14 — The Sisters and boarders removed to the new St. Xavier's.
July 6 — Death of S. M. Aloysia Strange.
Father McCullagh became Chaplain to St. Xavier's.

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